

CANDY

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

I.C.C.
10

10¢

OCTOBER
No. 6



I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE,
CANDY! WHEN THEY SAY "TWENTY
DEGREES COOLER INSIDE,"
THEY'RE NOT FOOLIN'!



ACEFUL
F THESE
AND
S!

SAHLE!

STILL 52 PAGES



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Enjoy Hilarious "Monkey-Shines" at your next Masquerade Party WITH THESE AMAZING LIFE-LIKE **RUBBER MASKS**



COVER ENTIRE HEAD . . . LAST FOR YEARS . . . SO LIFELIKE PEOPLE GASP WITH AMAZEMENT AND DELIGHT...

Mold-Art Rubber Masks are molded from best grade natural flexible rubber. They cover the entire head. Yet you see thru the "eyes." The mouth moves with your lips . . . you breathe . . . smoke . . . talk . . . even eat thru it. Hand-painted for realism. Wonderful for every dress-up occasion—for parties or gifts. Fun for children and adults alike.



The Monkey
\$2.95



Satan
\$2.95



Old Man
\$2.95



Old Lady
\$2.95

OTHER SUBJECTS

Beggar, \$2.95

Special SANTA CLAUS, \$4.95



Clown
\$2.95

IDIOT . . \$2.95

Yes here is Halfwit in all his goofiness. People howl with laughter when you put on this life-like mask.



SEND NO MONEY!

Just mail coupon below. **ORDER MASKS BY NAME** as listed in this ad. All masks priced at \$2.95, except Santa Claus (\$4.95). When package arrives pay postman the price plus C.O. D. postage (we pay postage if cash is sent with order). Sanitary laws prohibit return of worn masks. All masks guaranteed perfect.

RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS INC.

6044 Avondale Ave., Dept. 53-M, Chicago 31, Illinois

RUSH COUPON NOW!

Rubber-For-Molds, Inc.
6044 Avondale Ave., Dept 53-M Chicago 31, Illinois
Send me Rubber Masks as listed below:

- () Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman the price plus C.O.D. postage.
() Ship postpaid. Payment in full enclosed herewith.

NAME _____
STREET _____ P.O. ZONE _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

CANDY

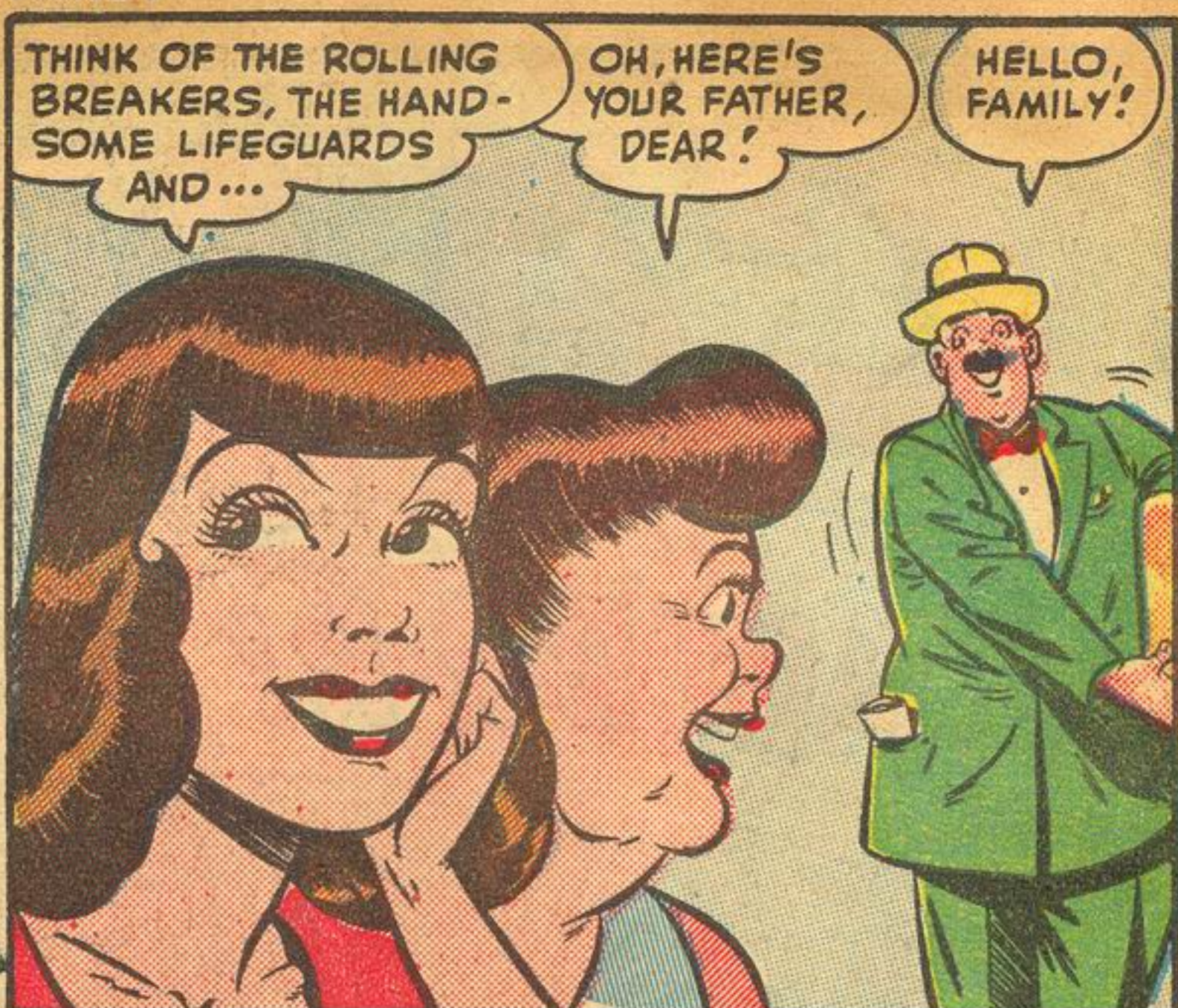
TIMBER-R-R!

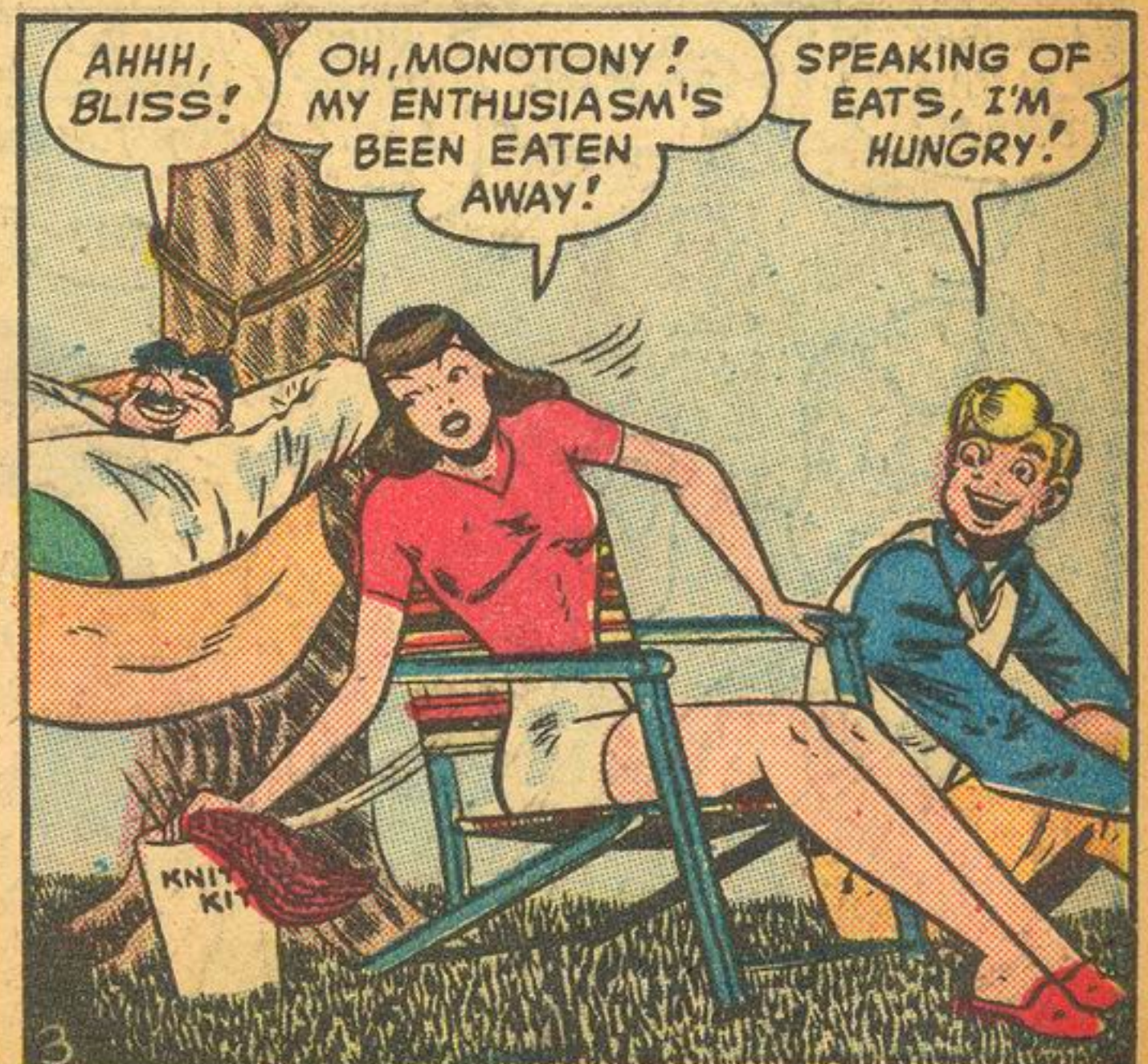
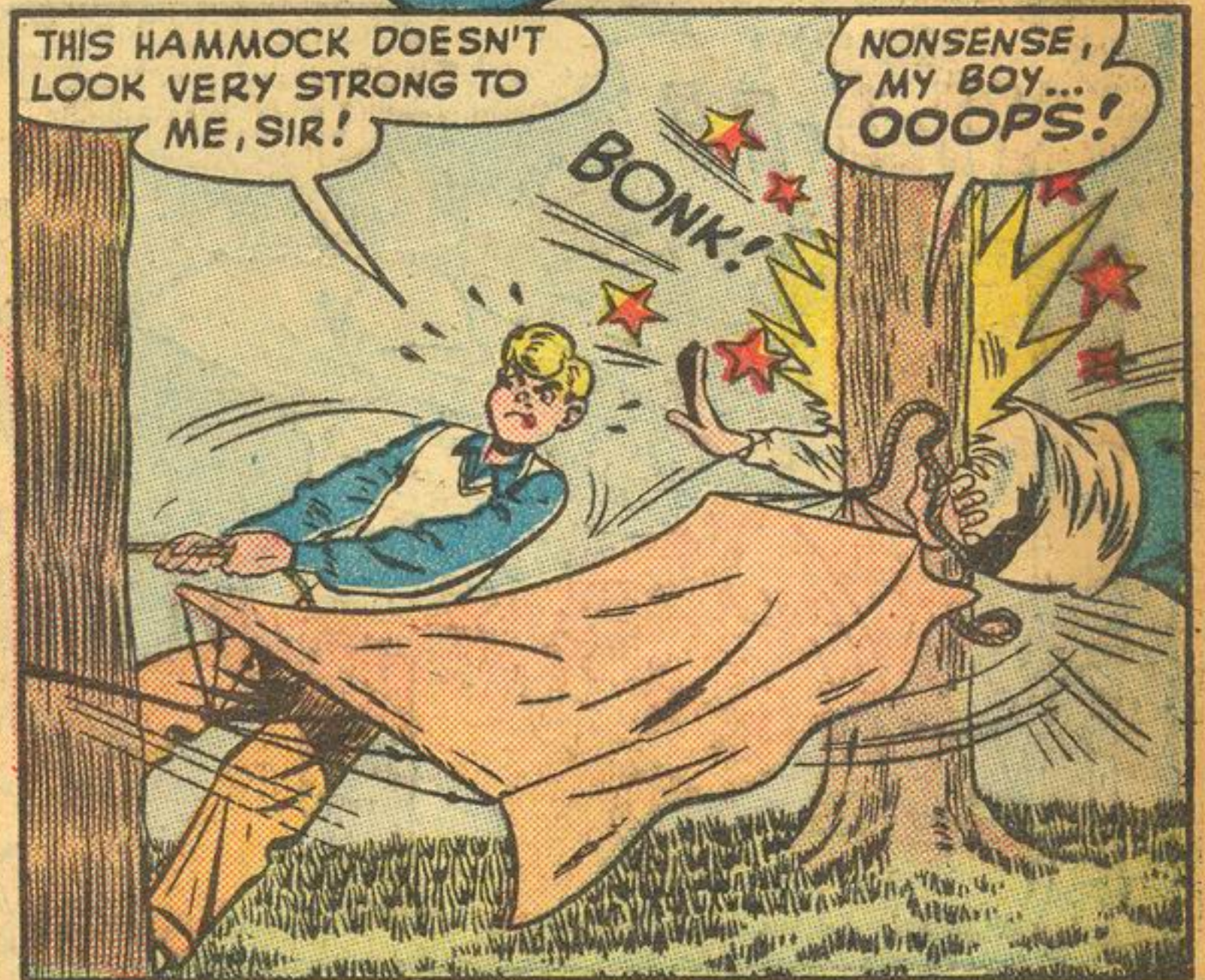
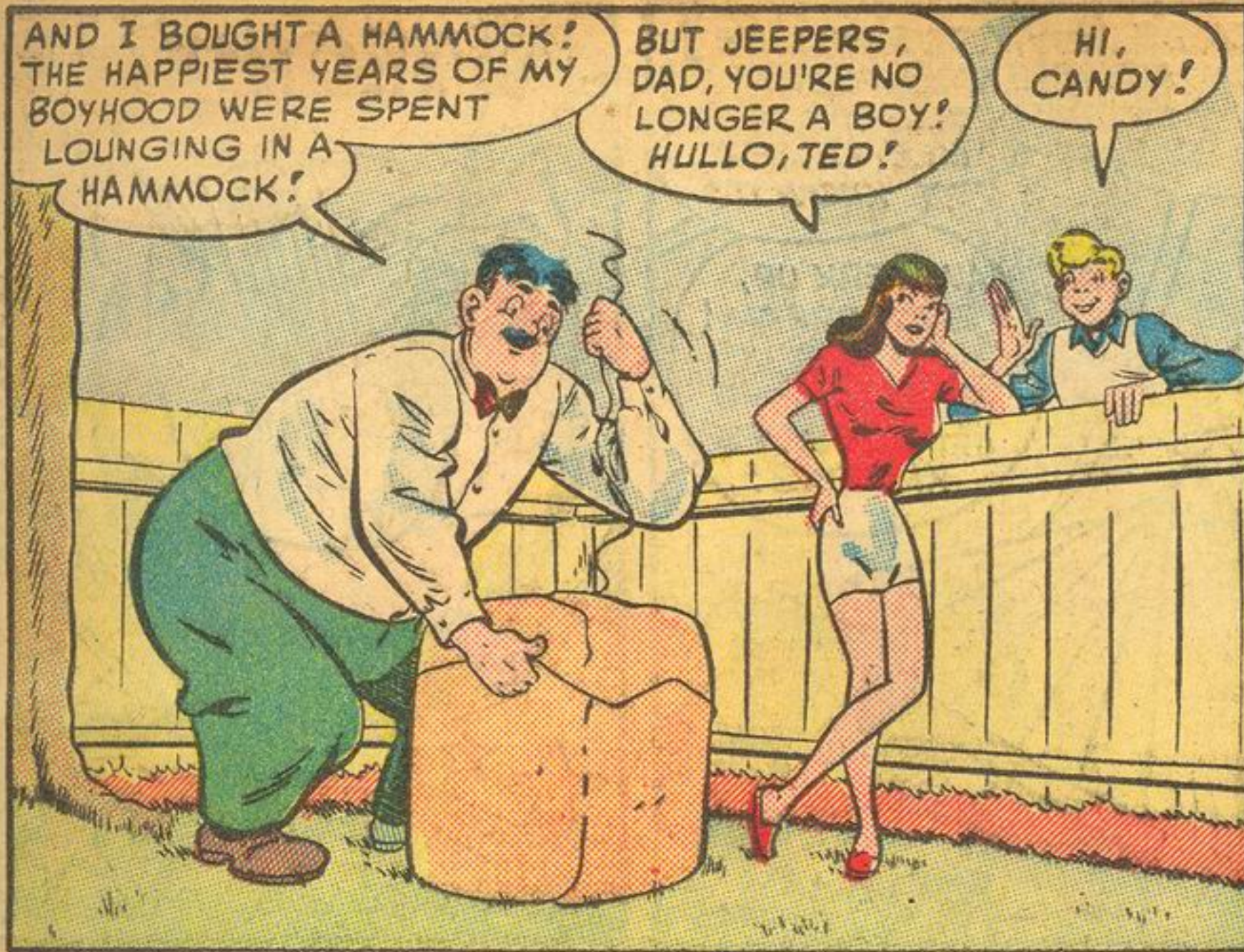
DADDY,
LOOK
OUT!

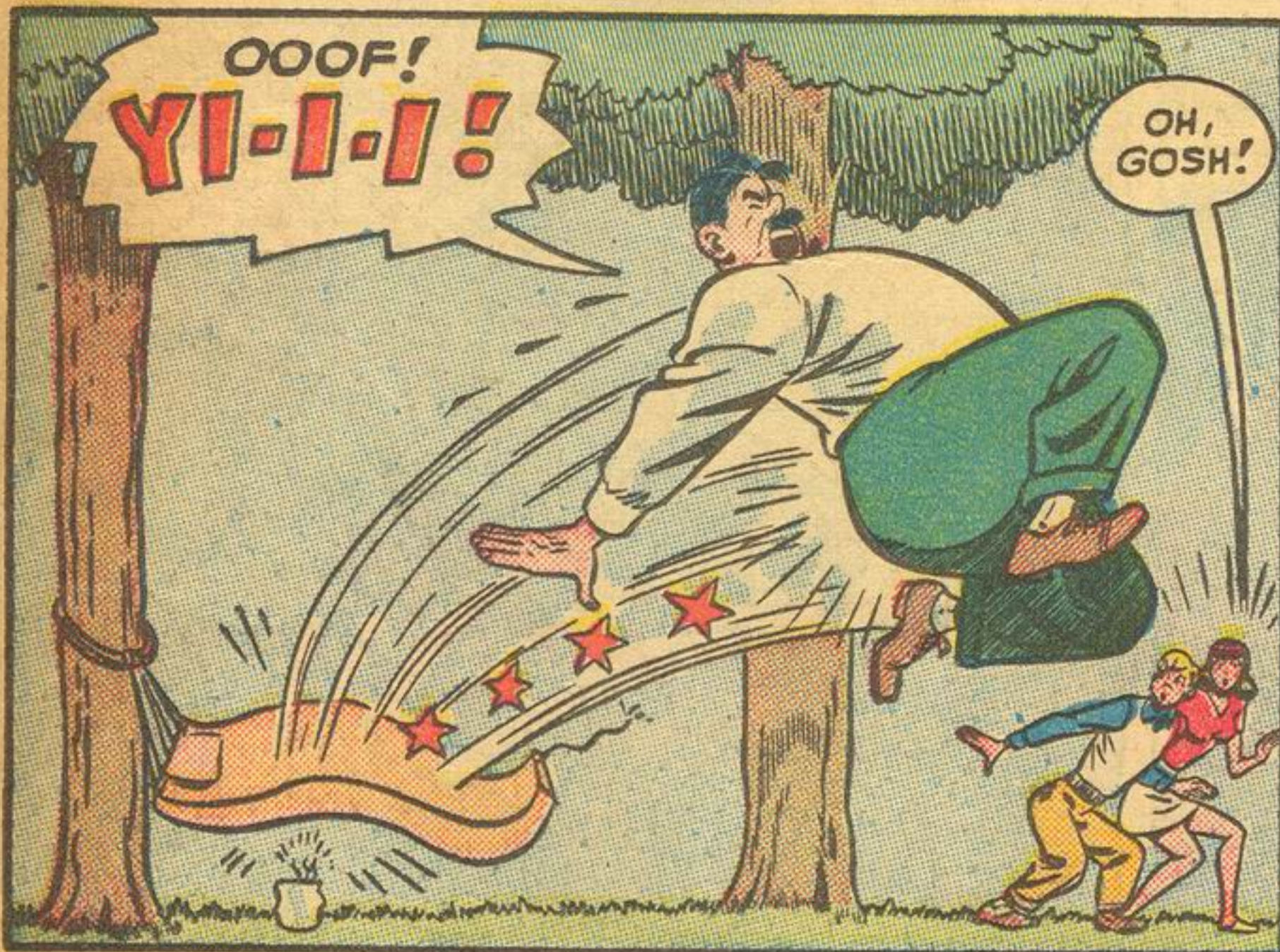
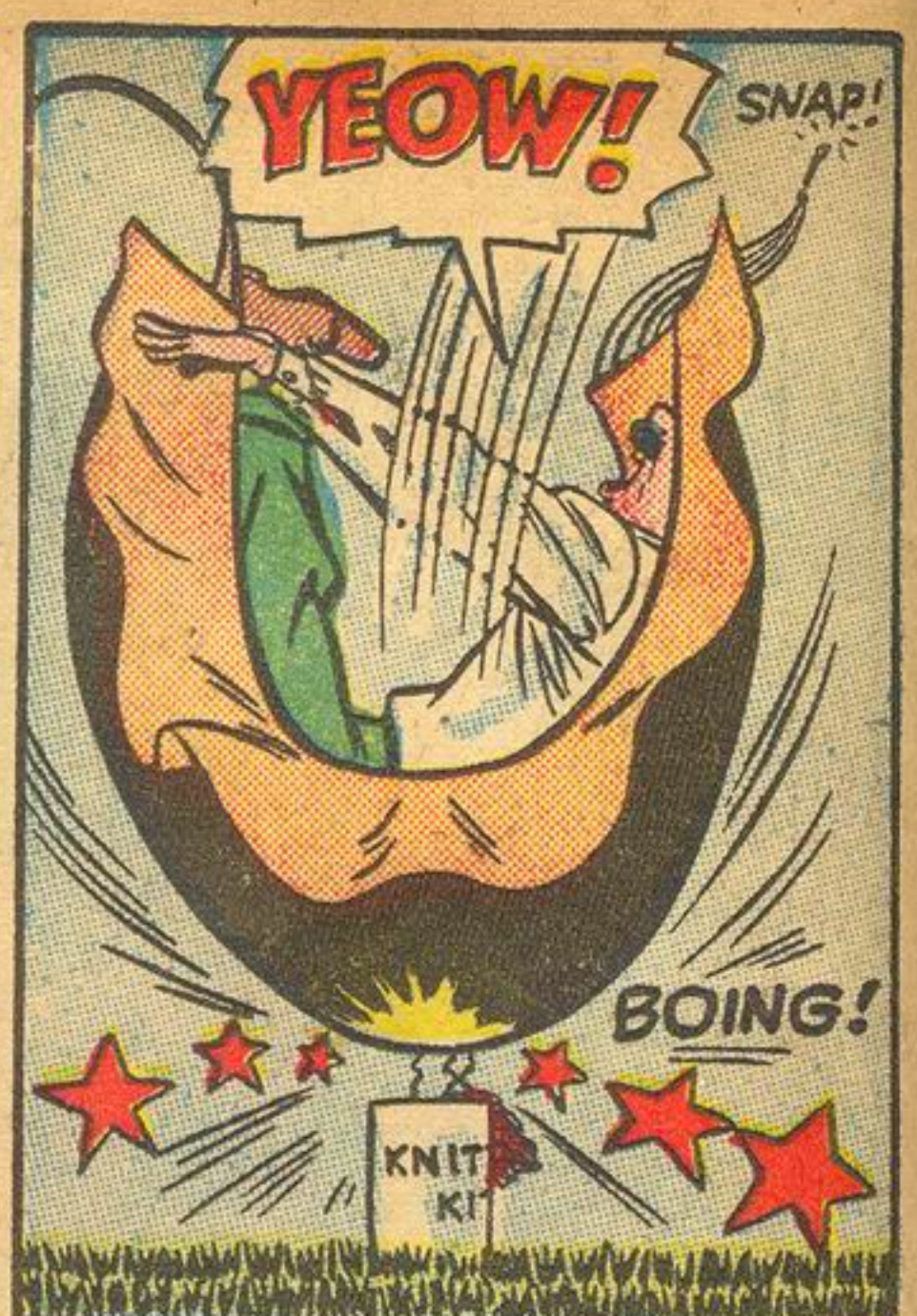
AH, THE PEACEFUL
BEAUTY OF THESE
WOODLAND
DELLS!

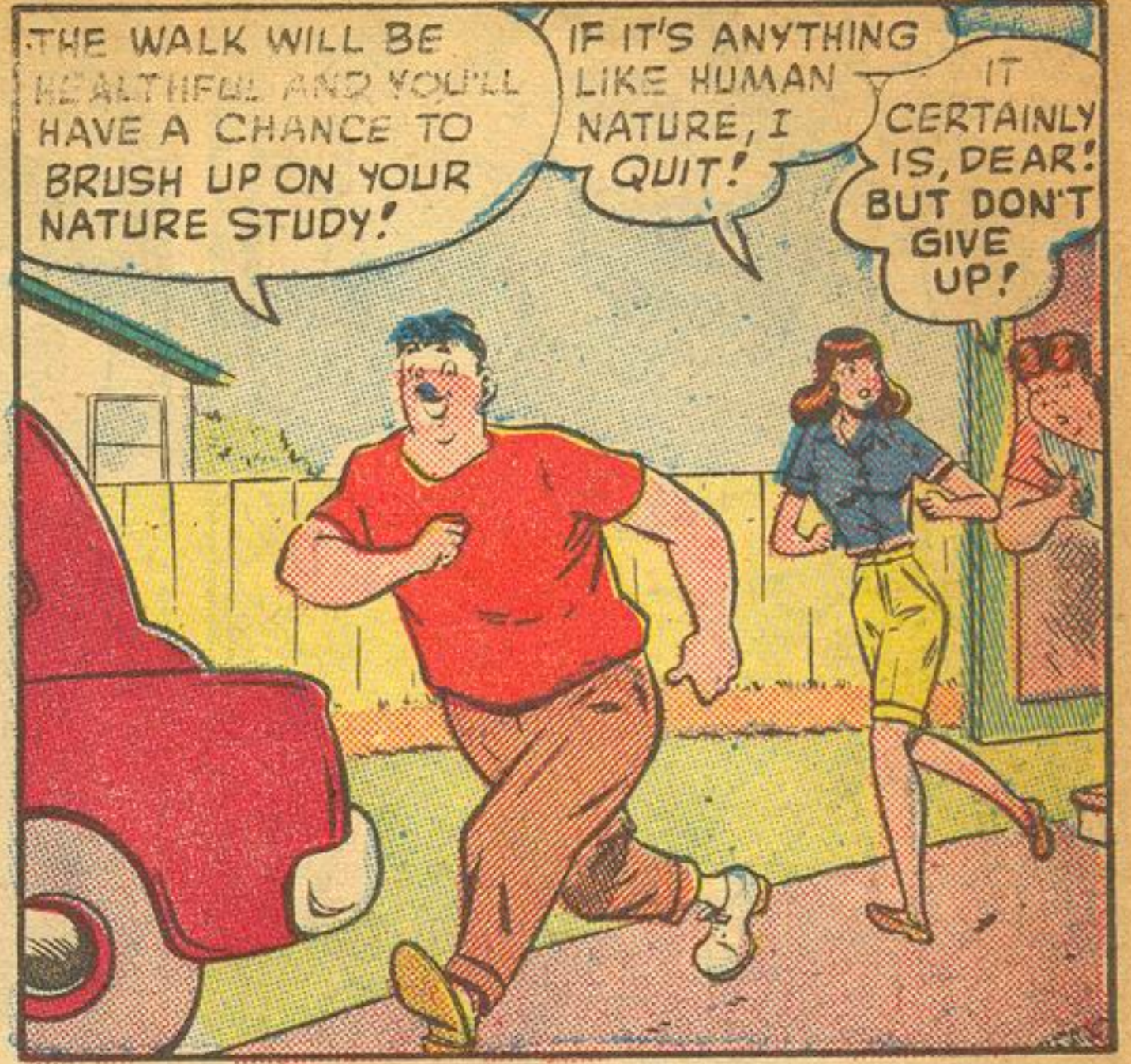
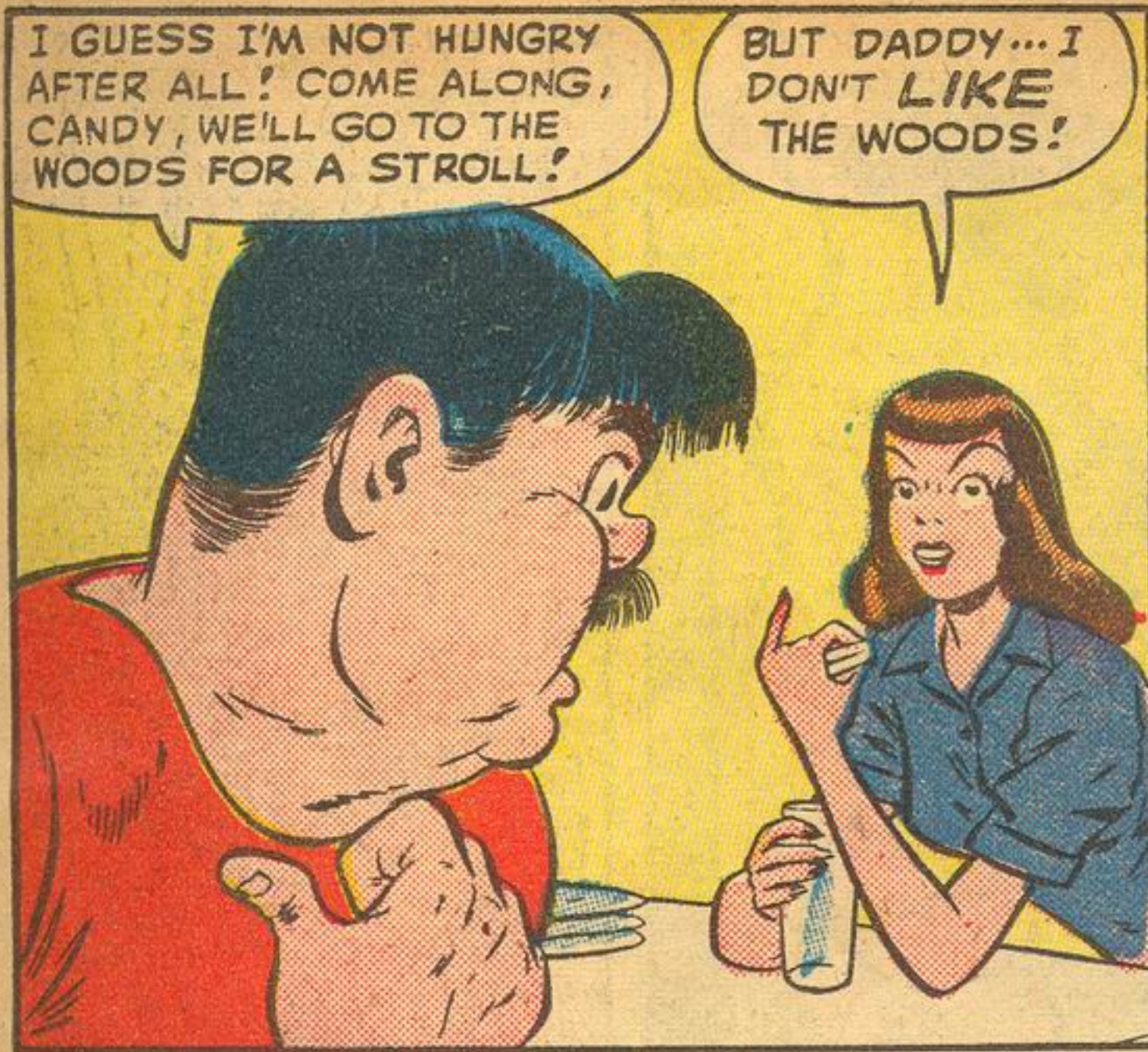


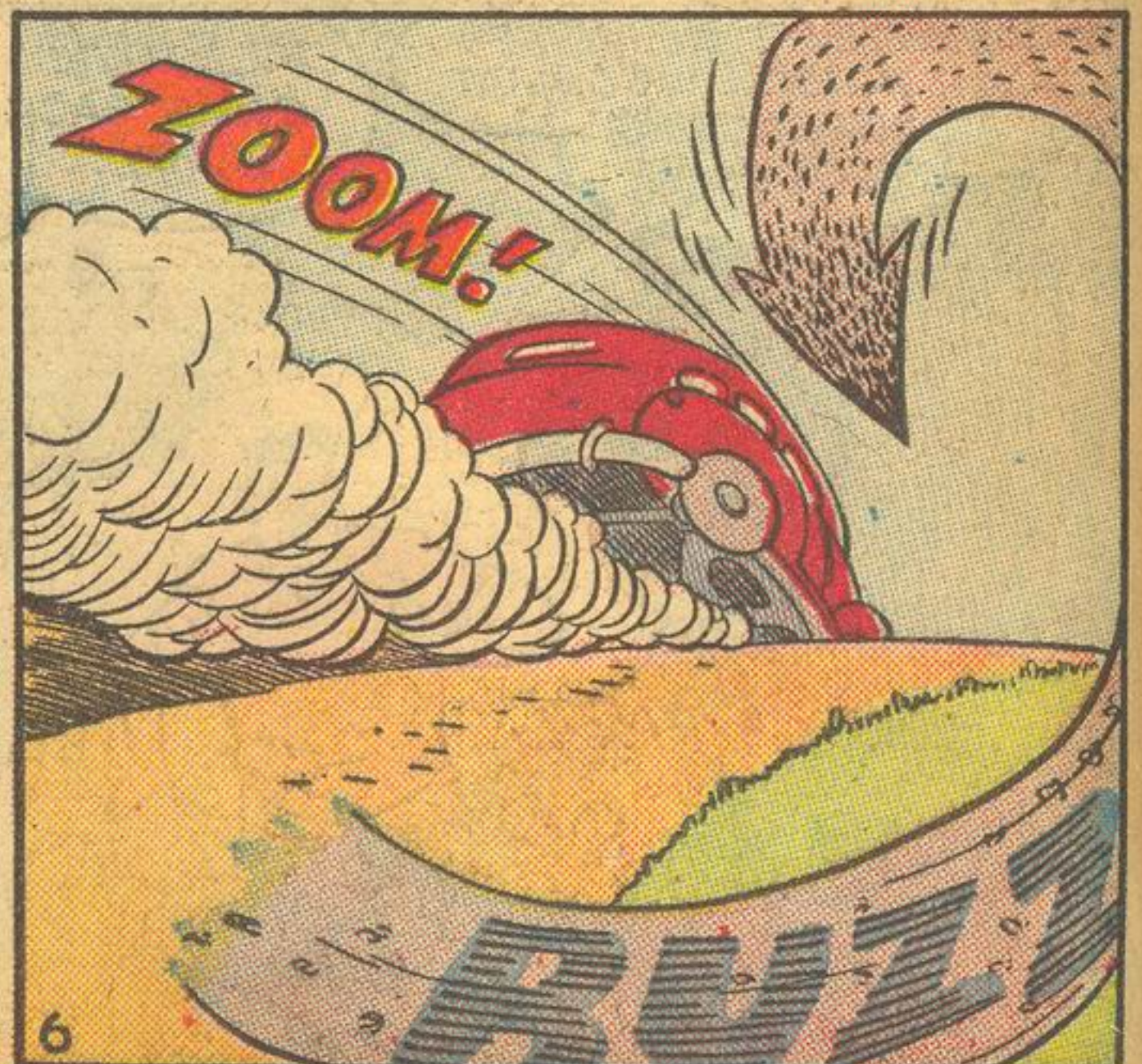
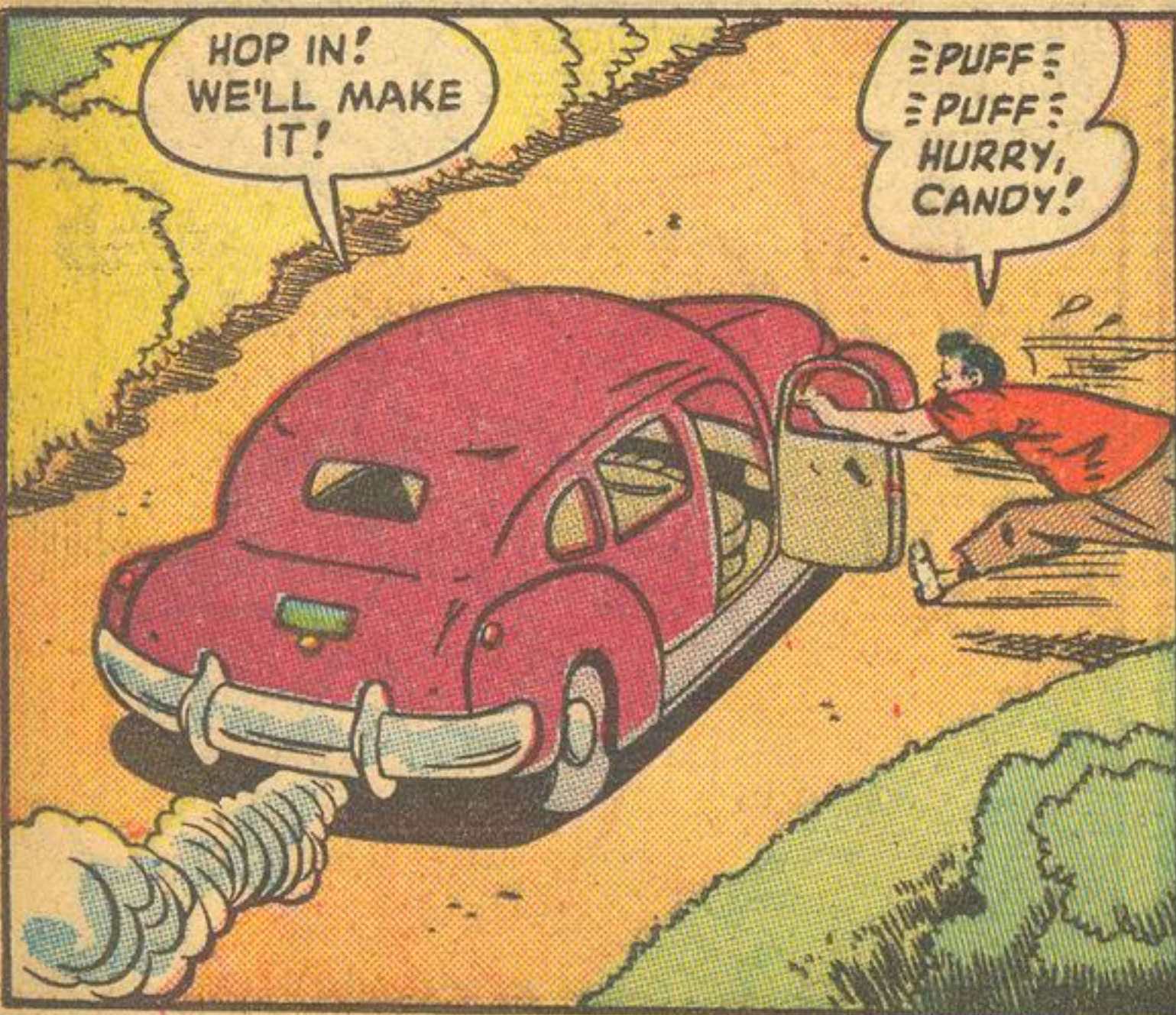
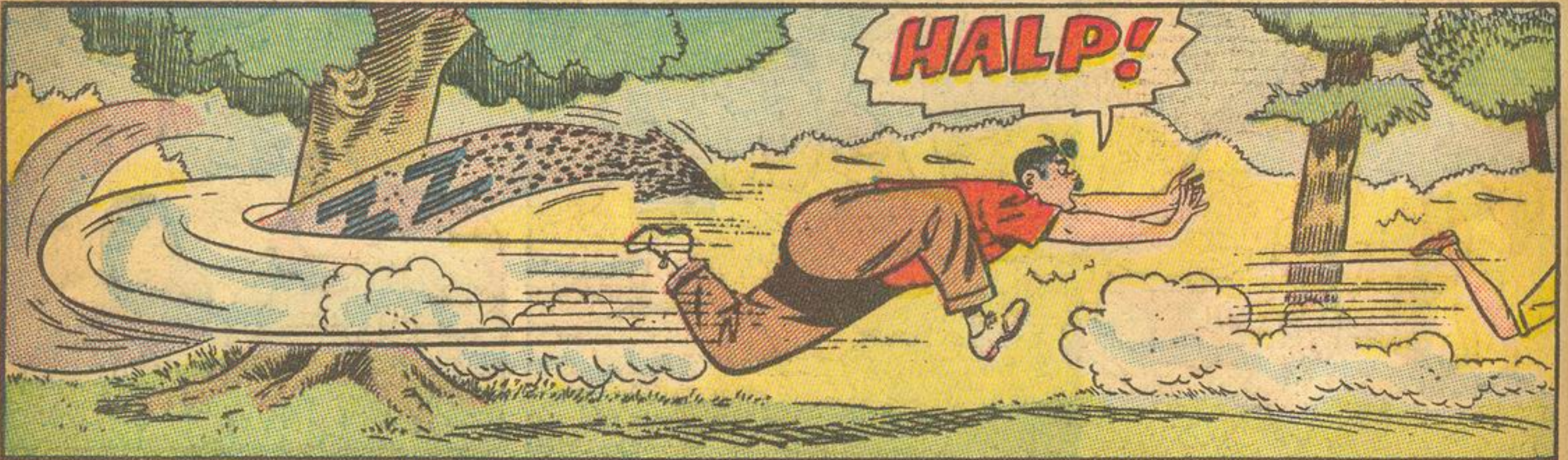
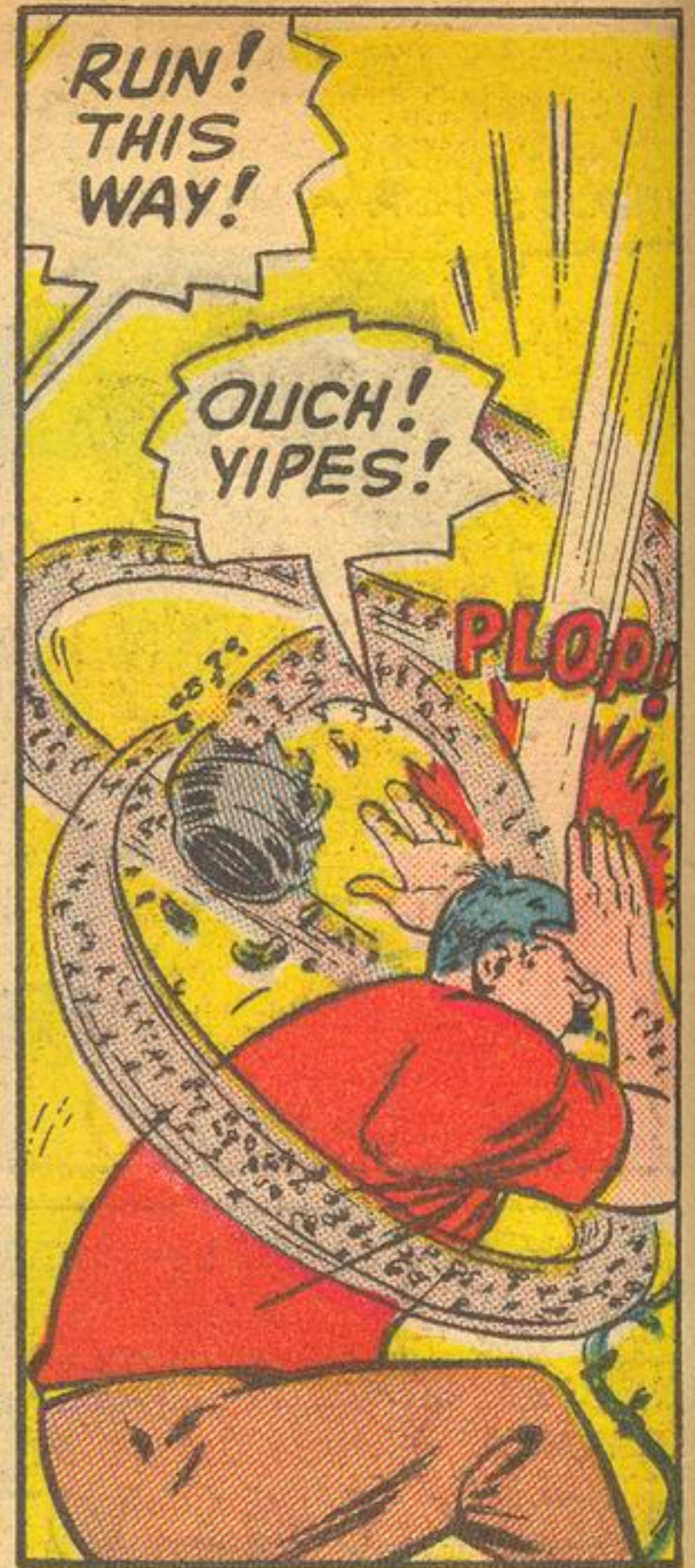
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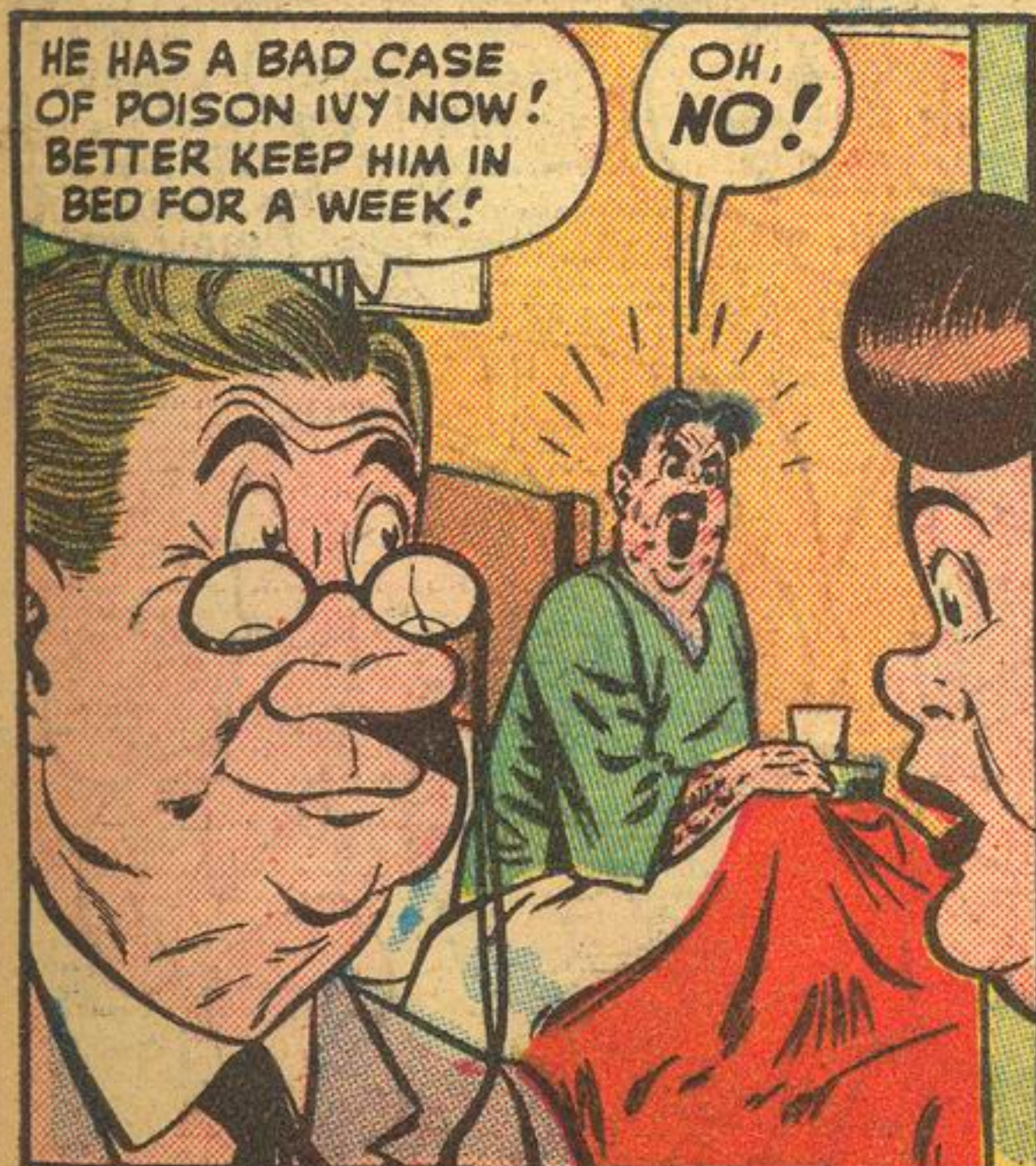


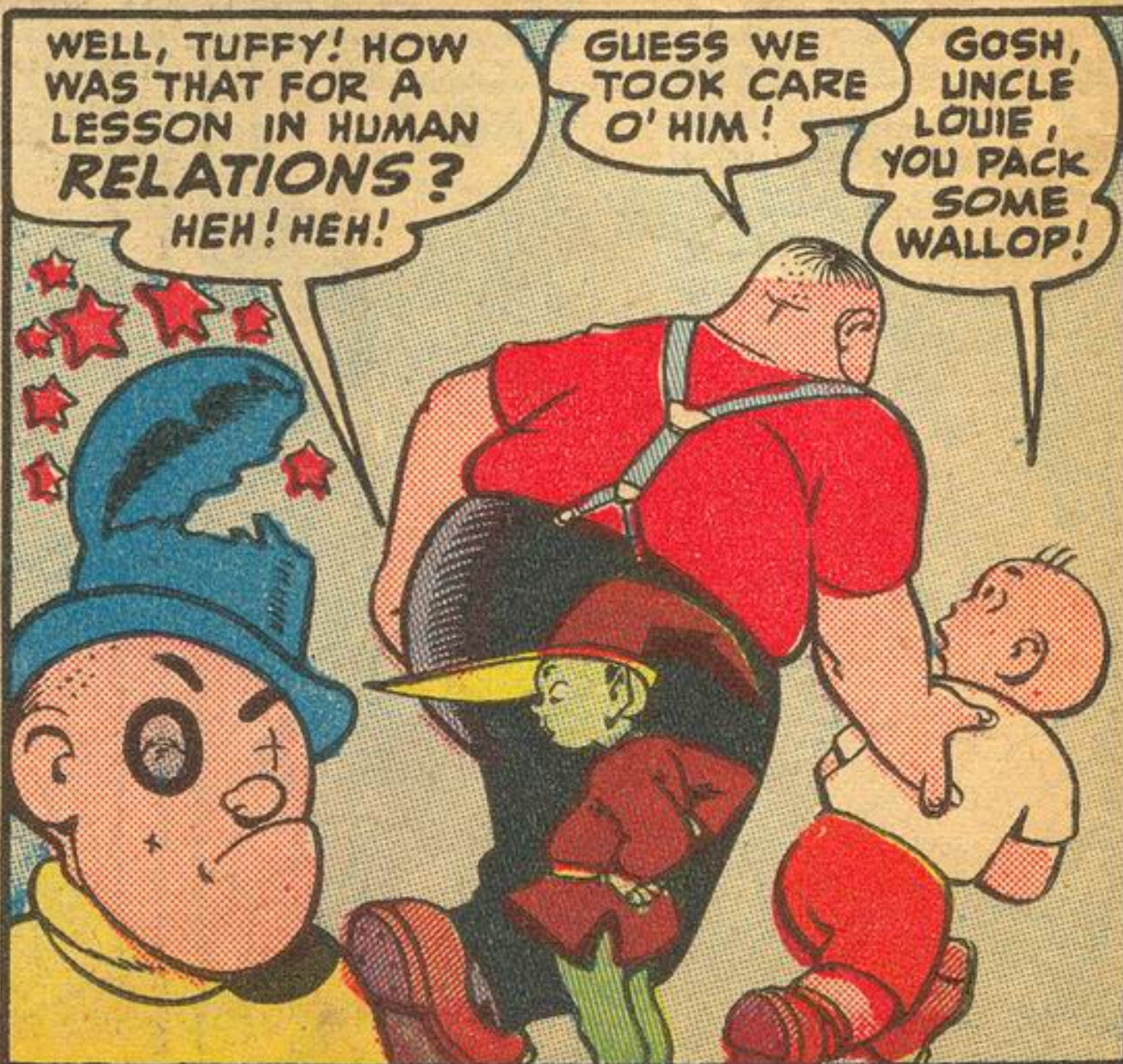
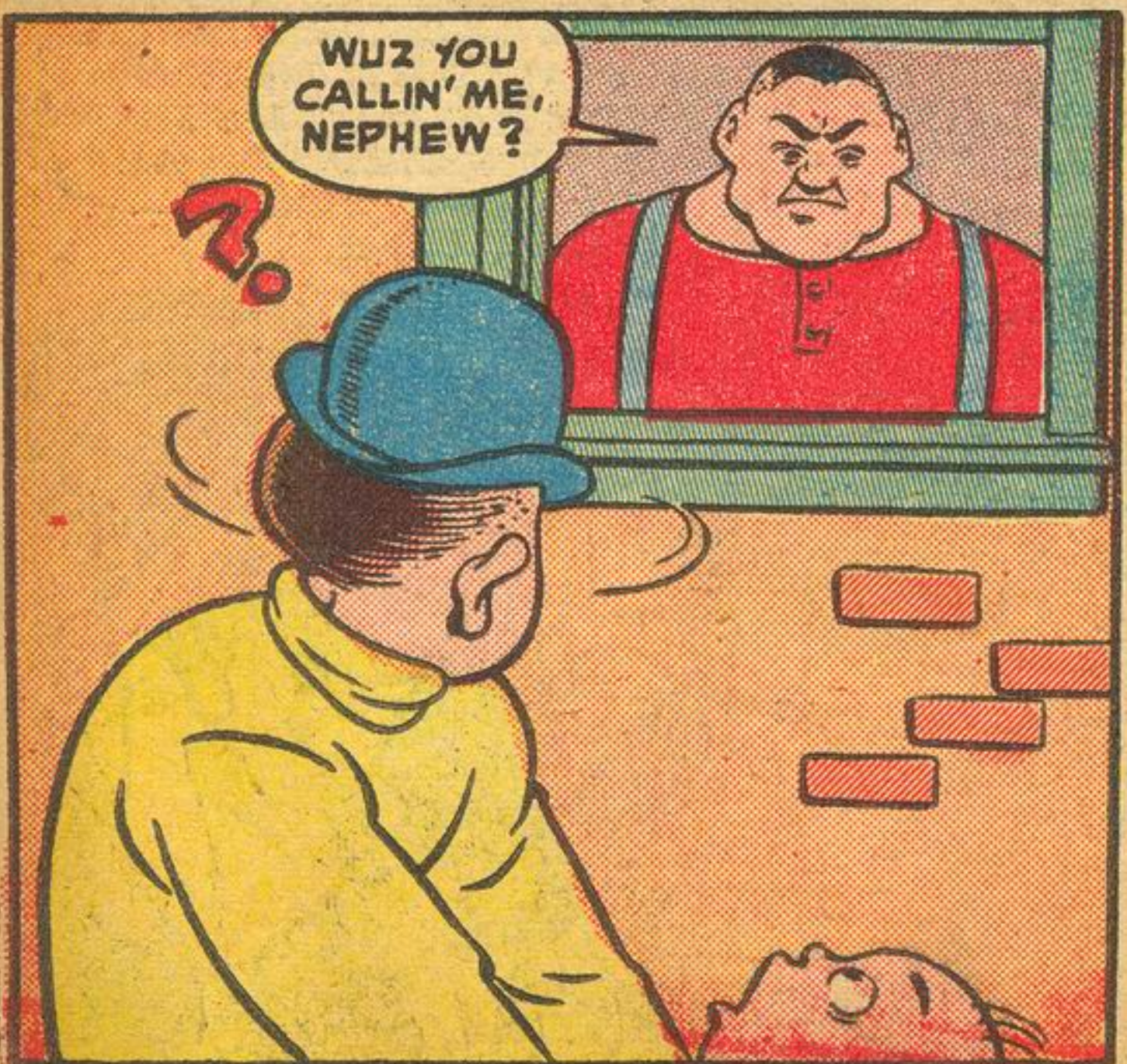
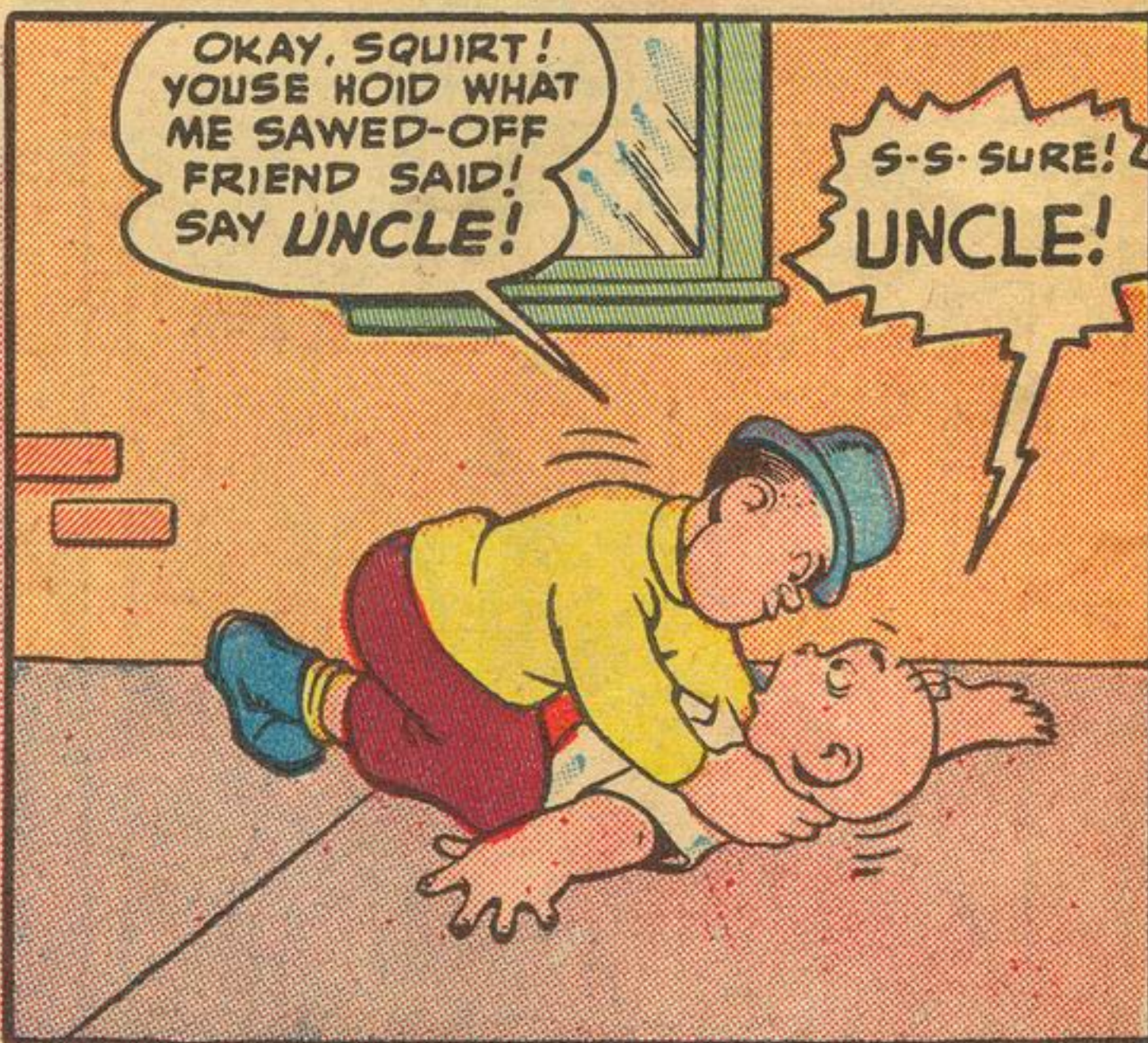
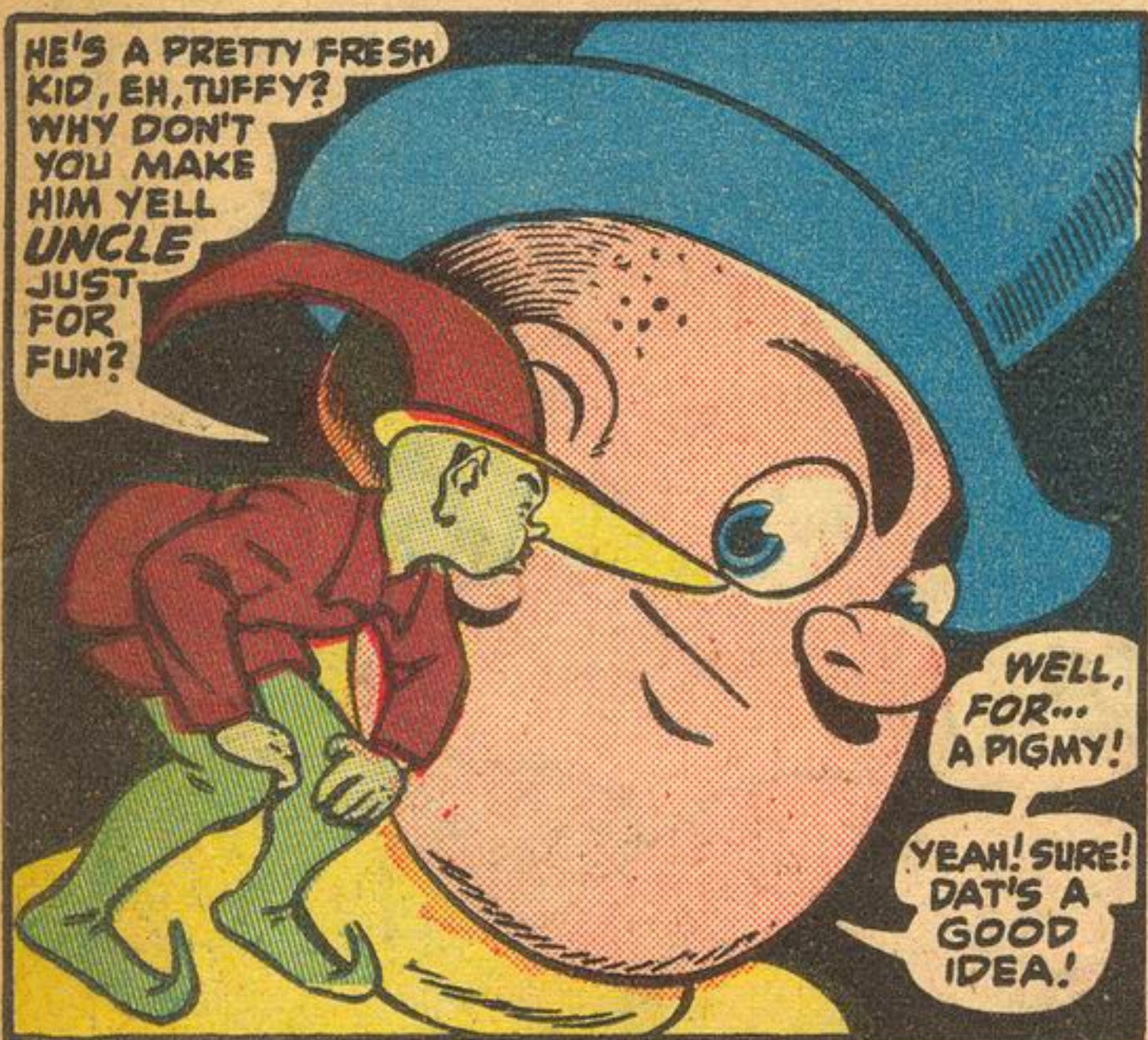
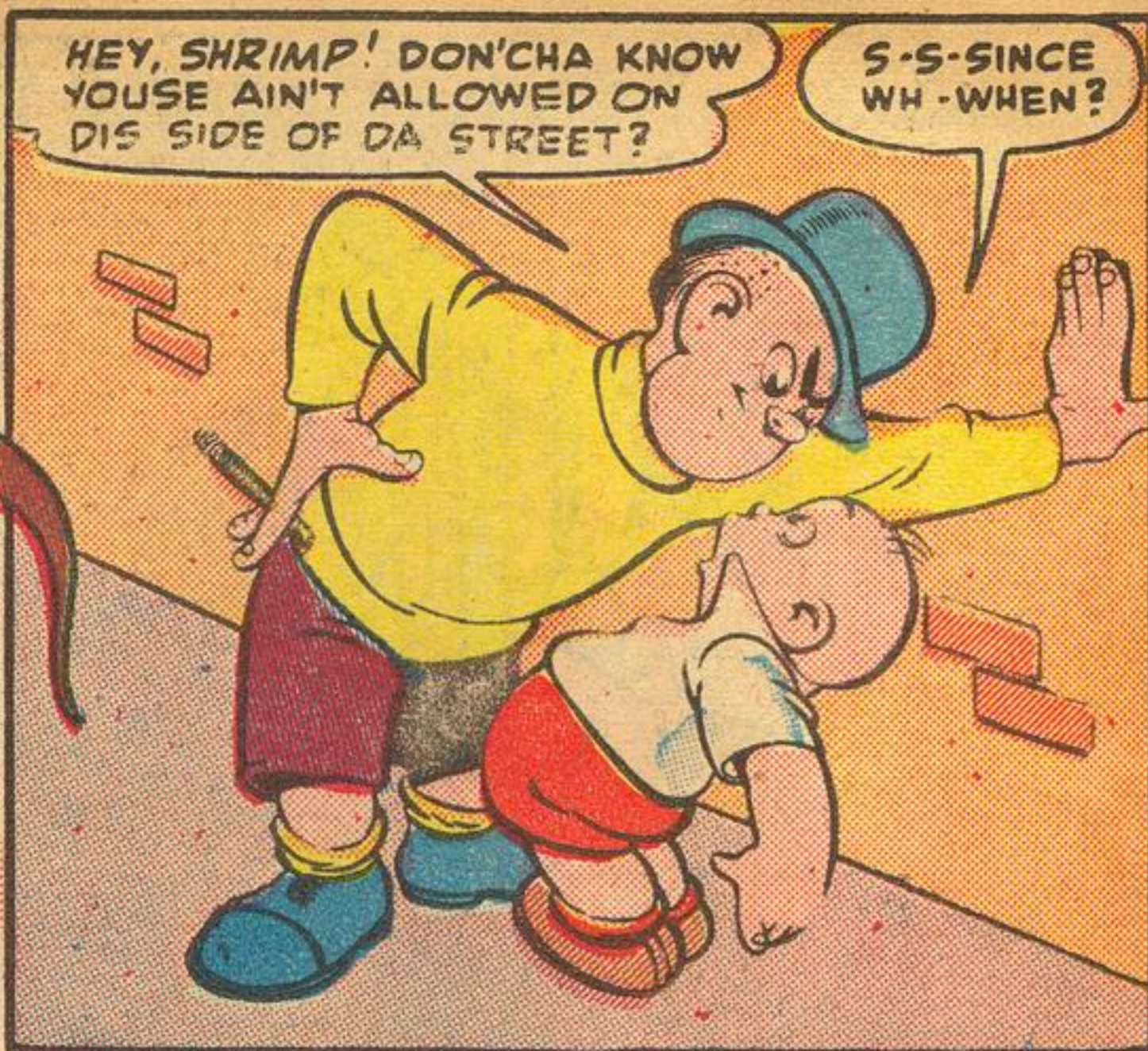






The next morning...

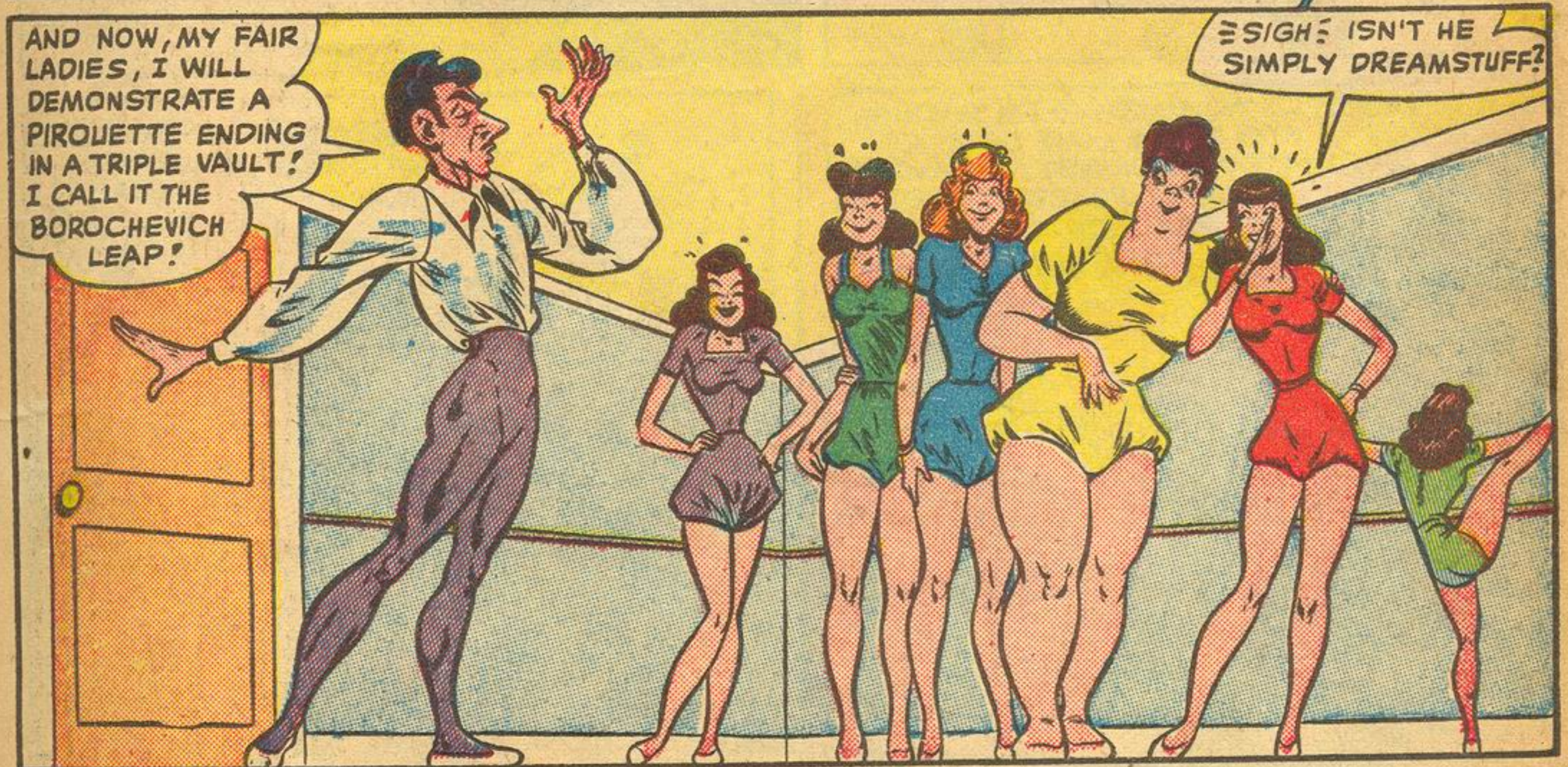


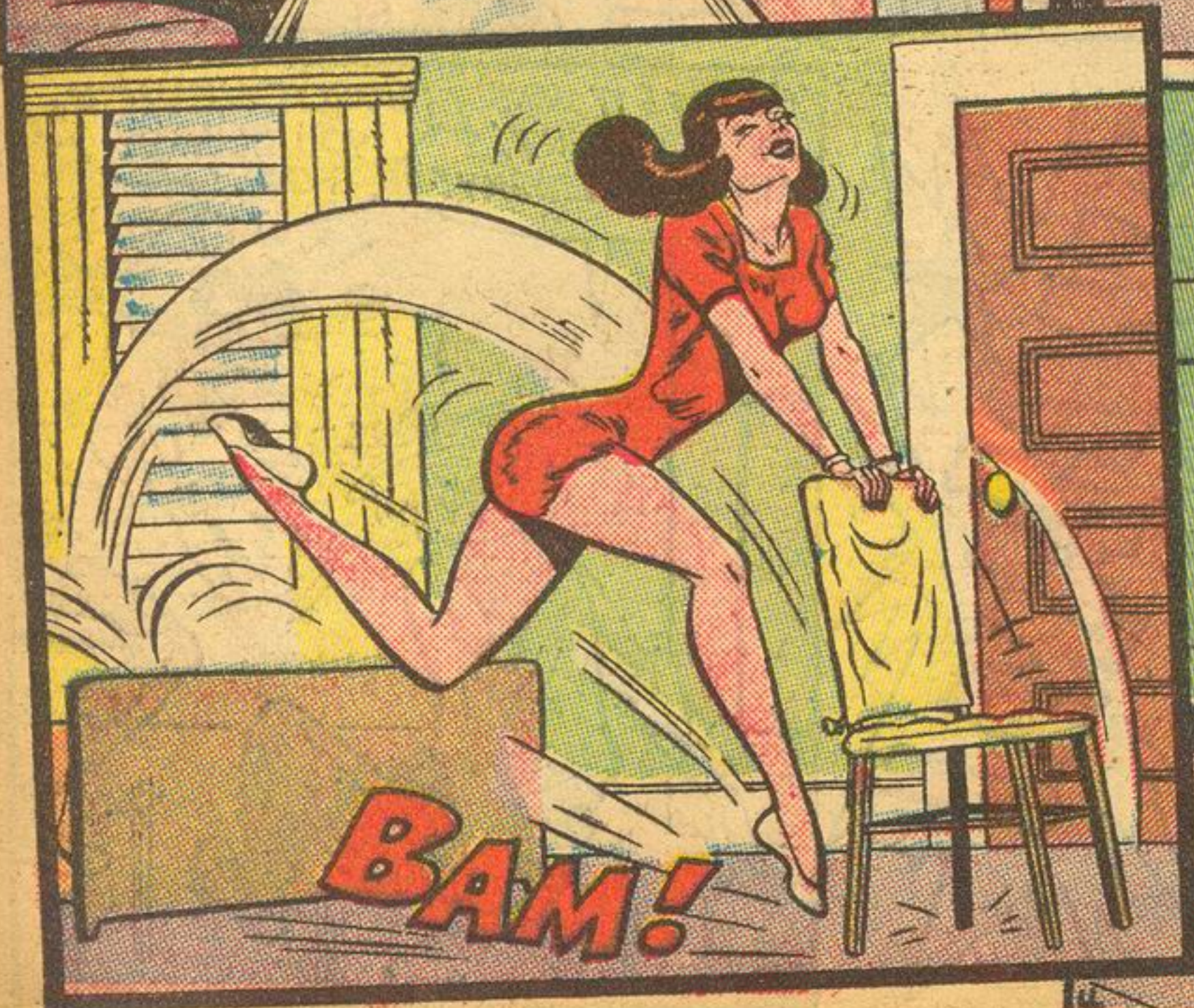
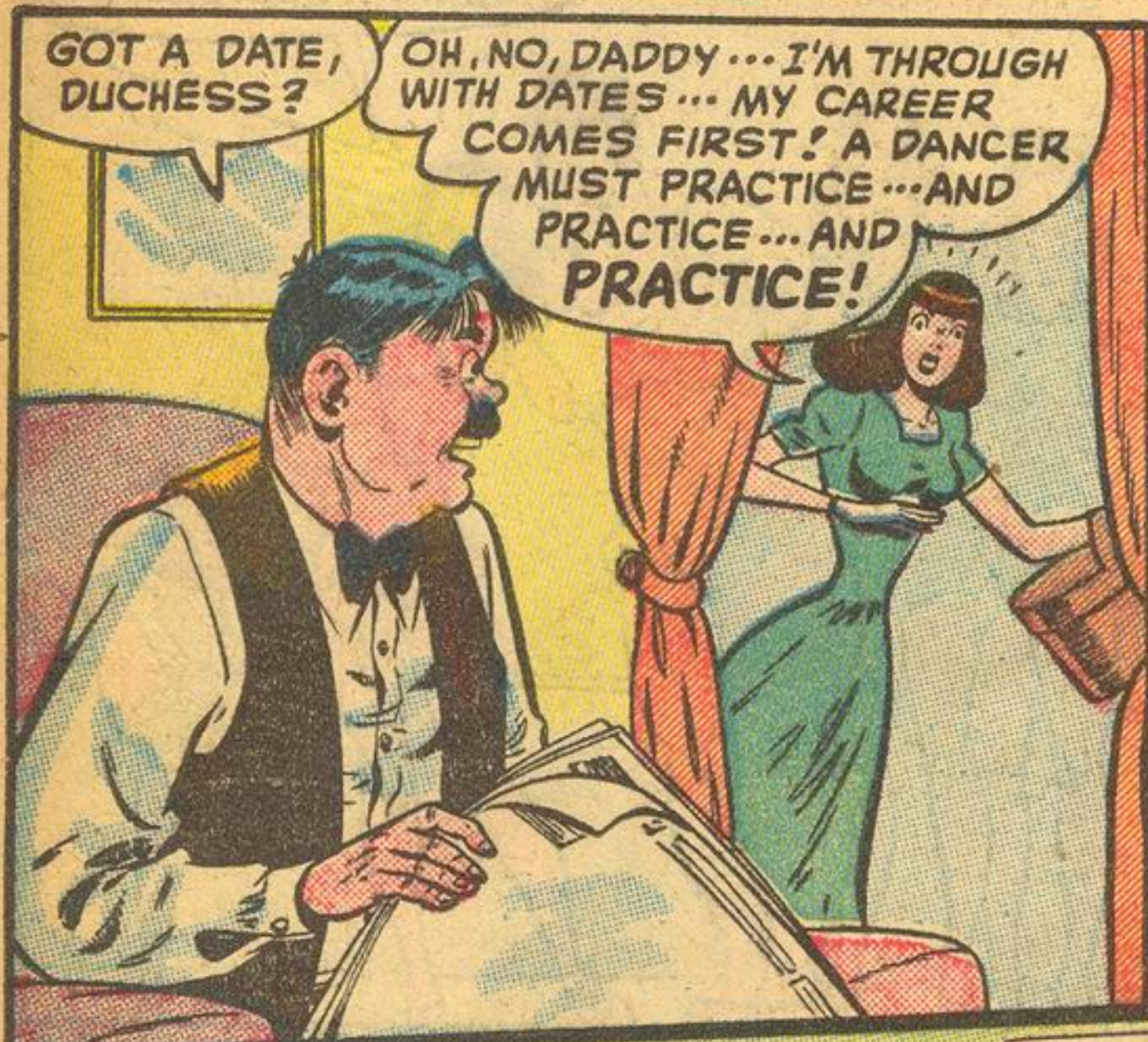
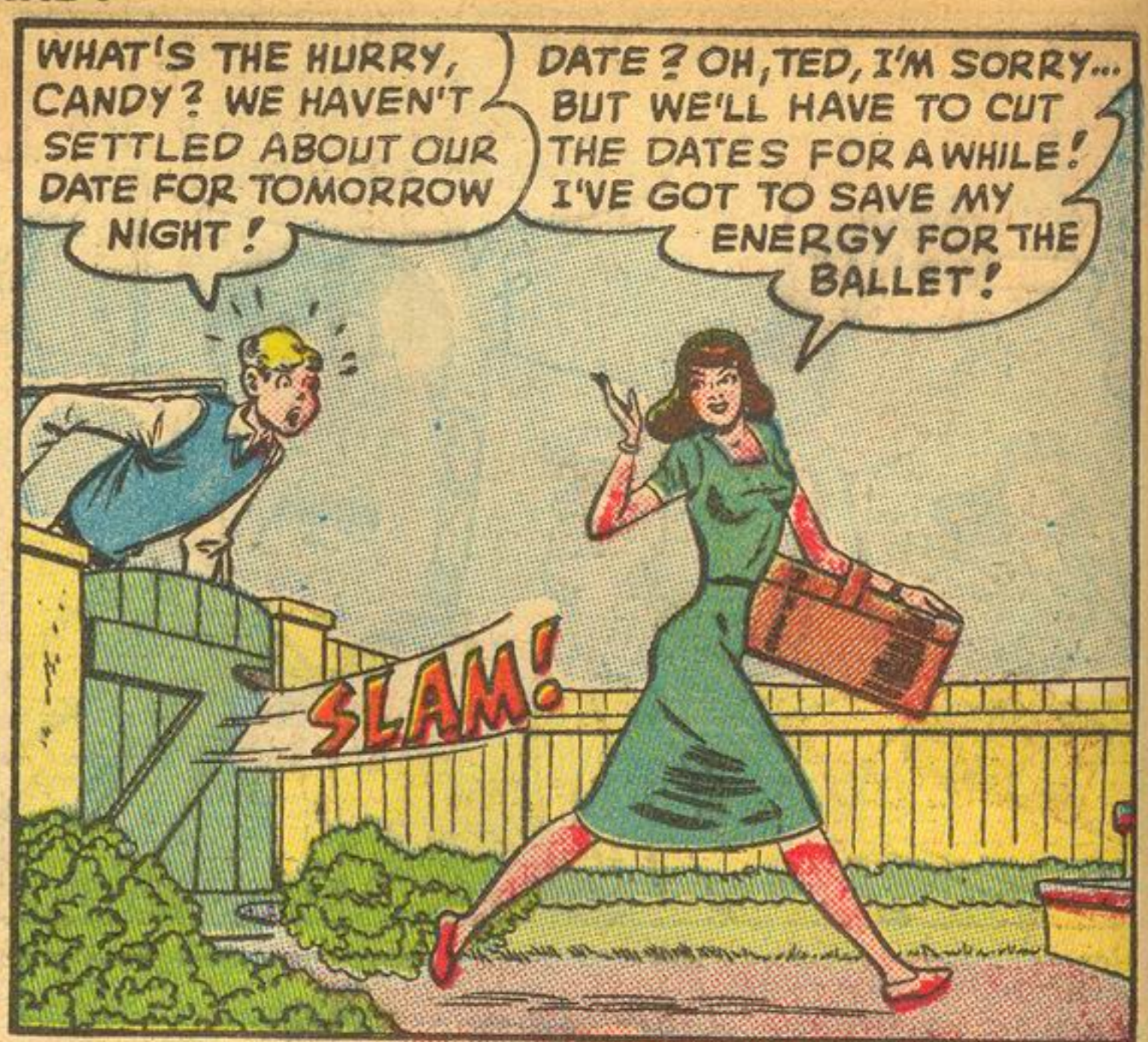
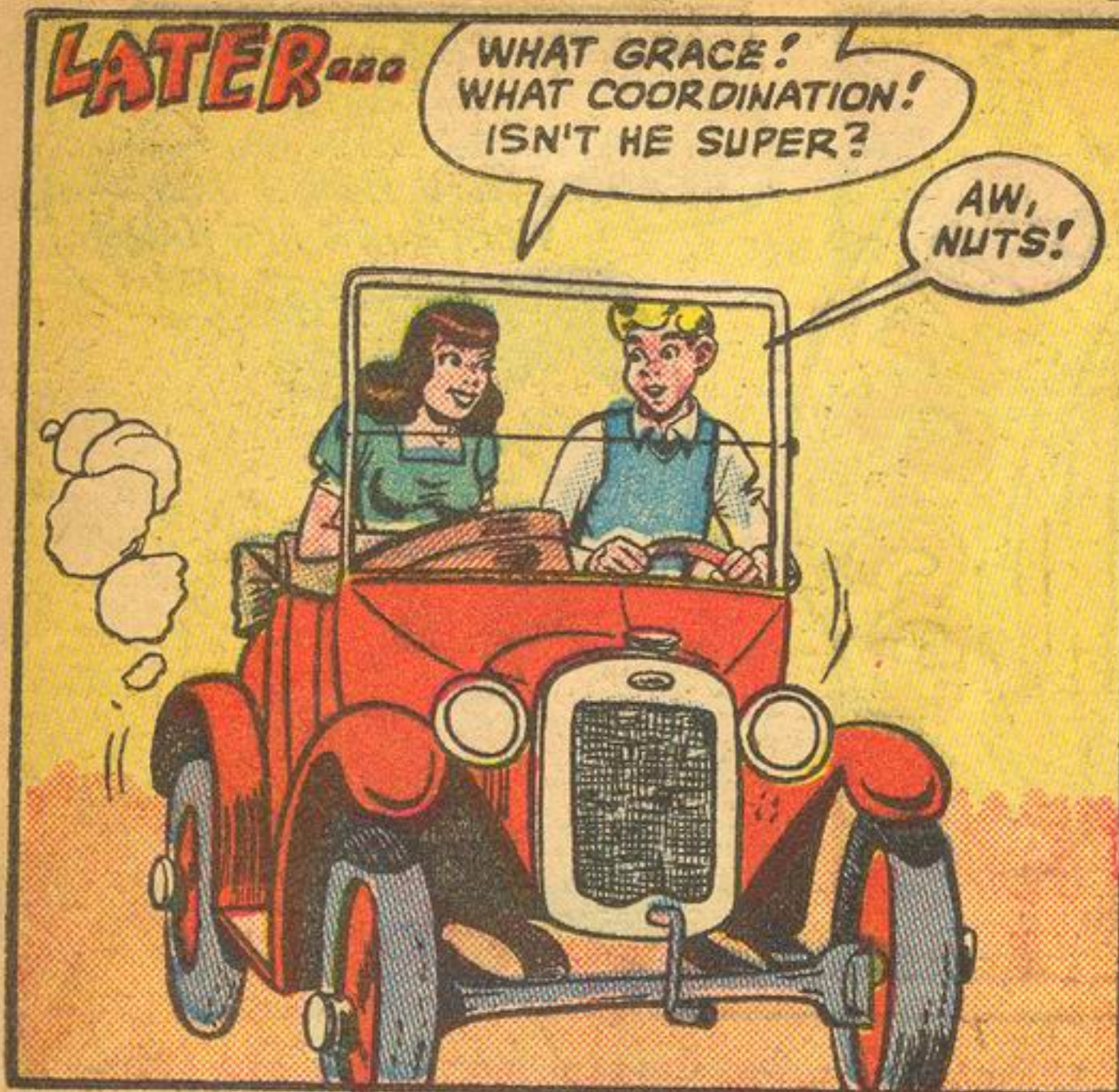




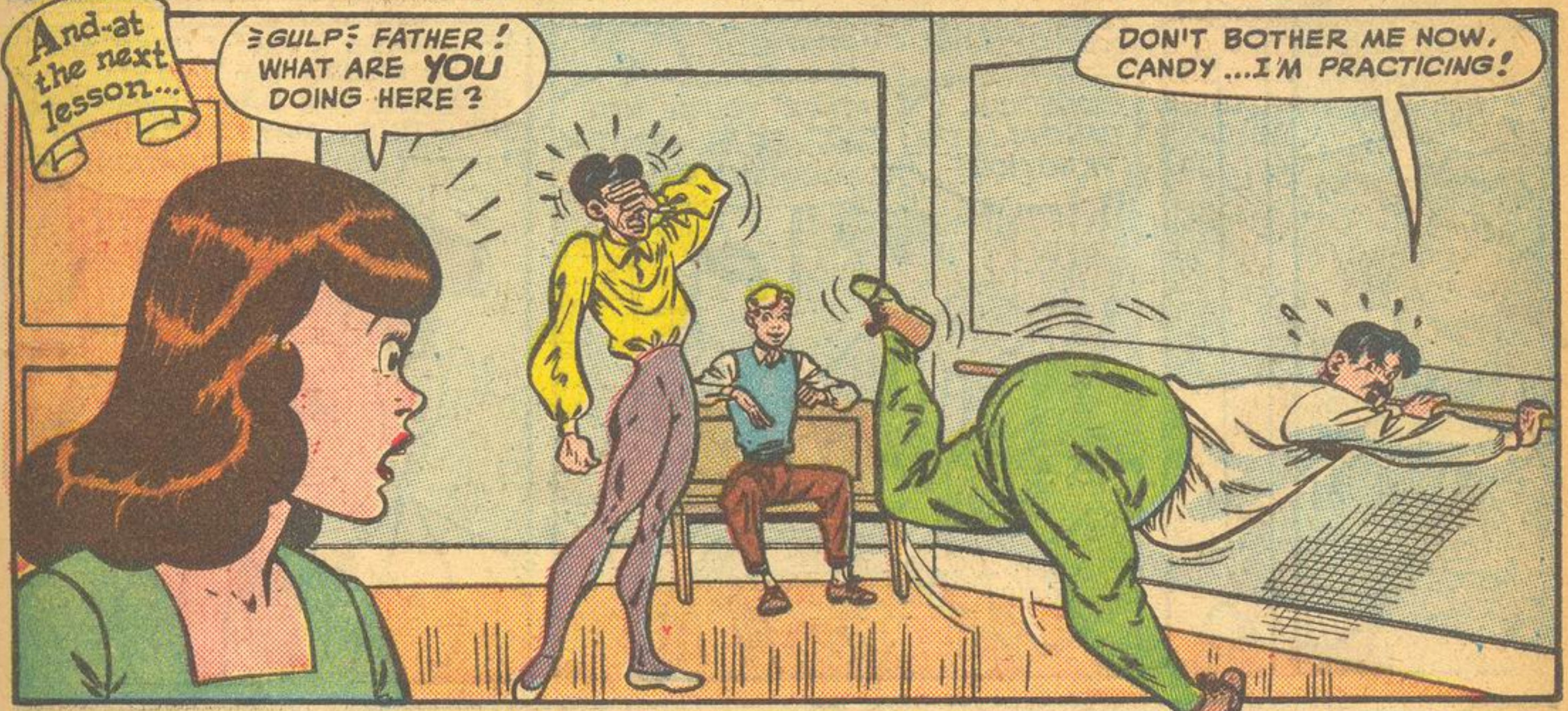
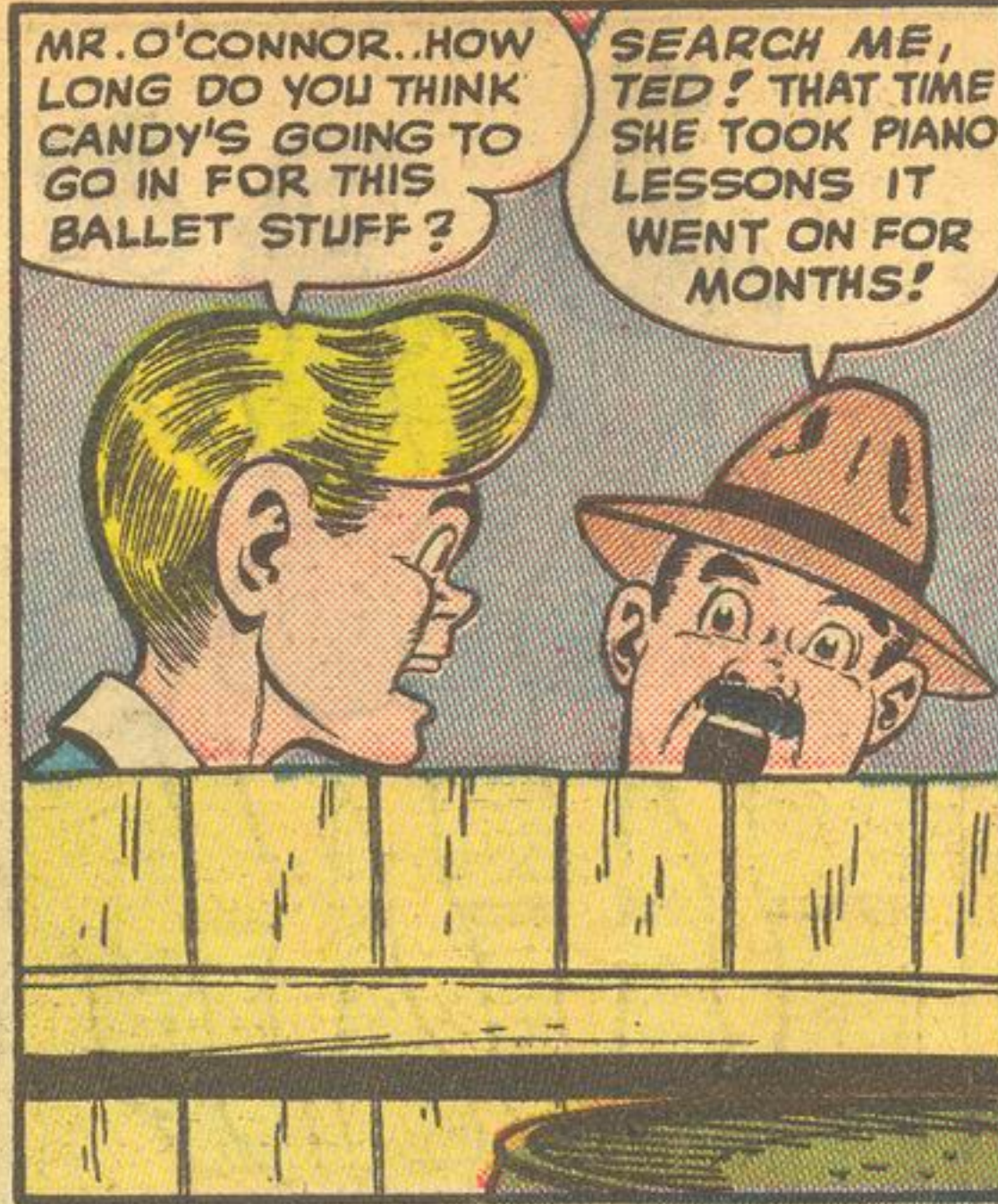
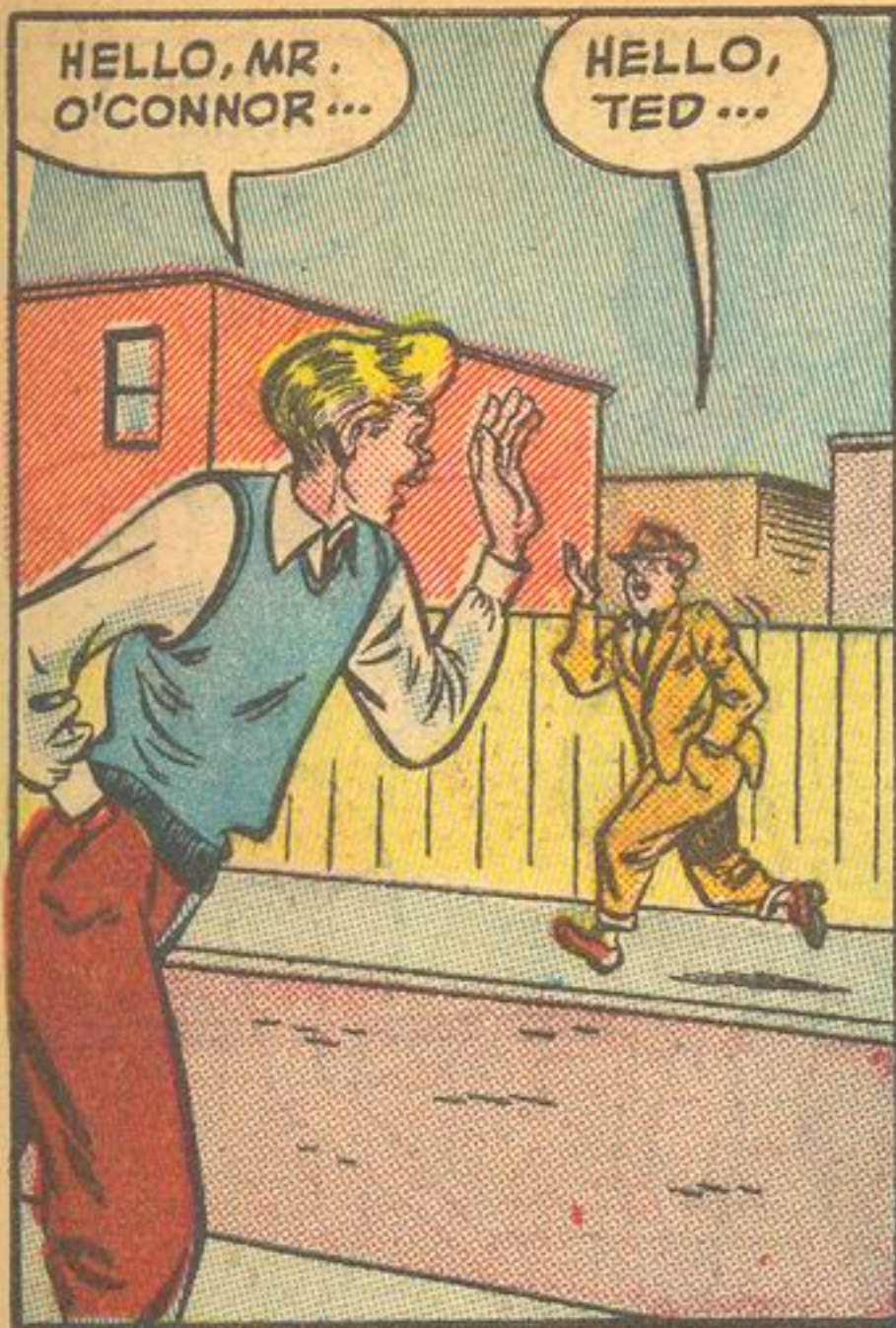


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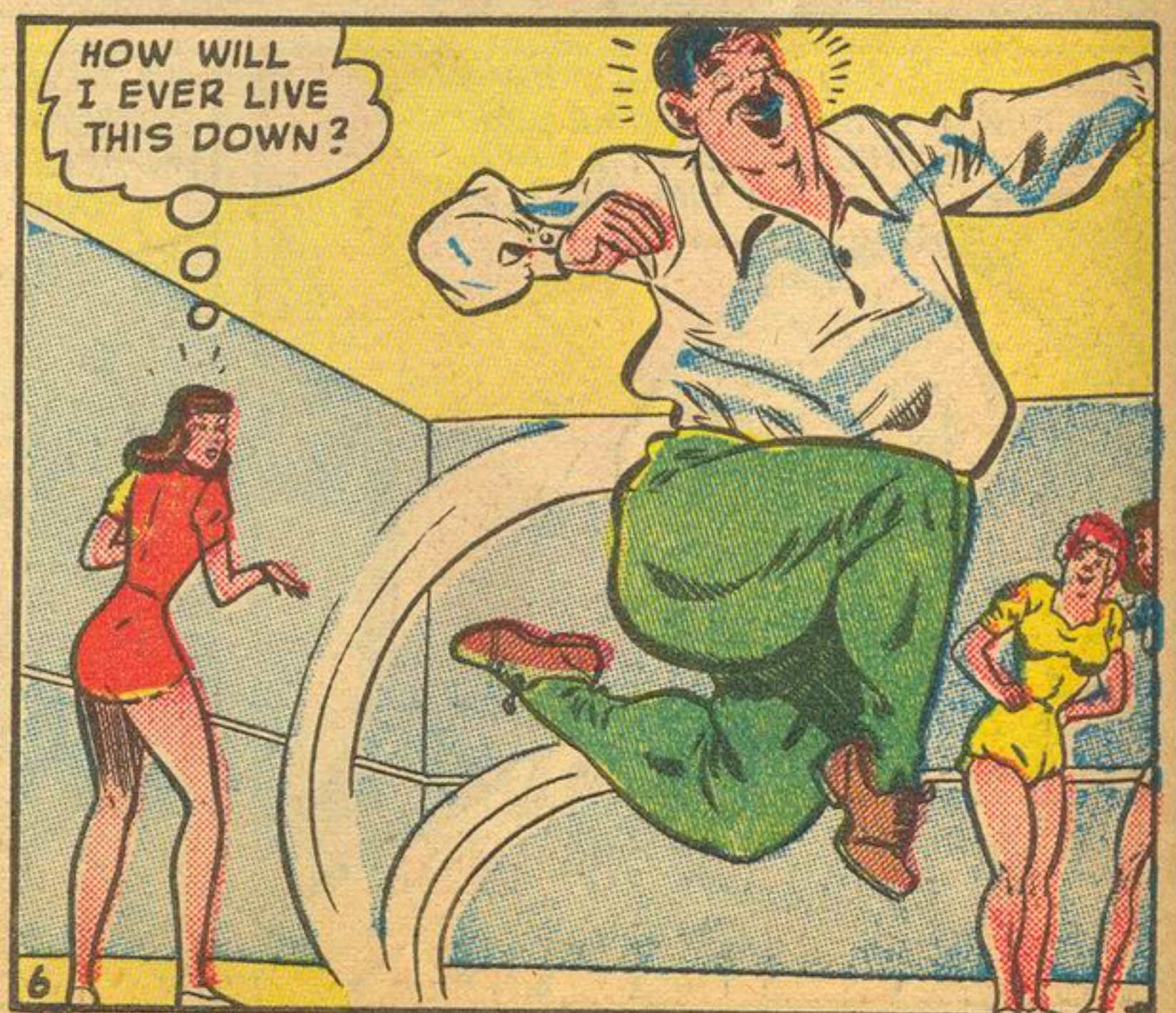
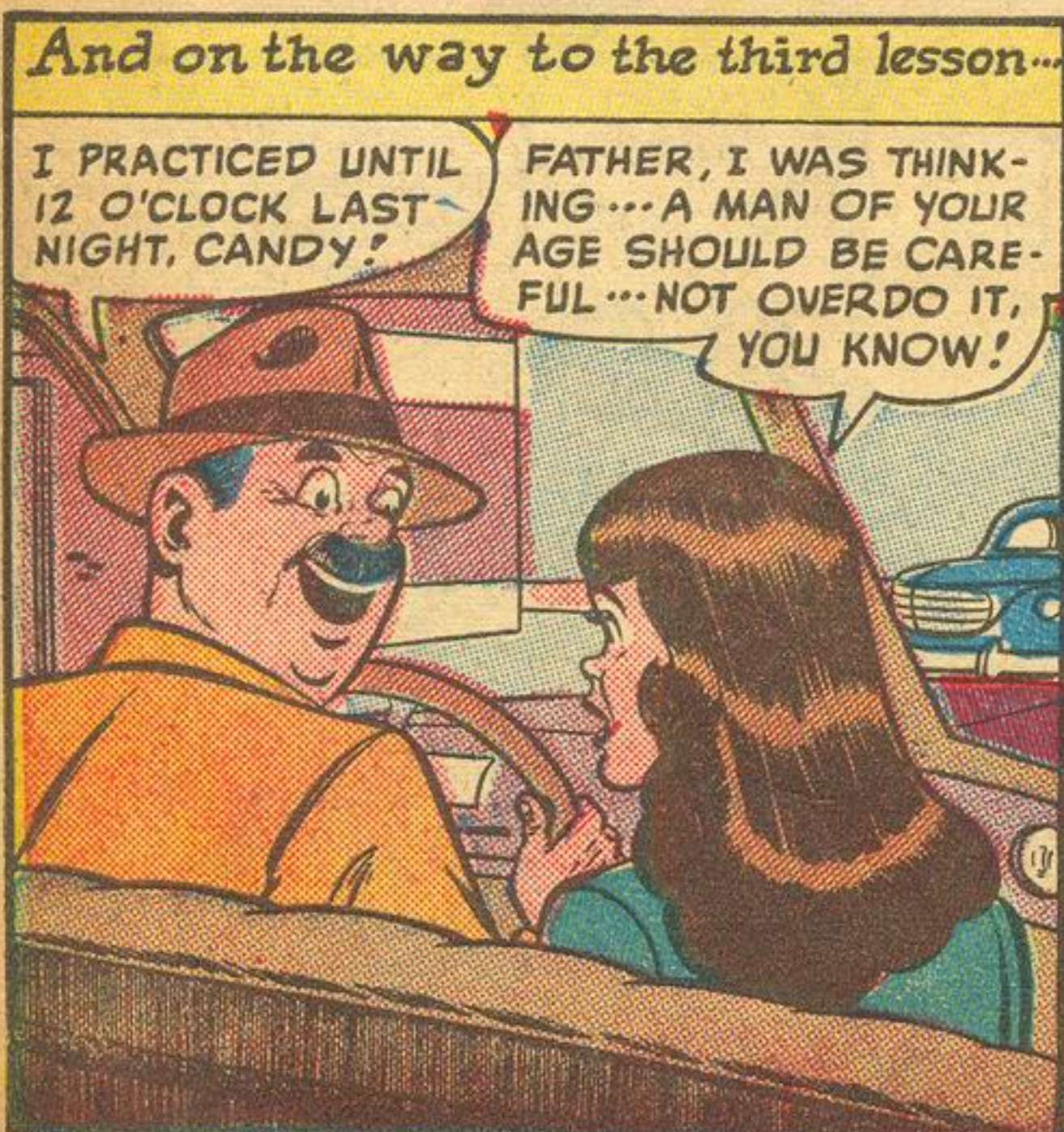
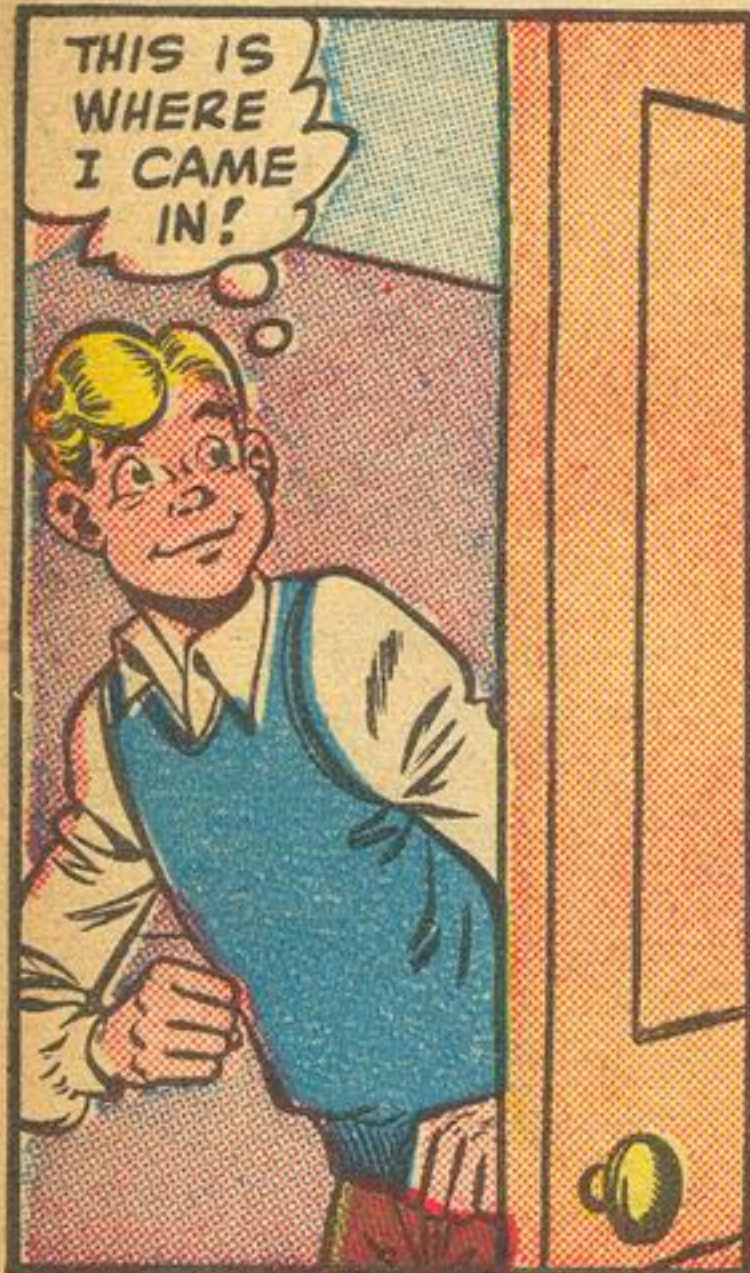
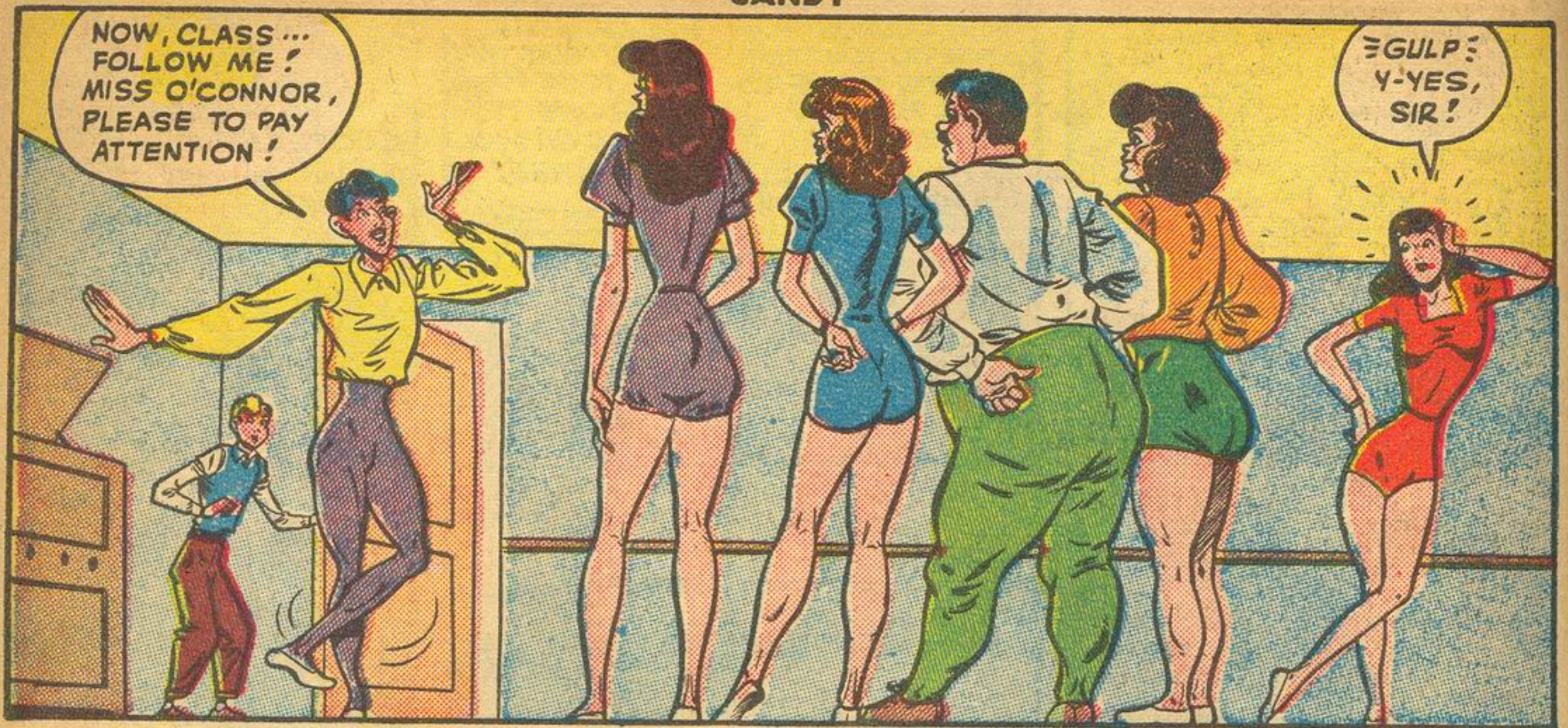


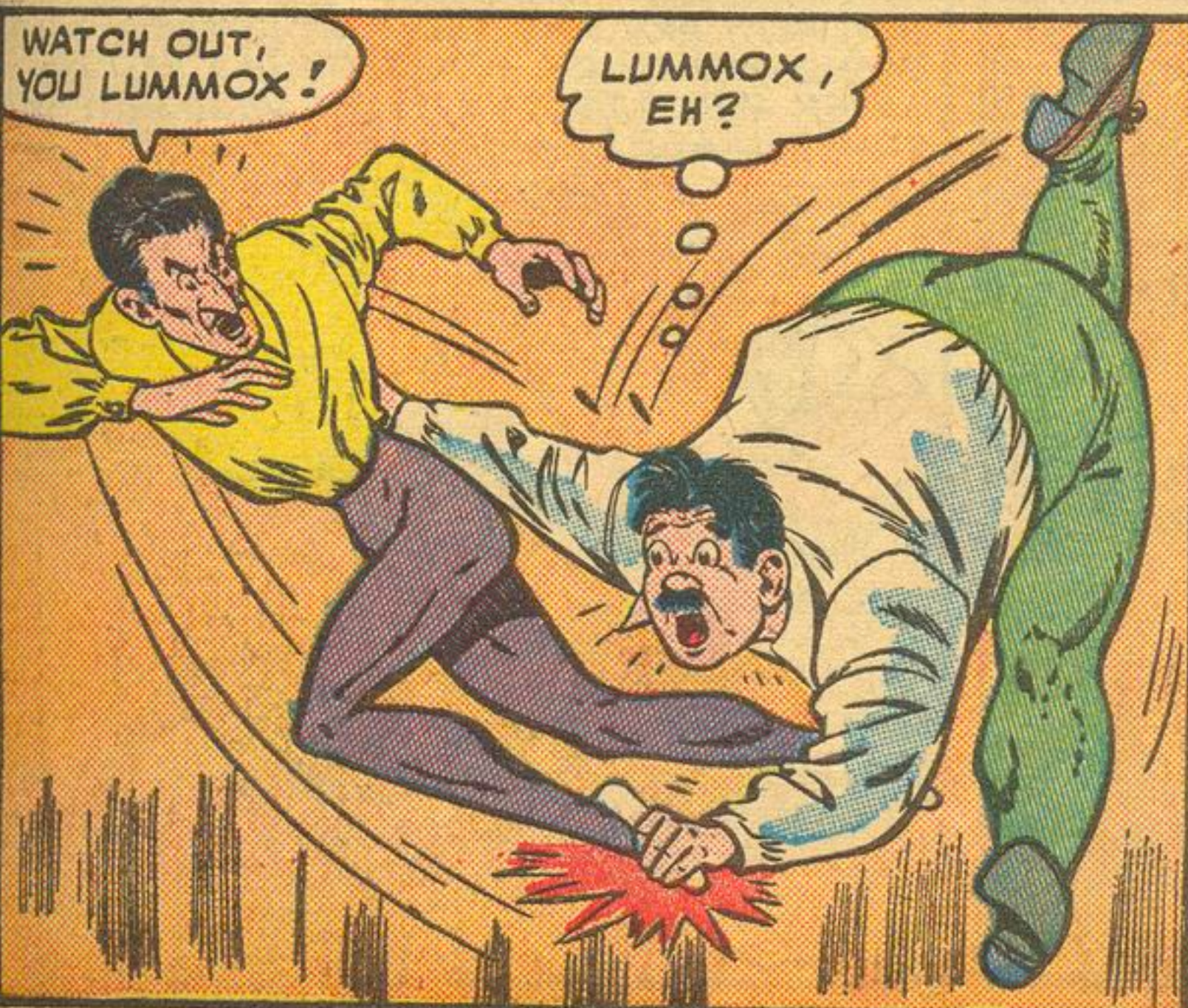
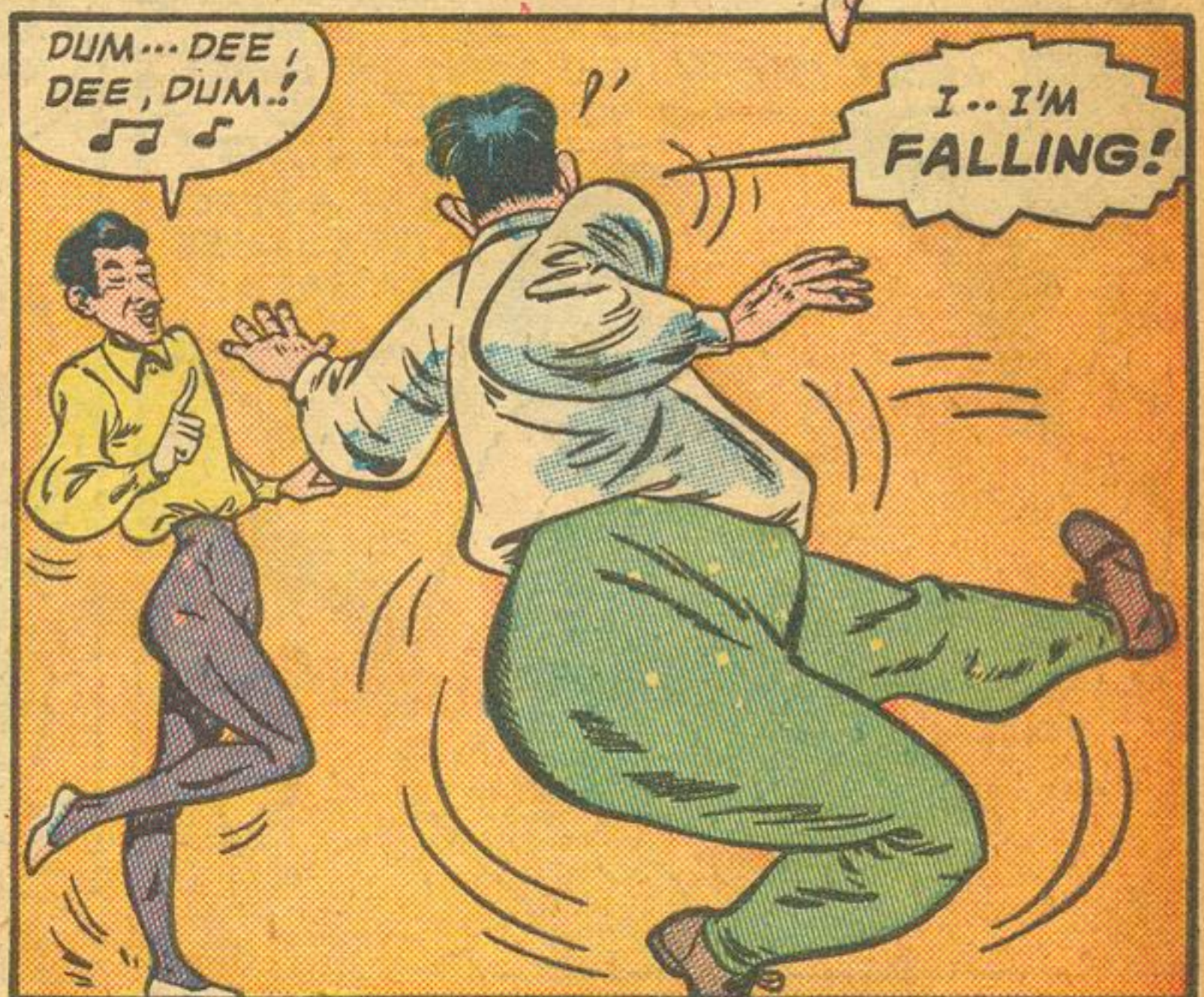


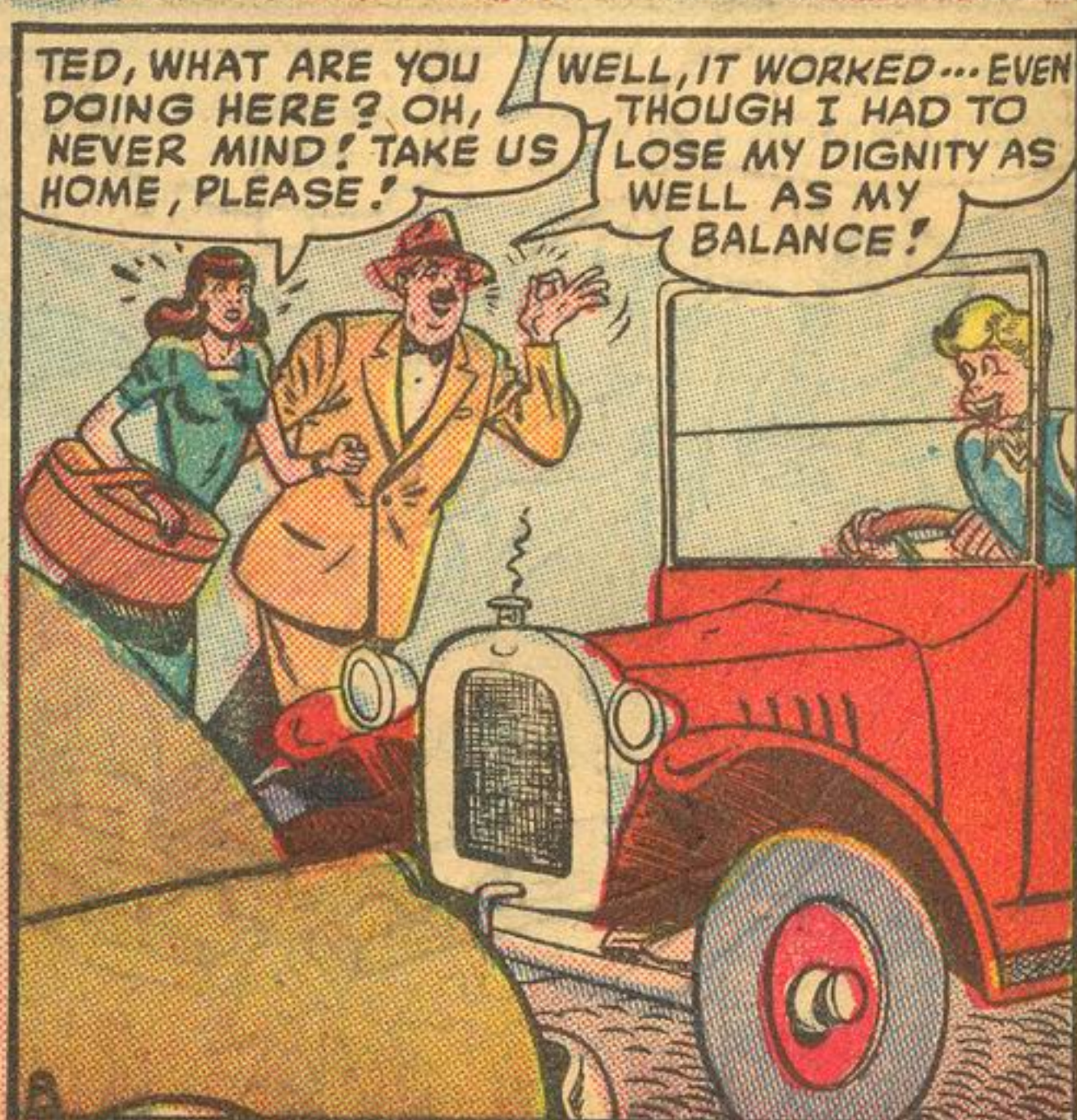
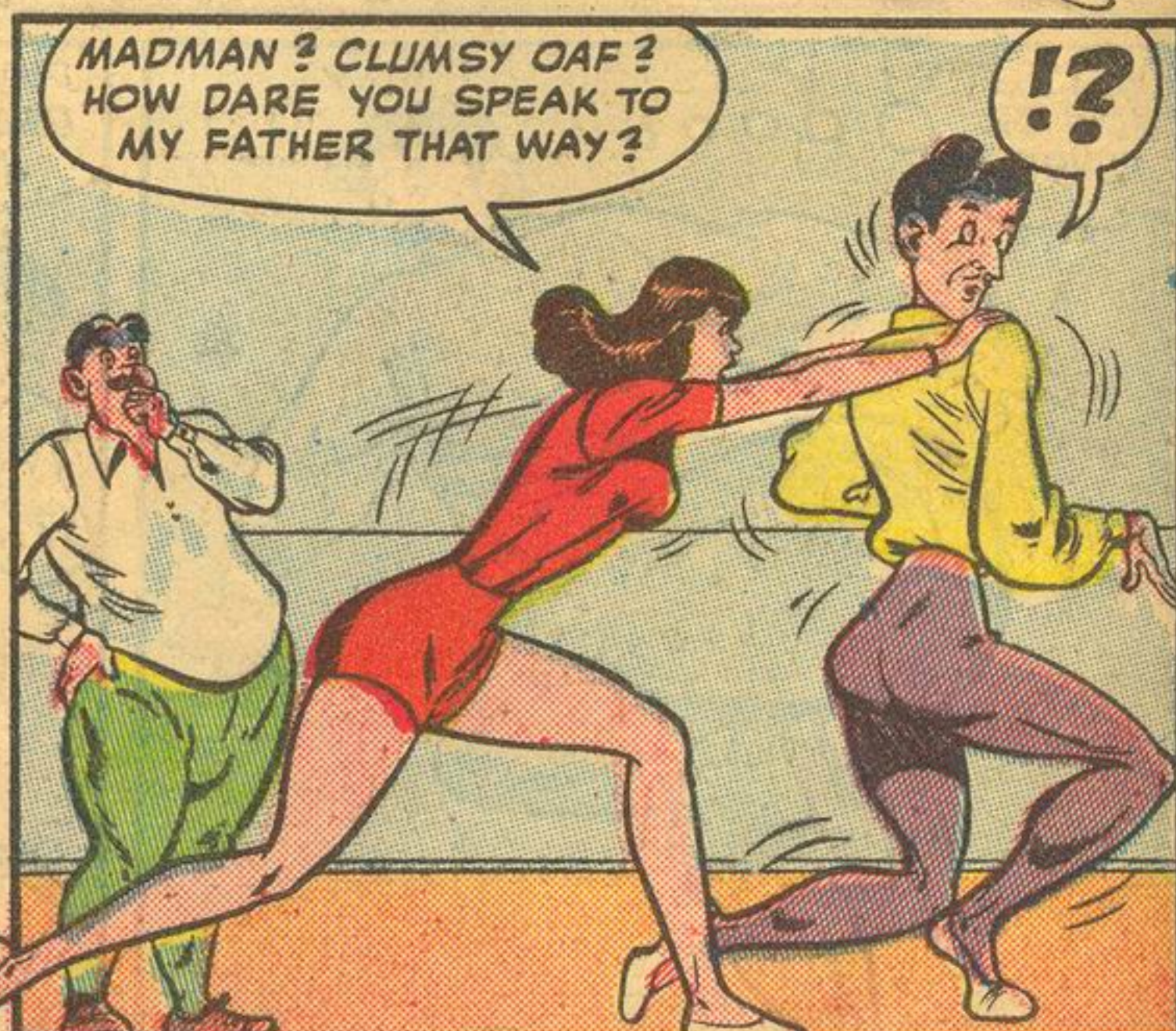
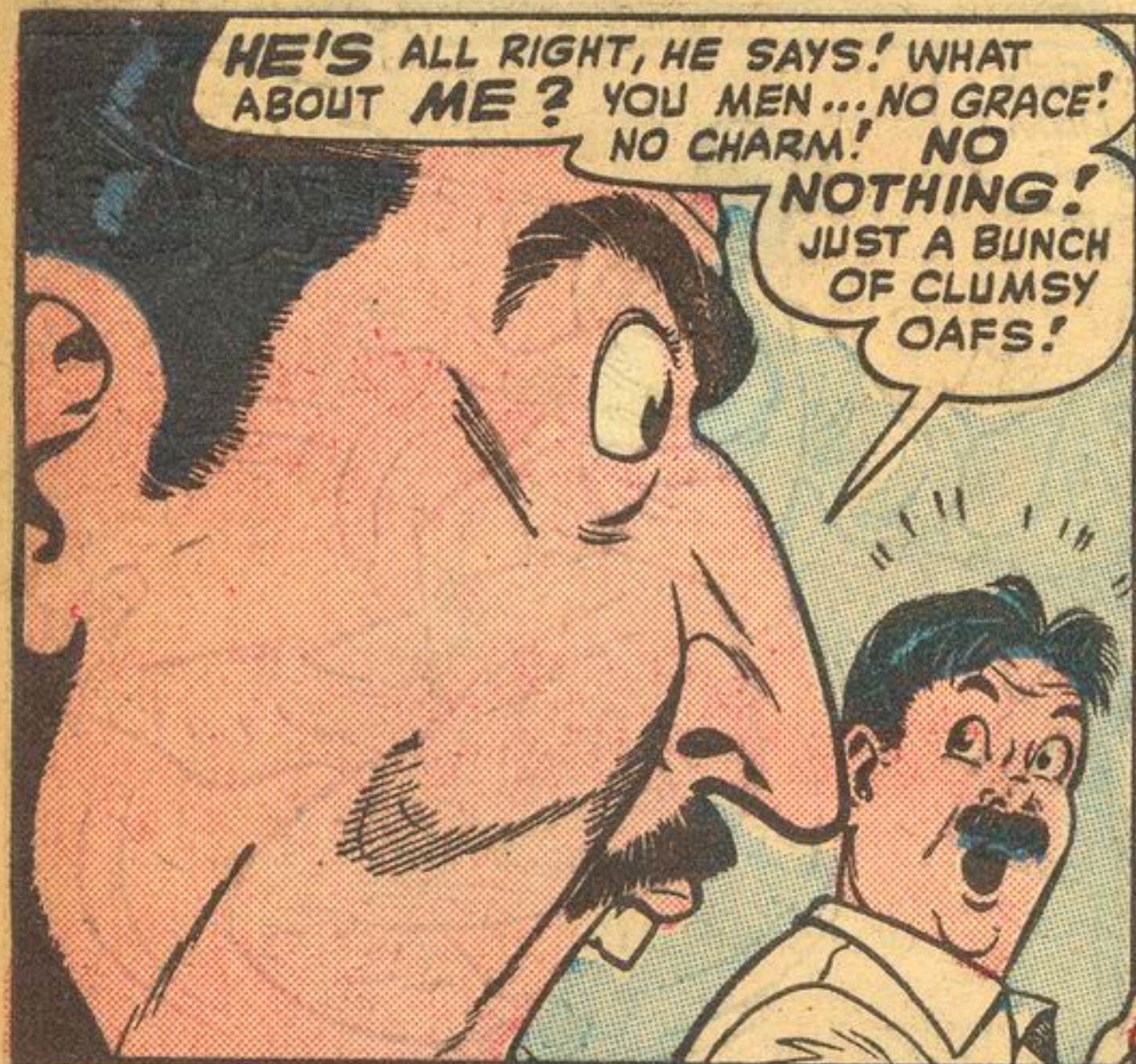
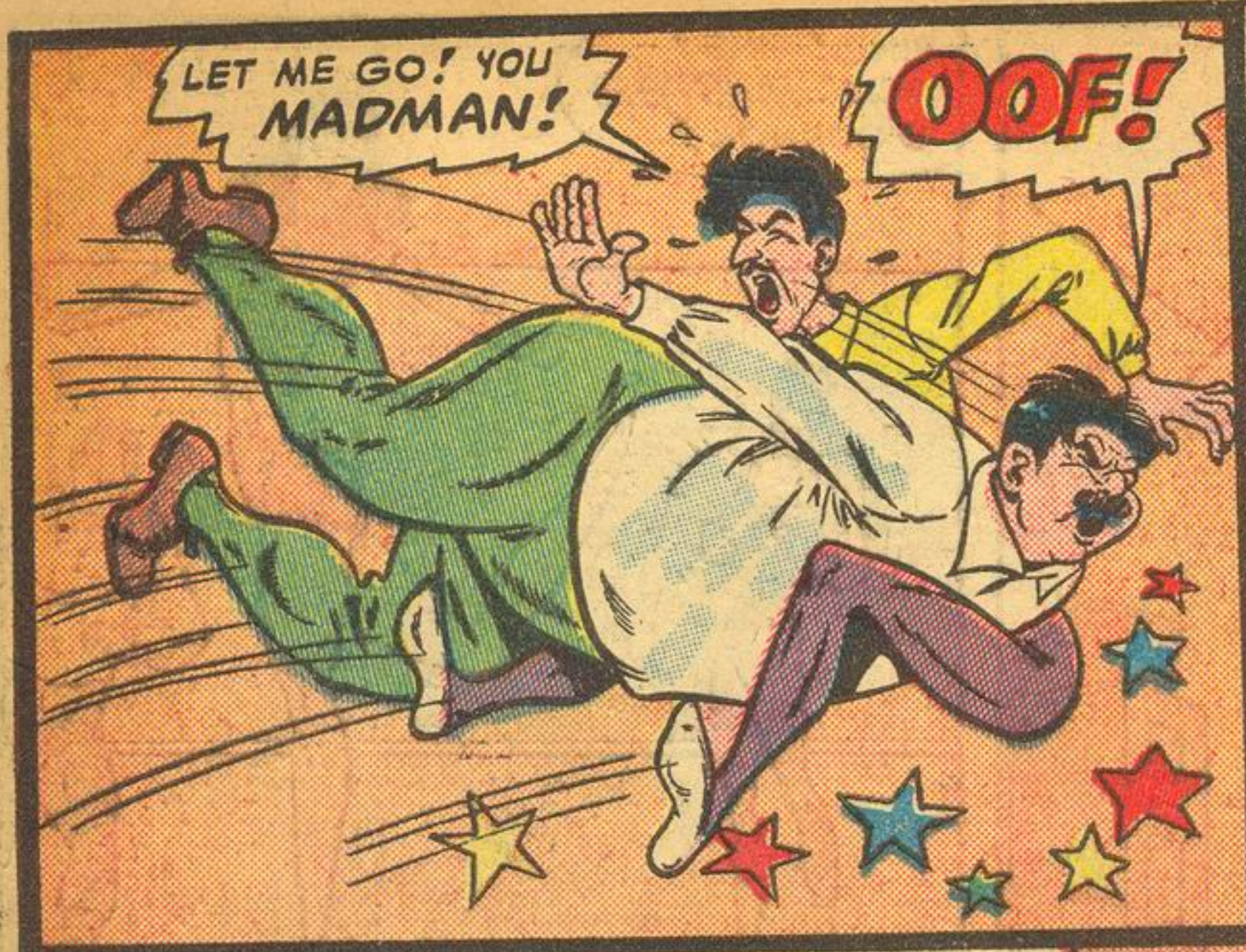
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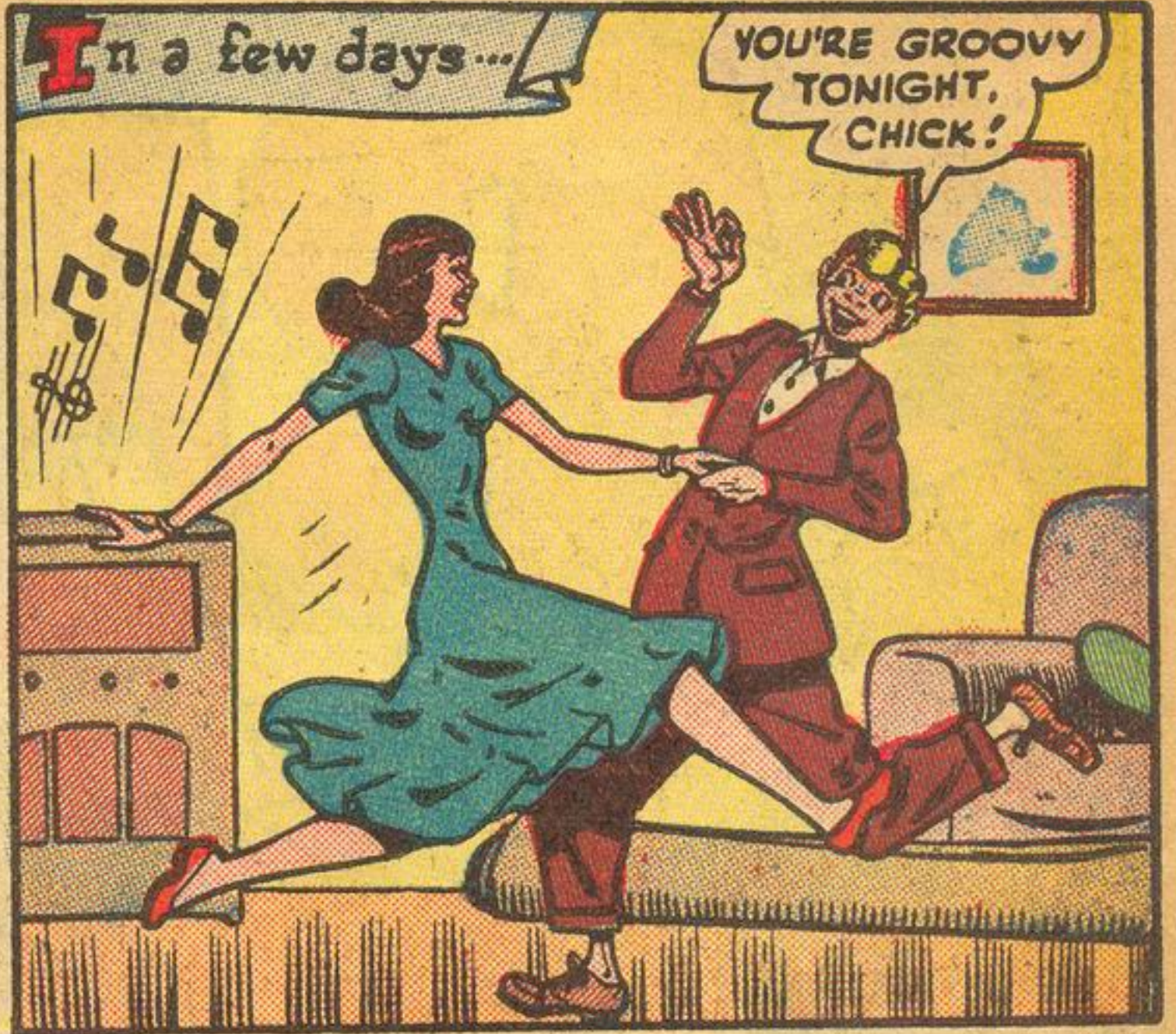


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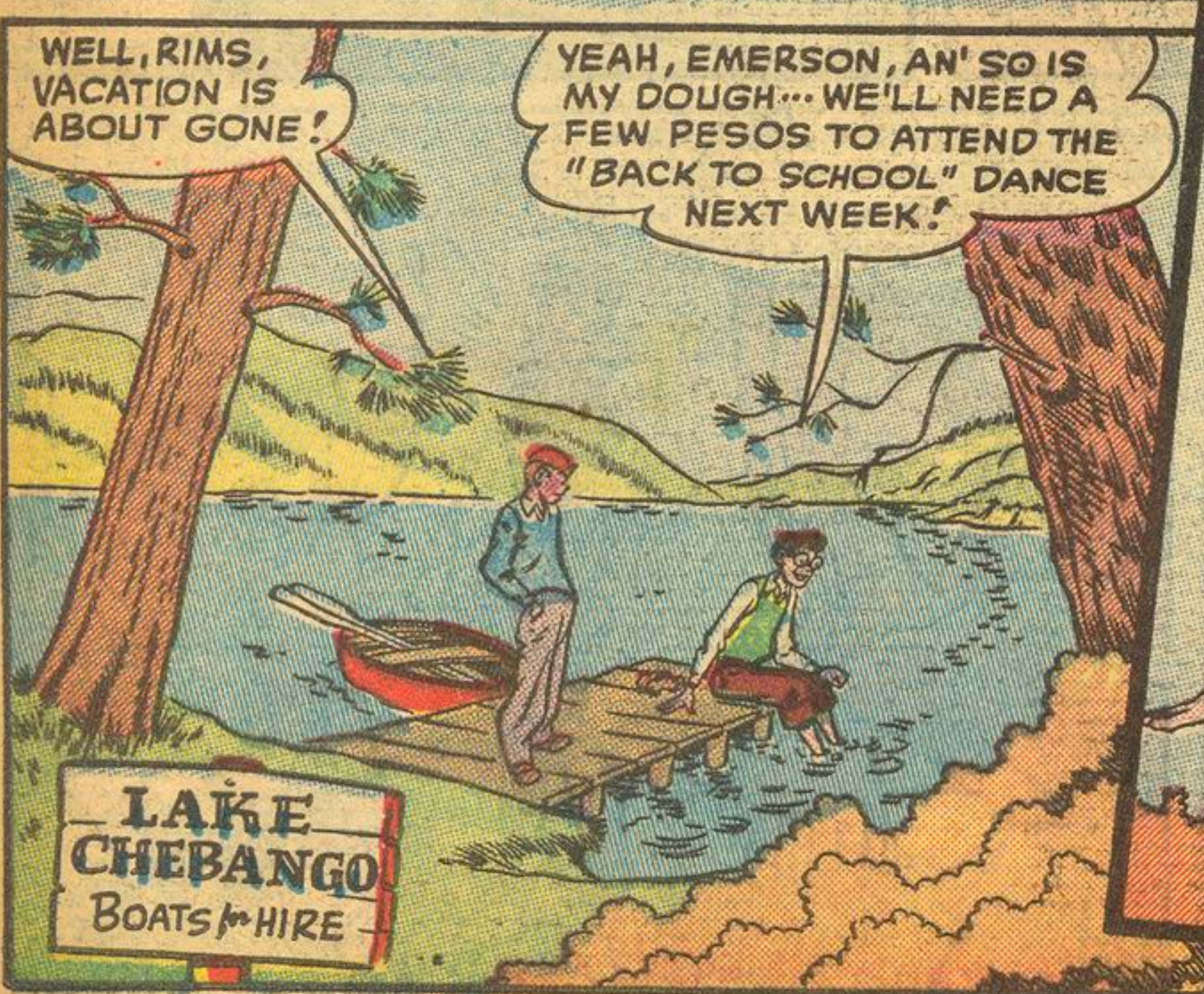
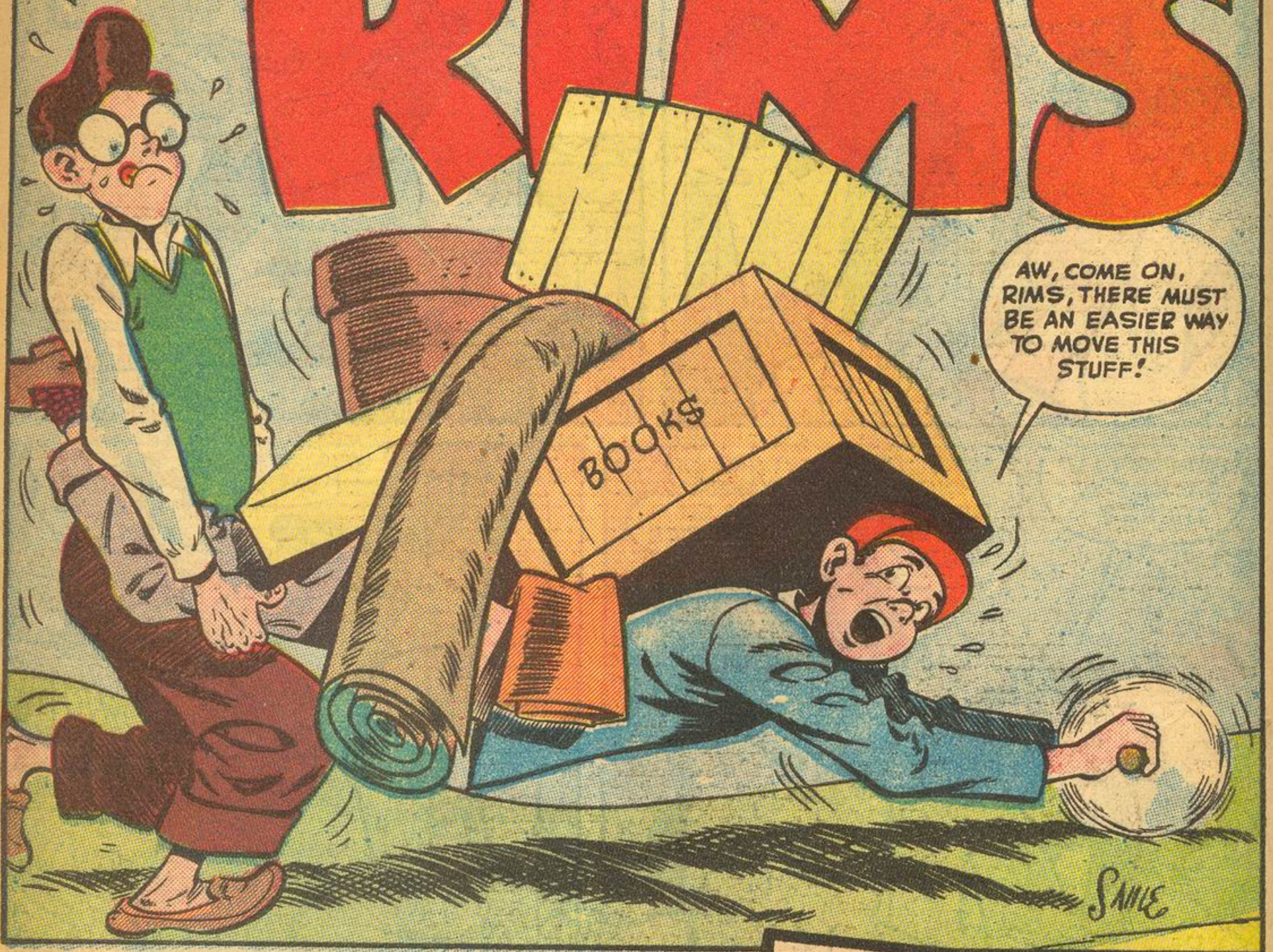




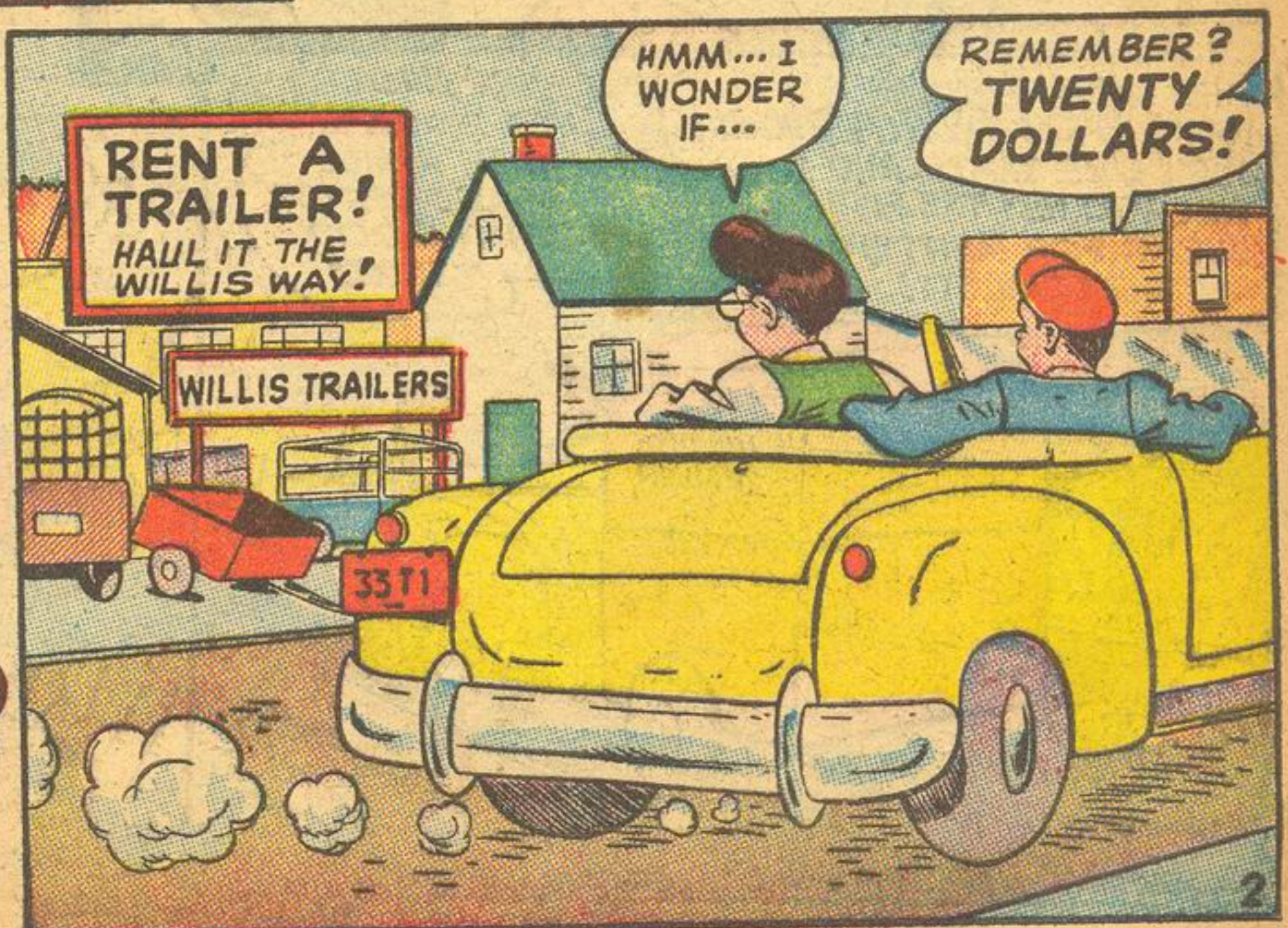
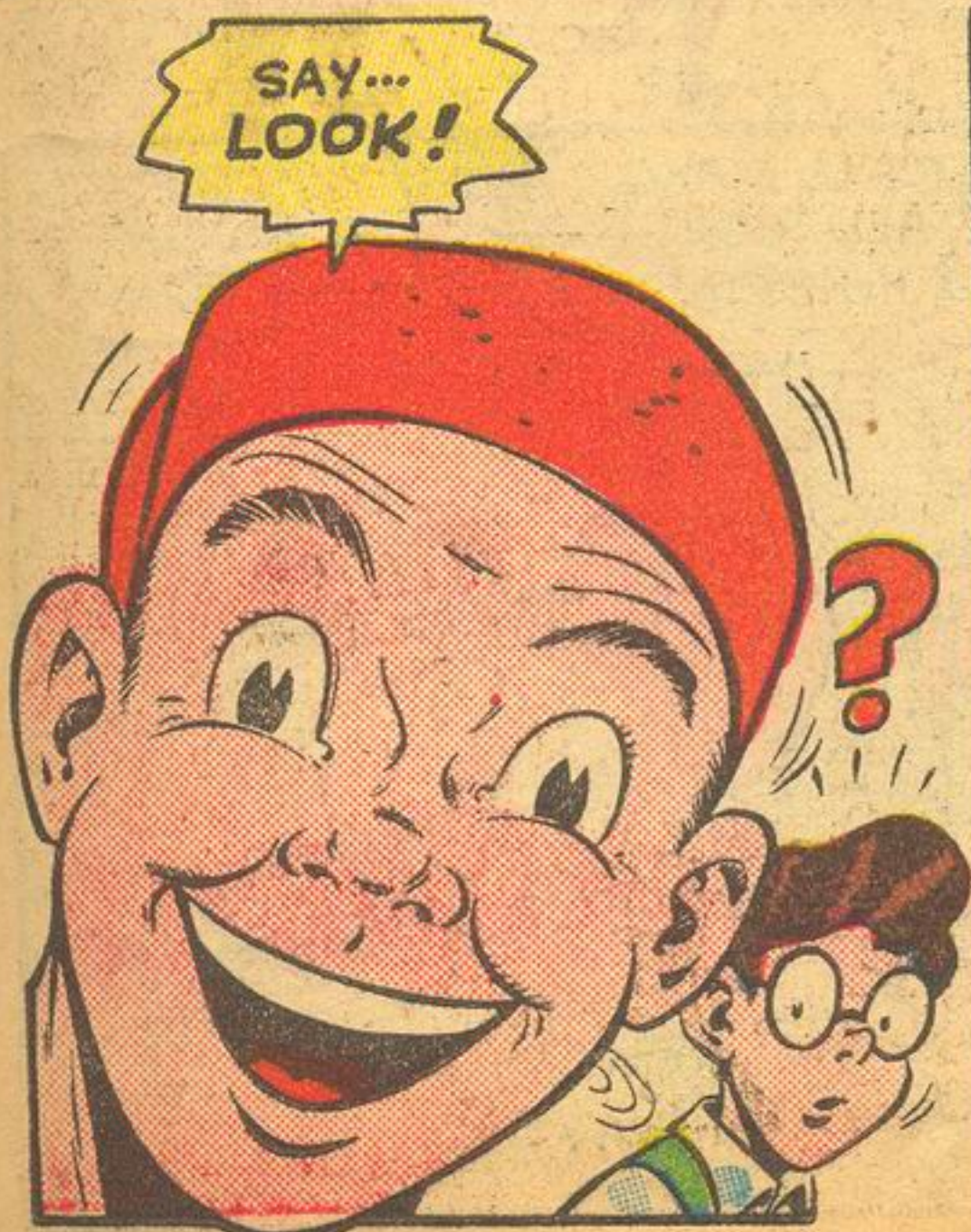
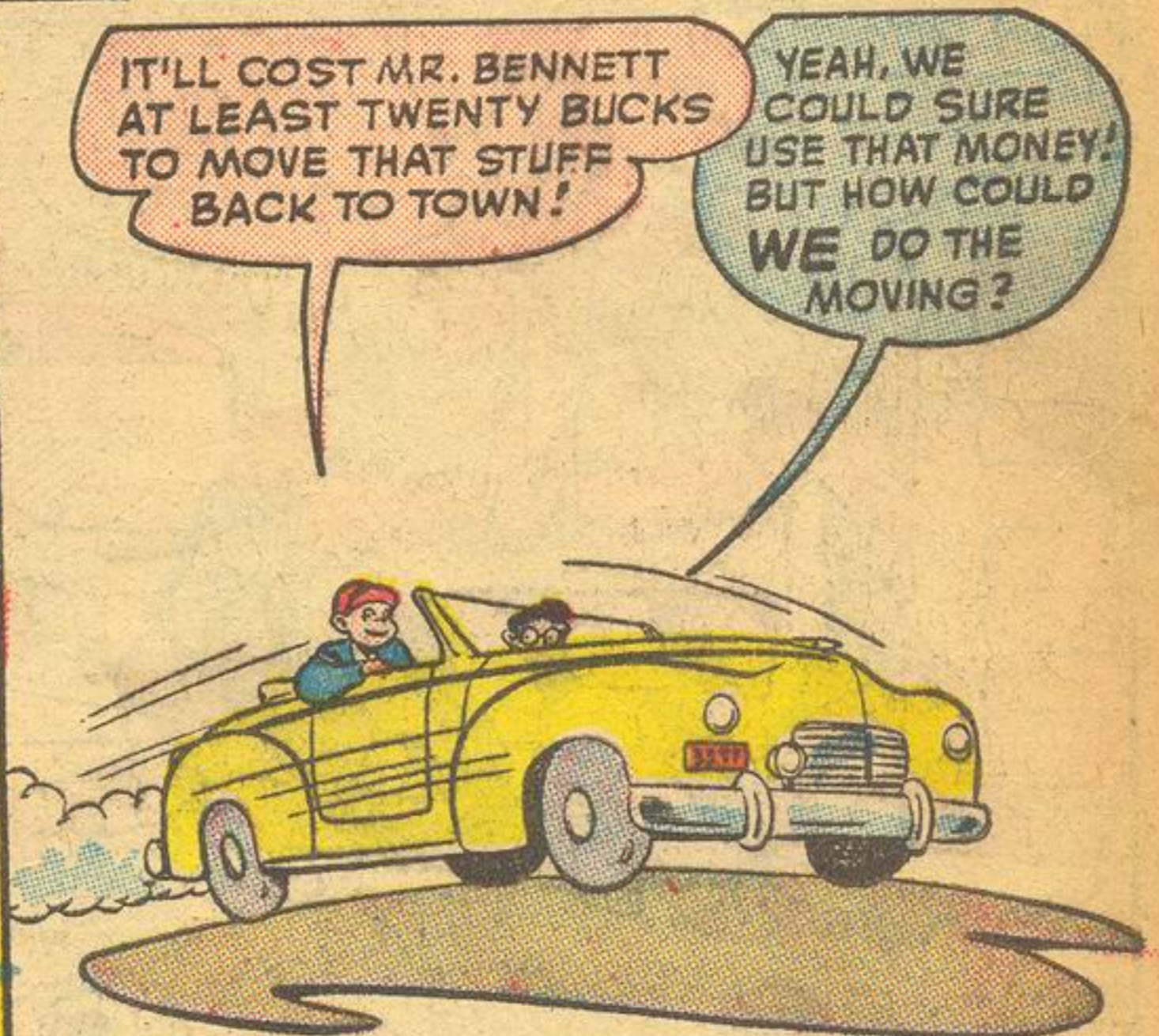
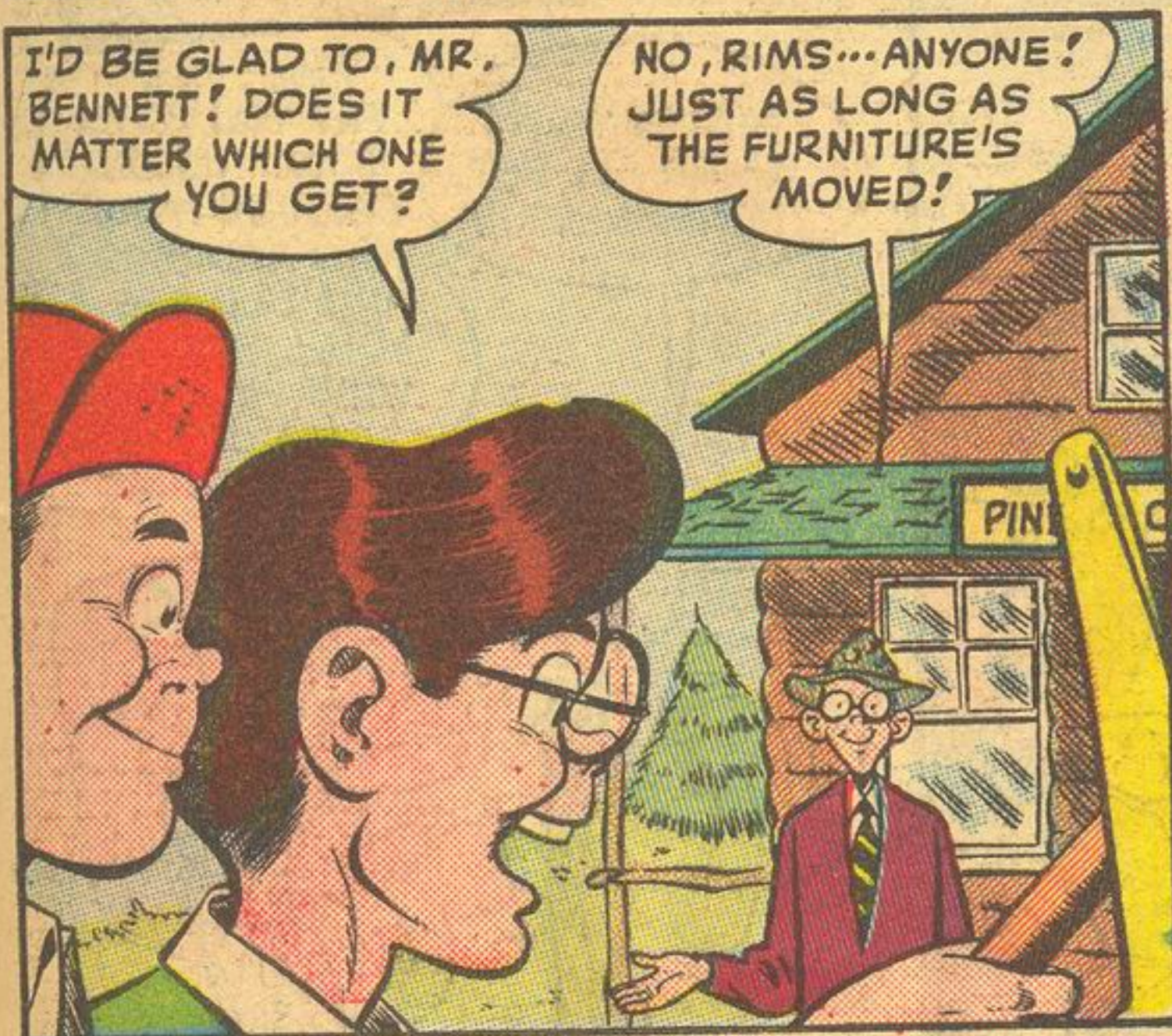
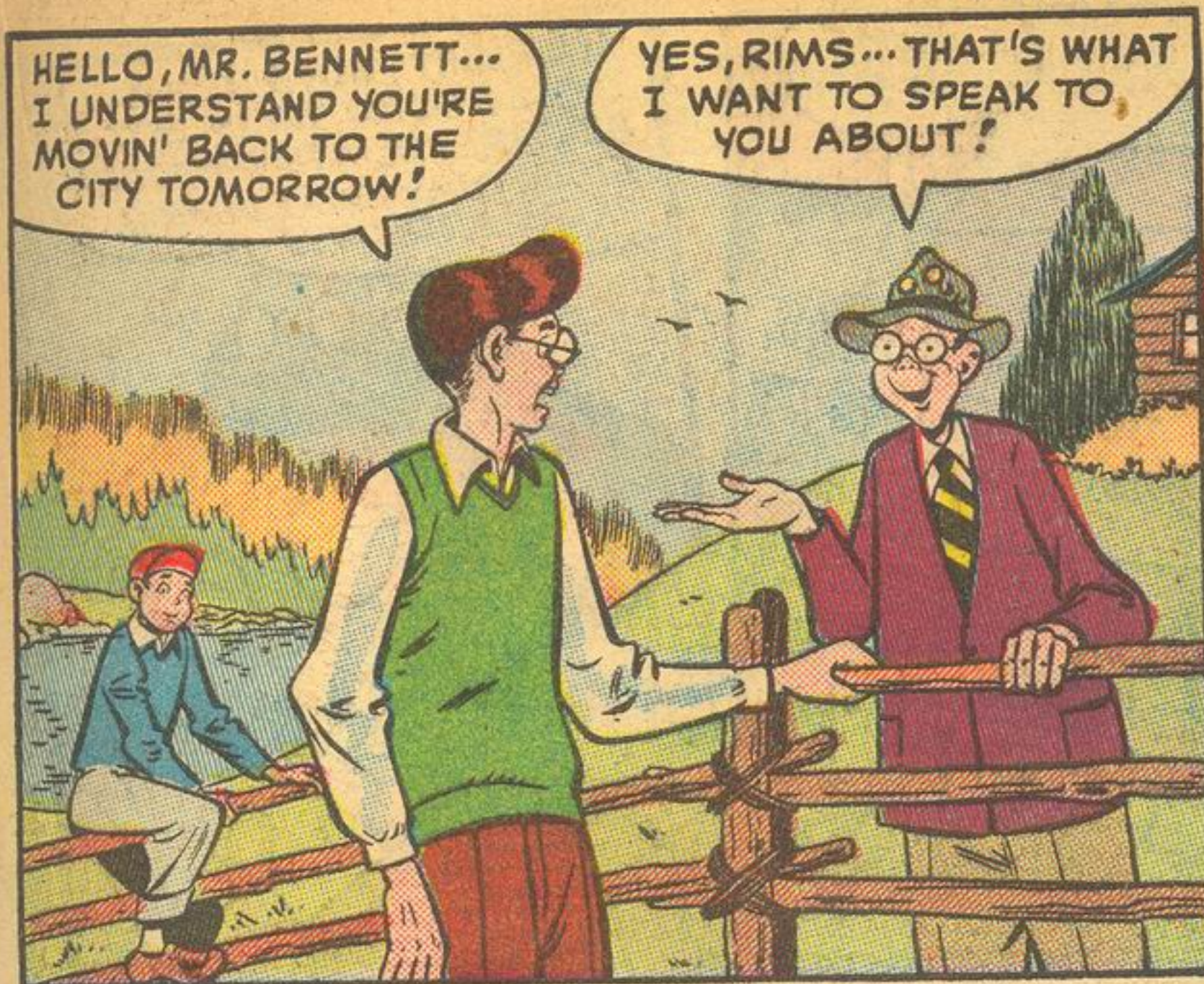


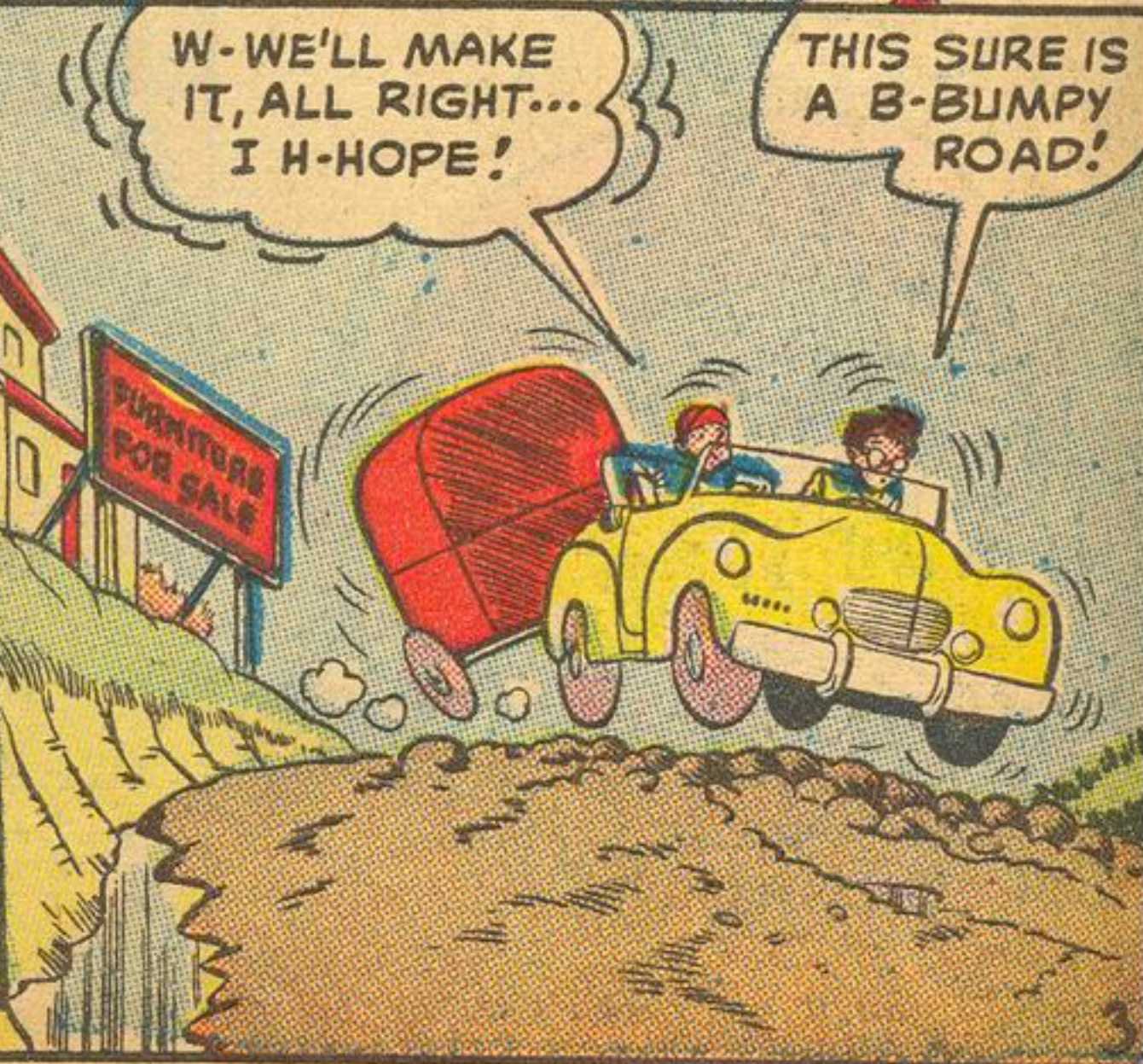
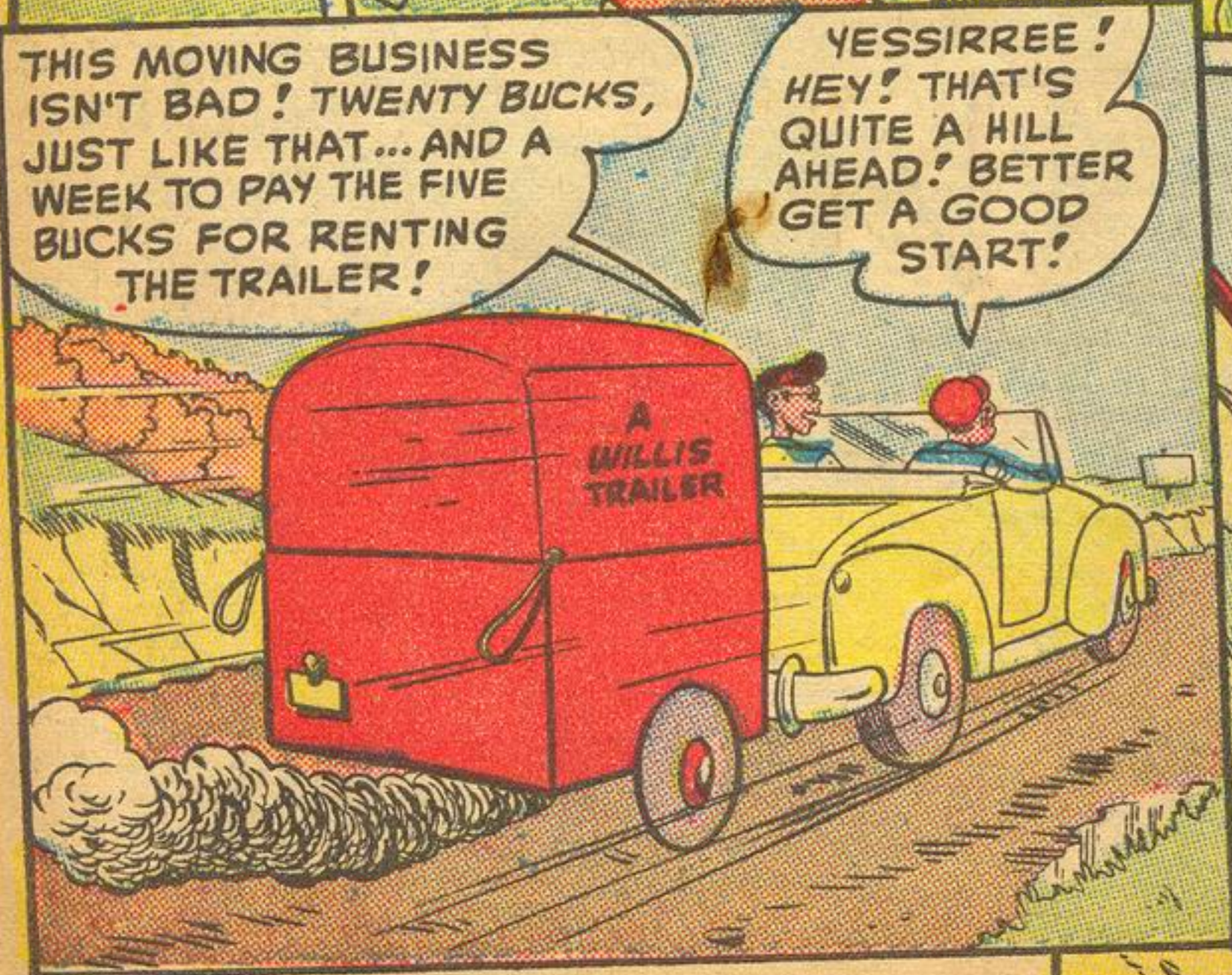
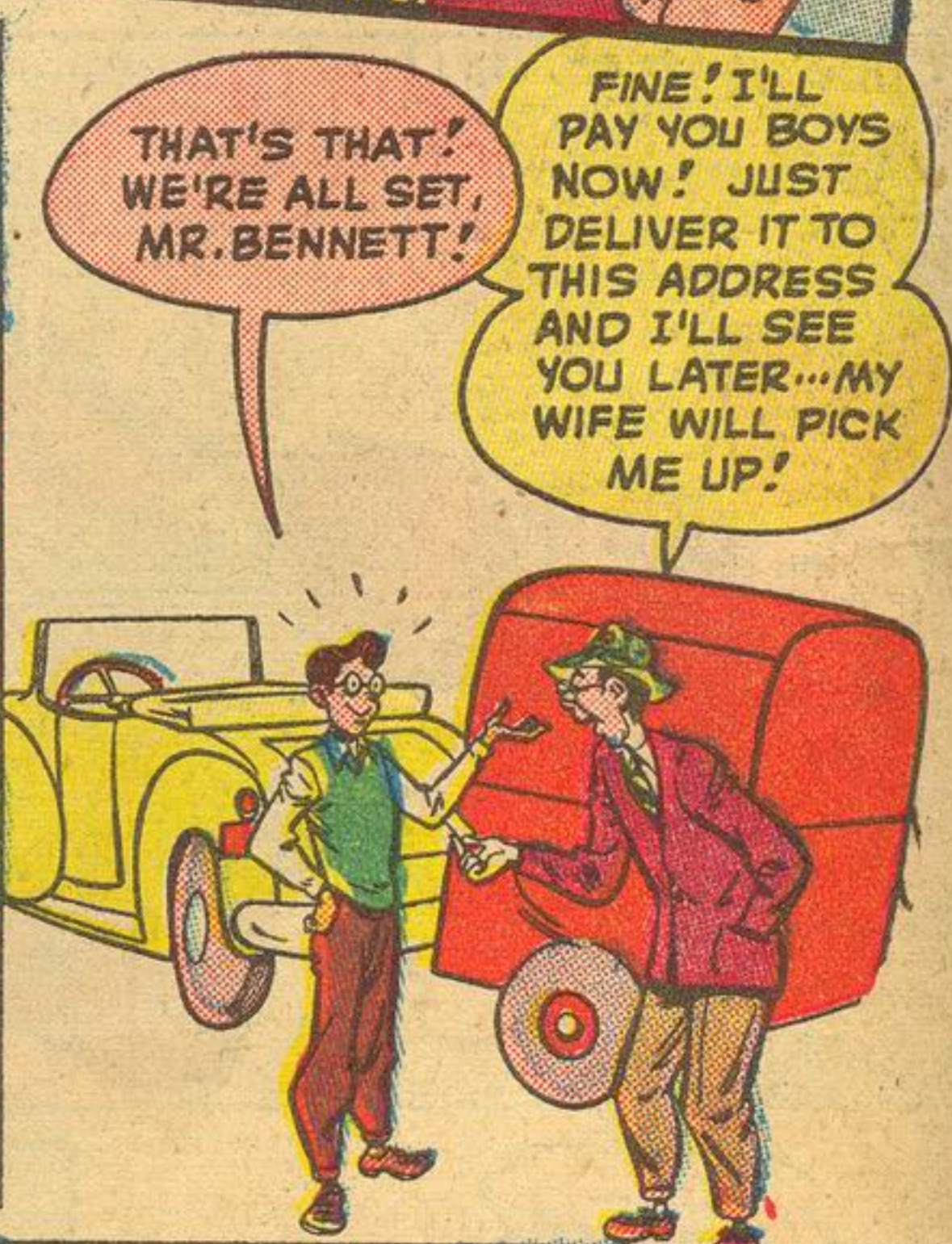
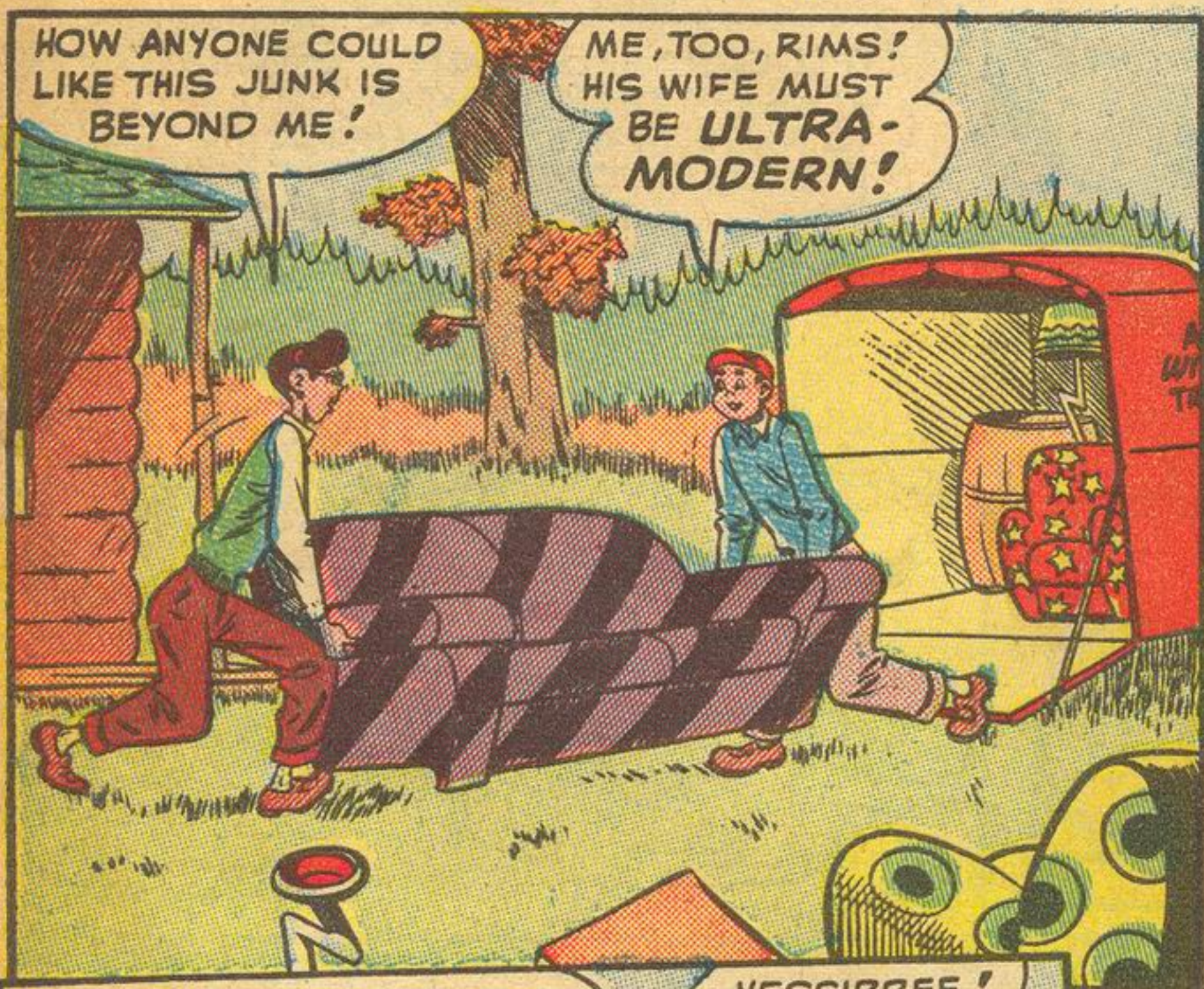
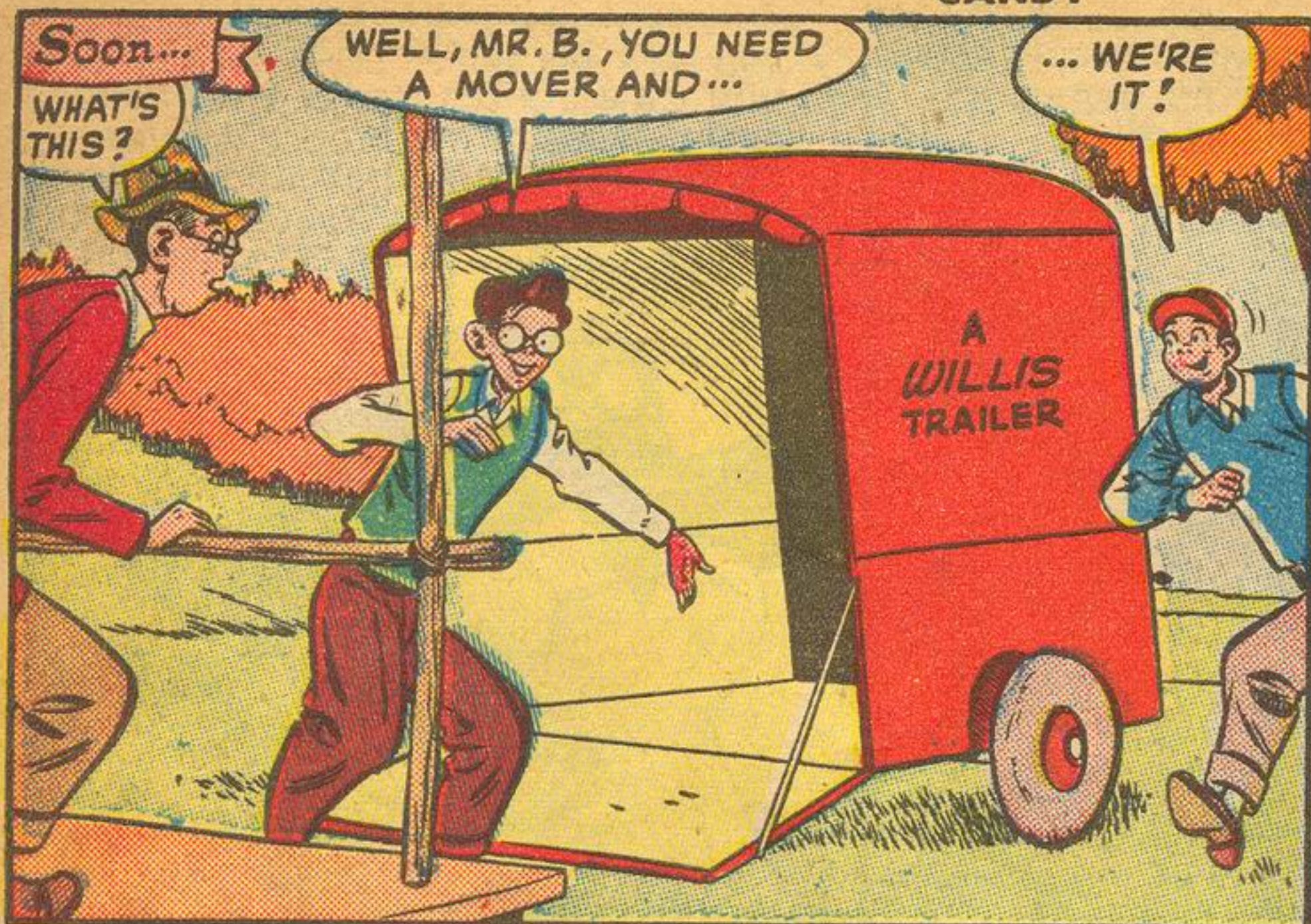


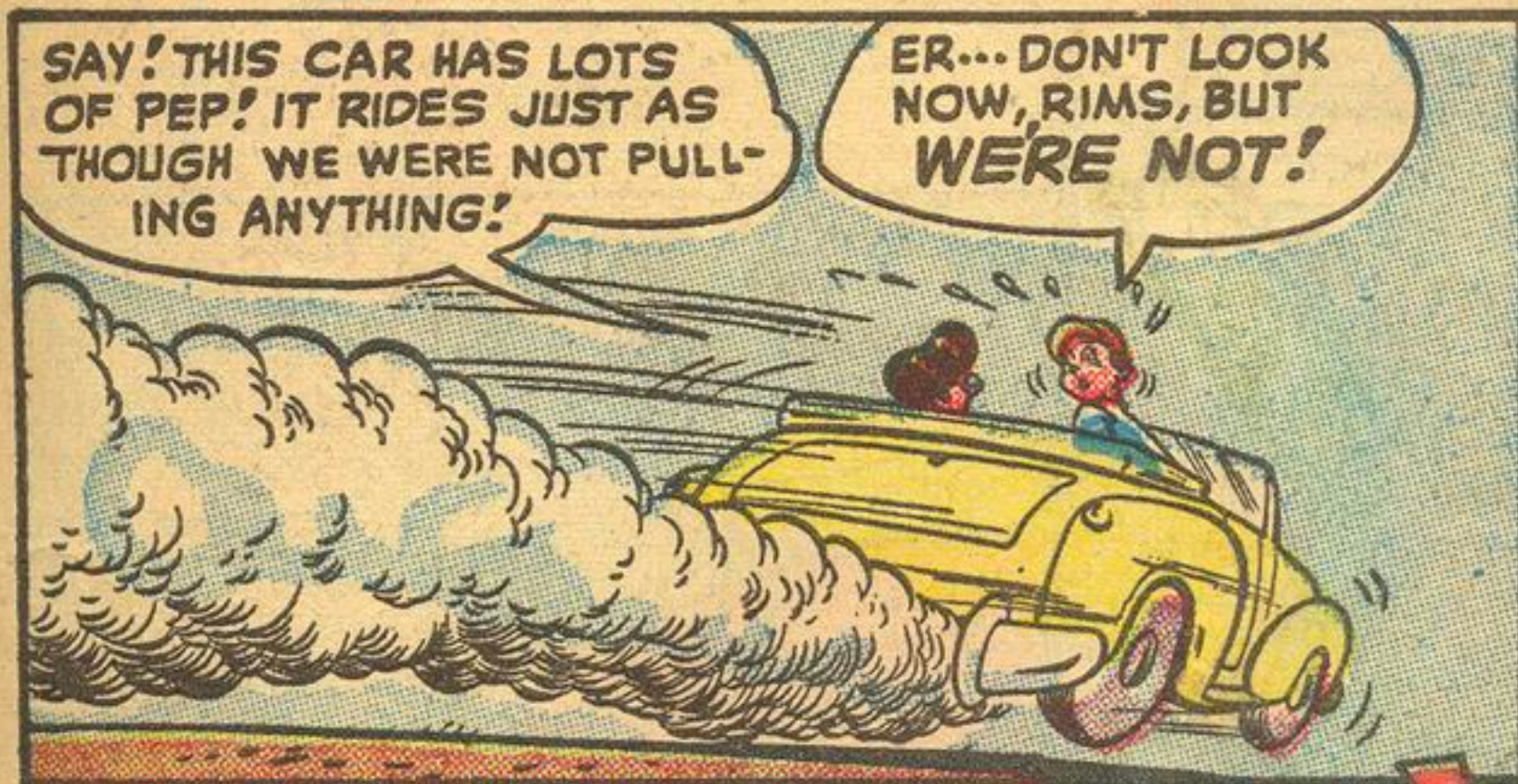
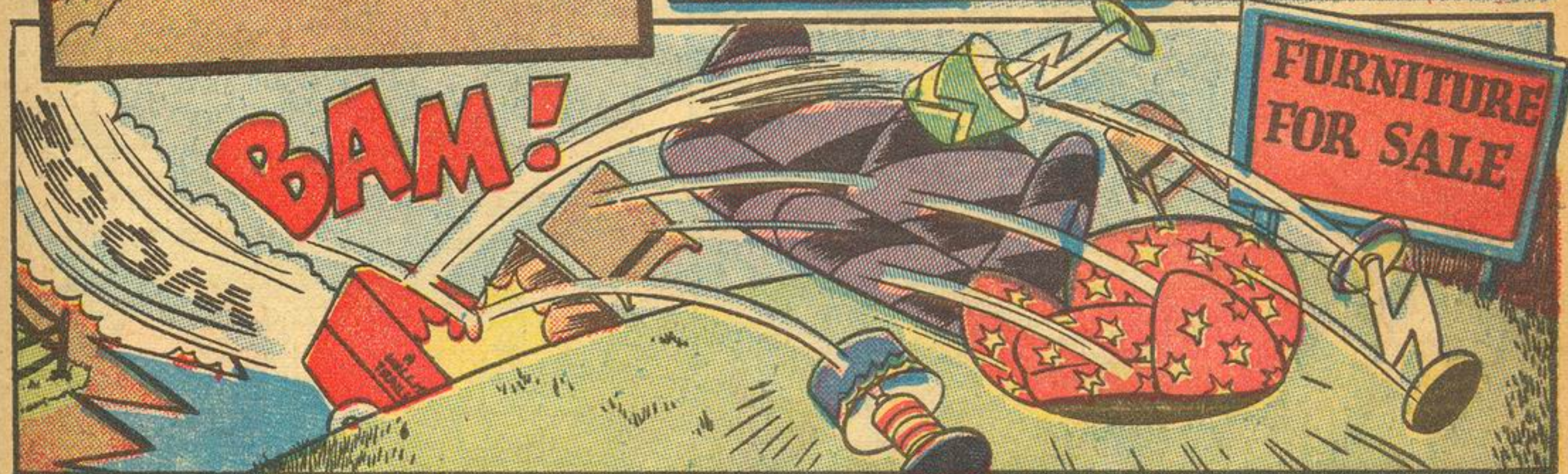
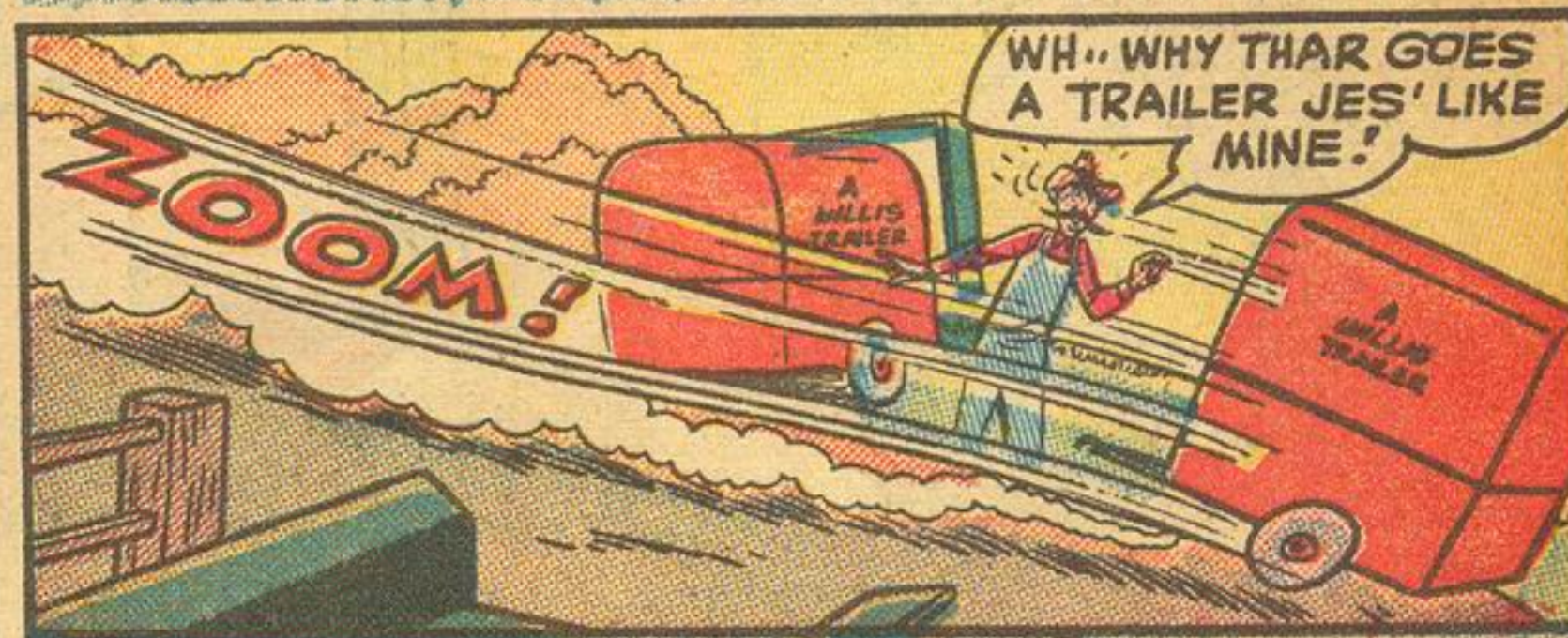
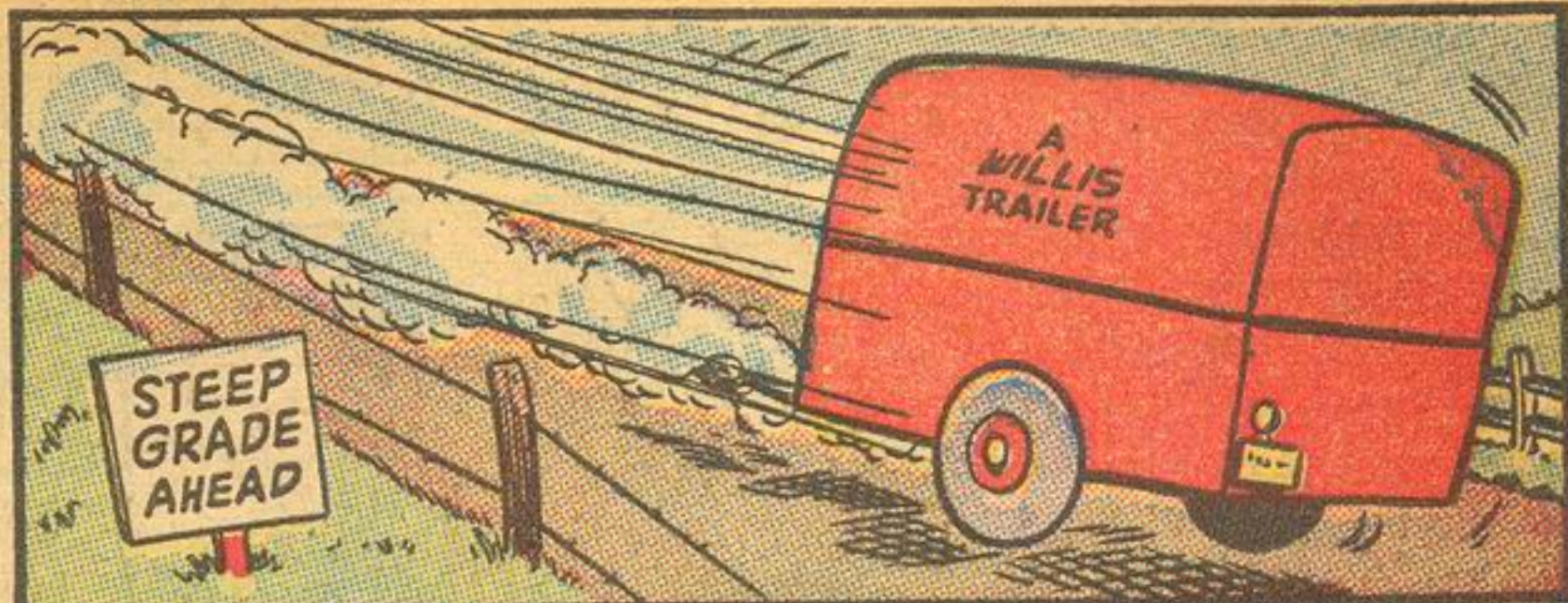
RIMS



CANDY







WHAT A LUCKY BREAK!
IT'S A GOOD THING THAT
BIG SIGN WAS THERE OR
THE TRAILER MIGHT HAVE
ROLLED RIGHT INTO
THE DUMP!

LET'S HOOK IT UP
AND GET ROLLING!

THERE! IT WON'T COME
LOOSE NOW! OKAY, RIMS!
HAUL AWAY!

NOW, WHAT'S THAT
ADDRESS AGAIN?

HEY! STOP!
COME BACK WITH
MY TRAILER!

Later...

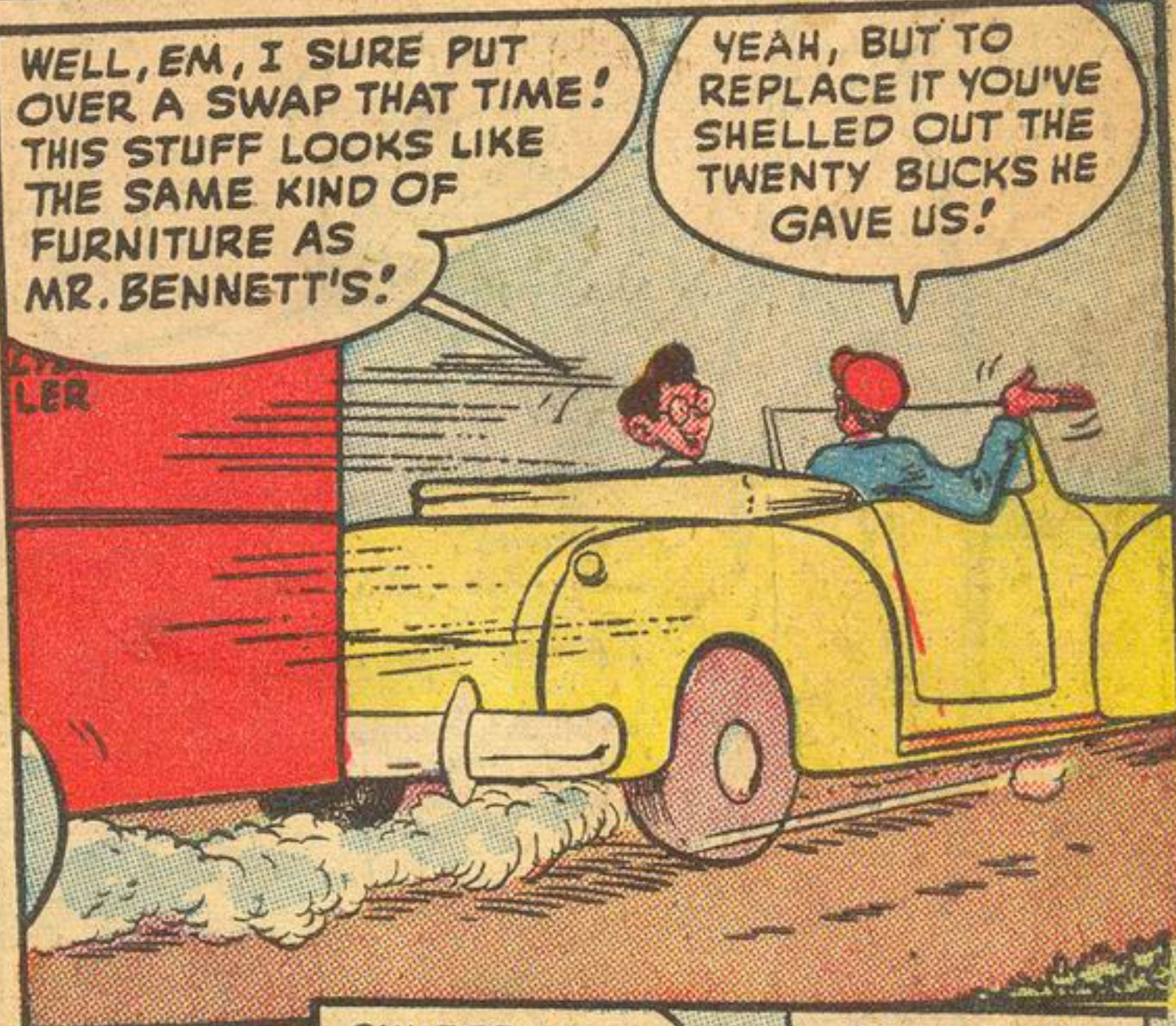
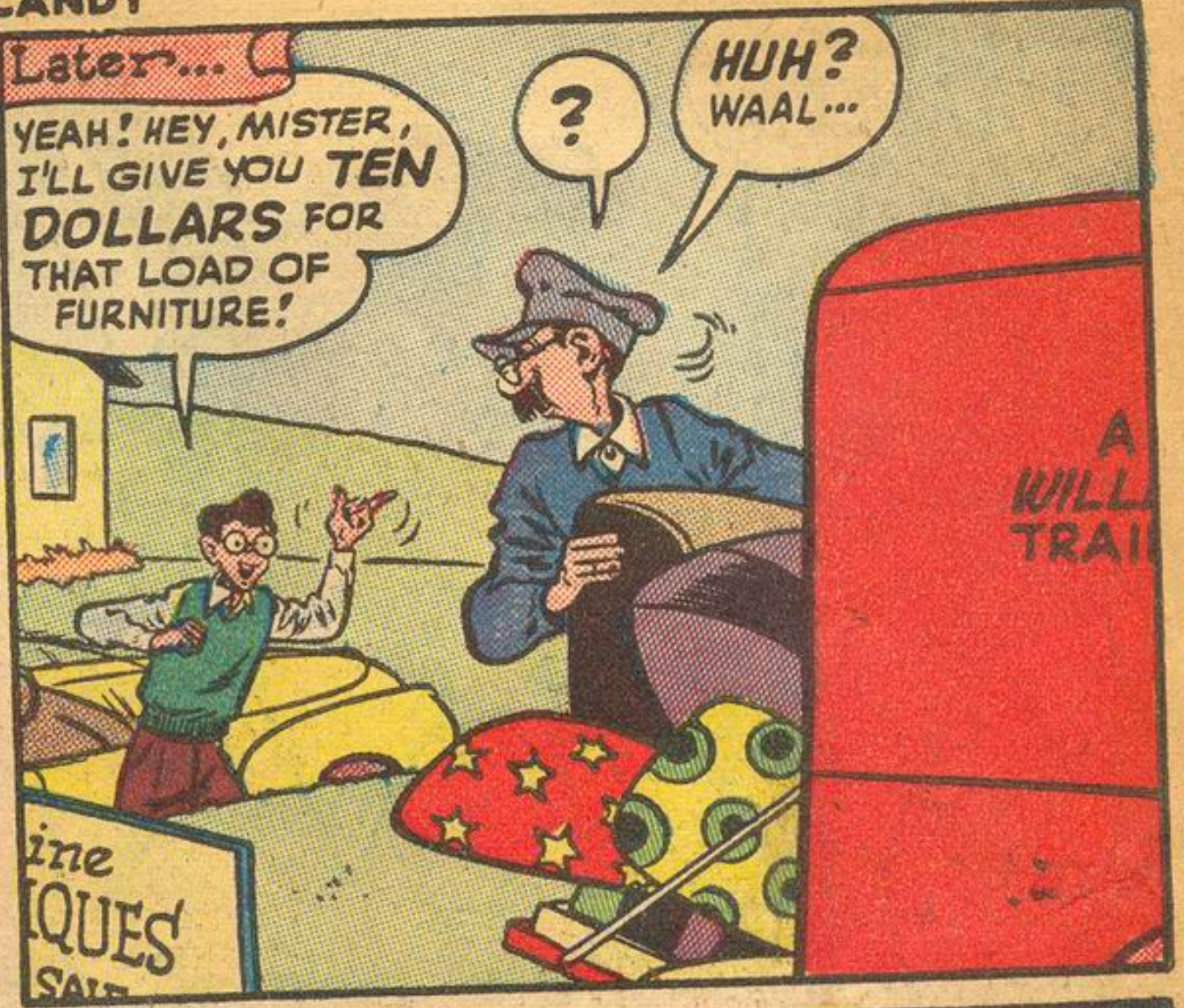
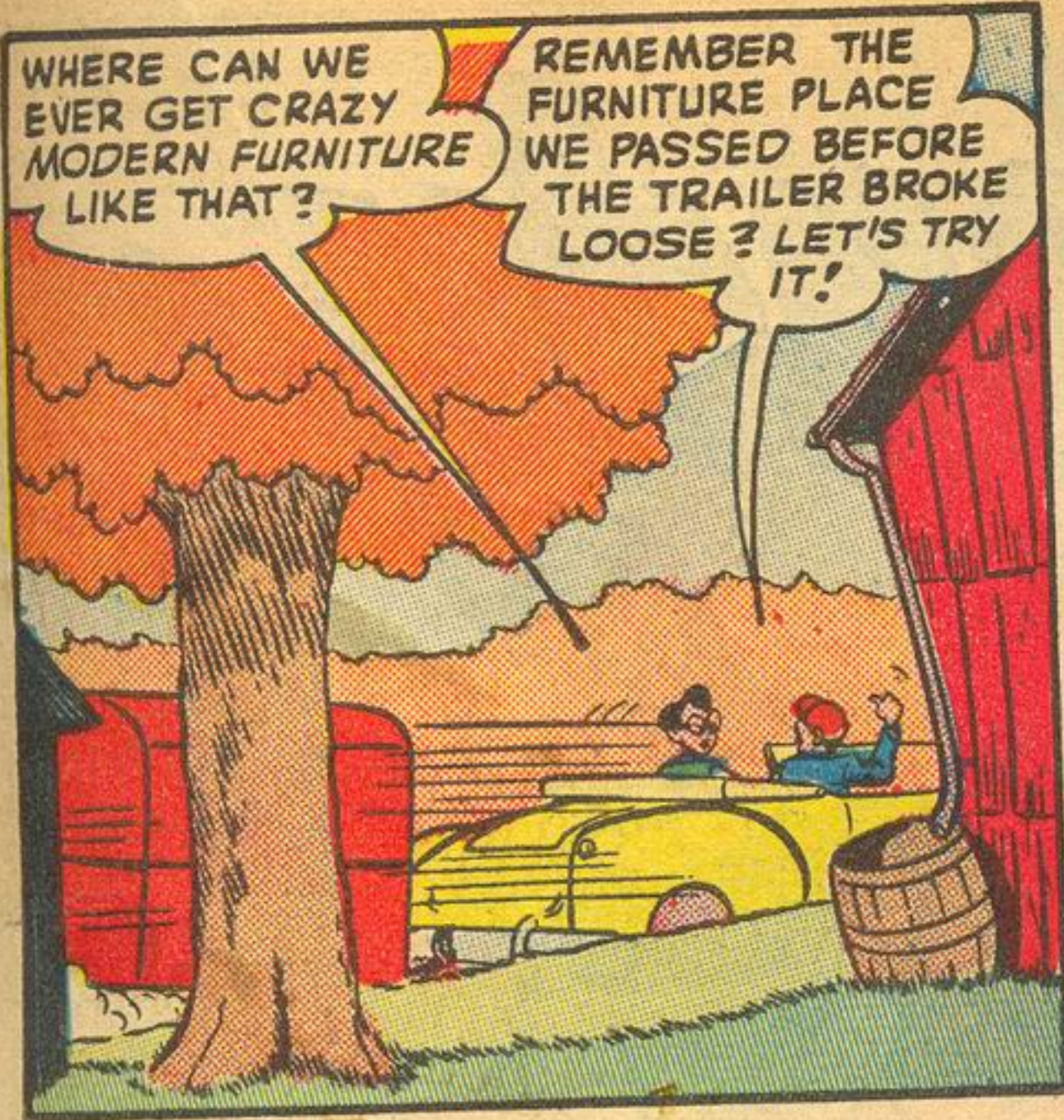
HERE WE ARE AT
MR. BENNETT'S! WE
OUGHTA UNLOAD
BEFORE WE HAVE
ANY MORE TROUBLE!

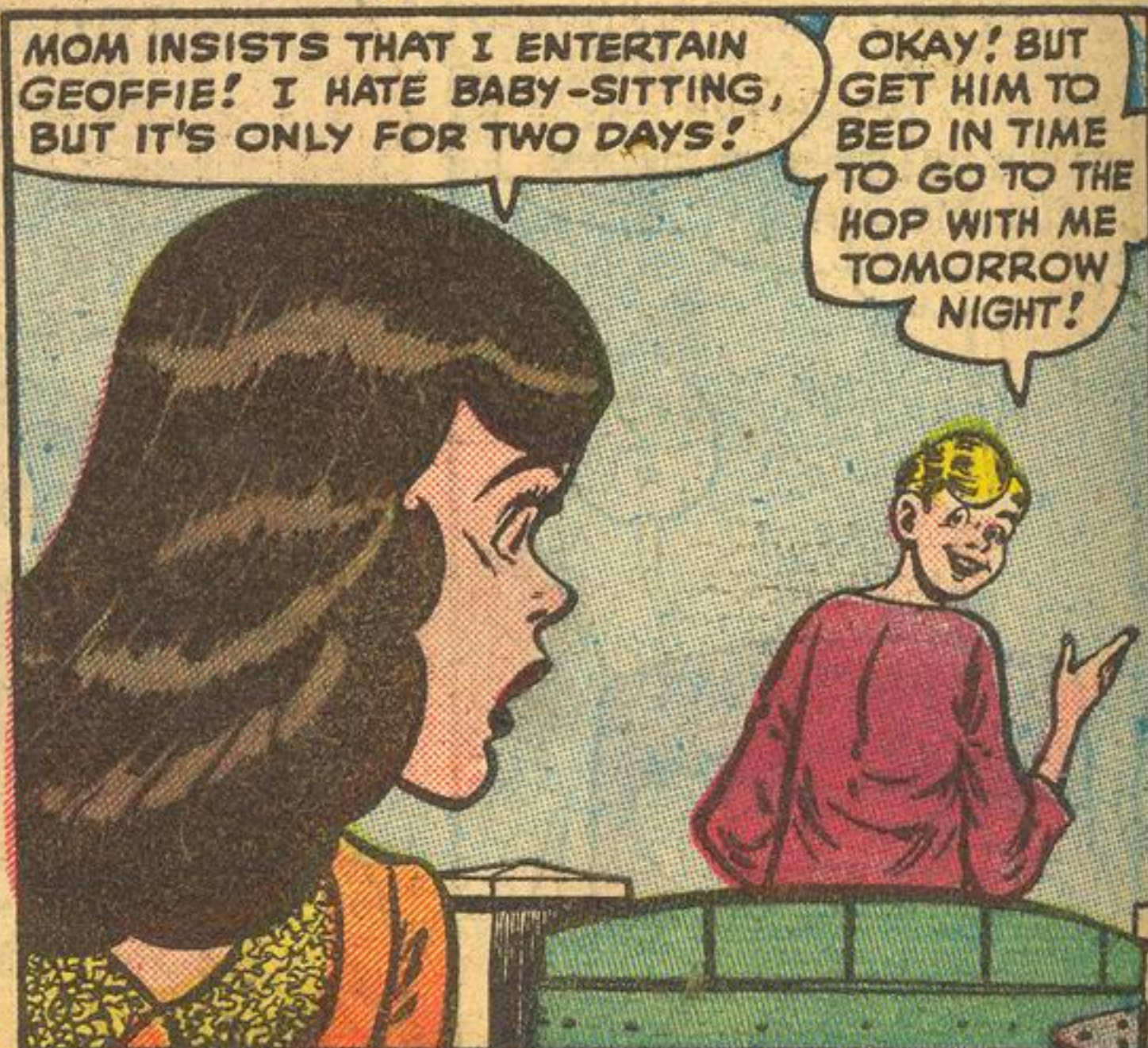
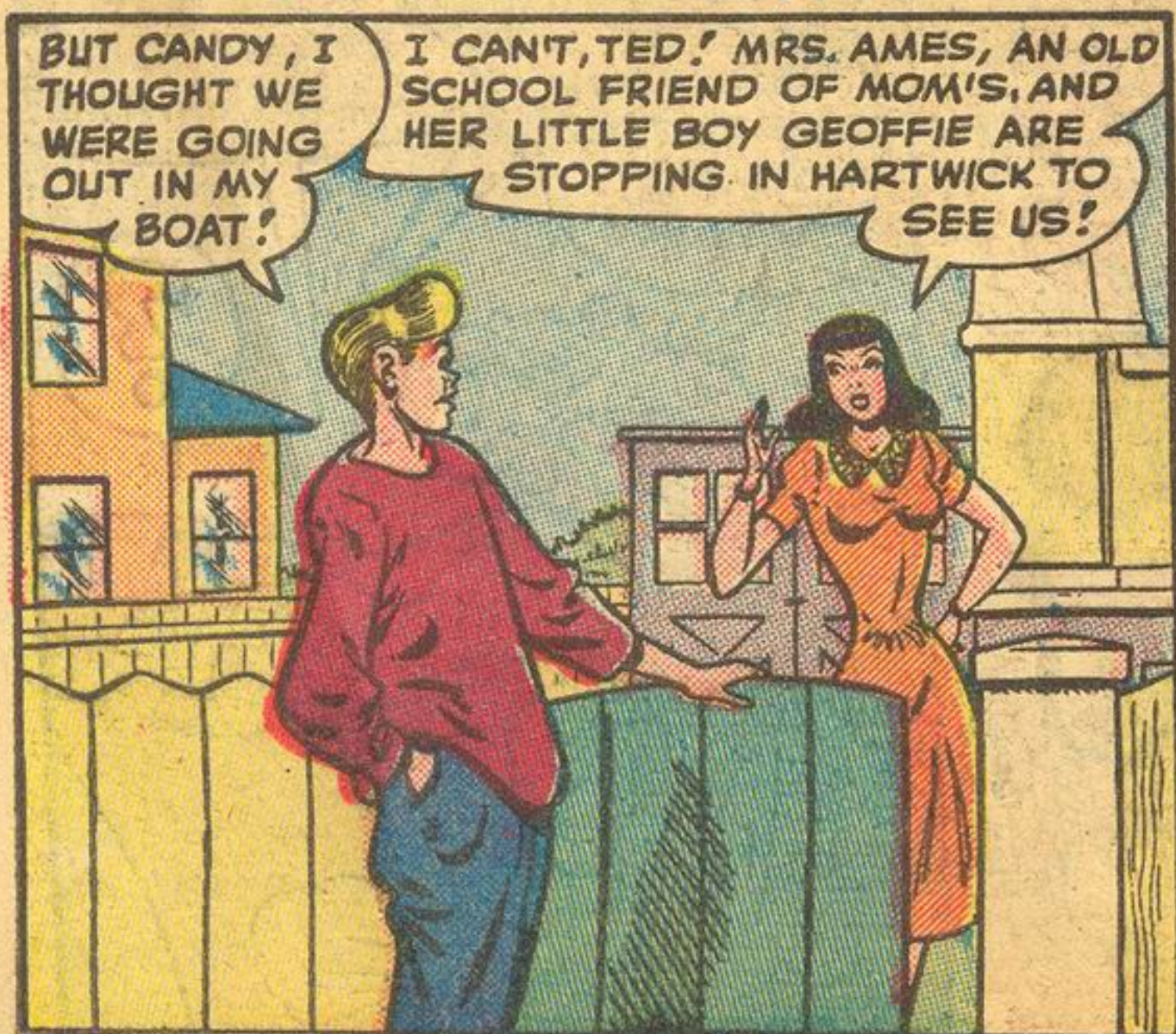
YIII! LOOK!
THIS FURNITURE'S
IN PIECES!

GULP! I DIDN'T
THINK THE STUFF
WAS JARRED
THAT MUCH!

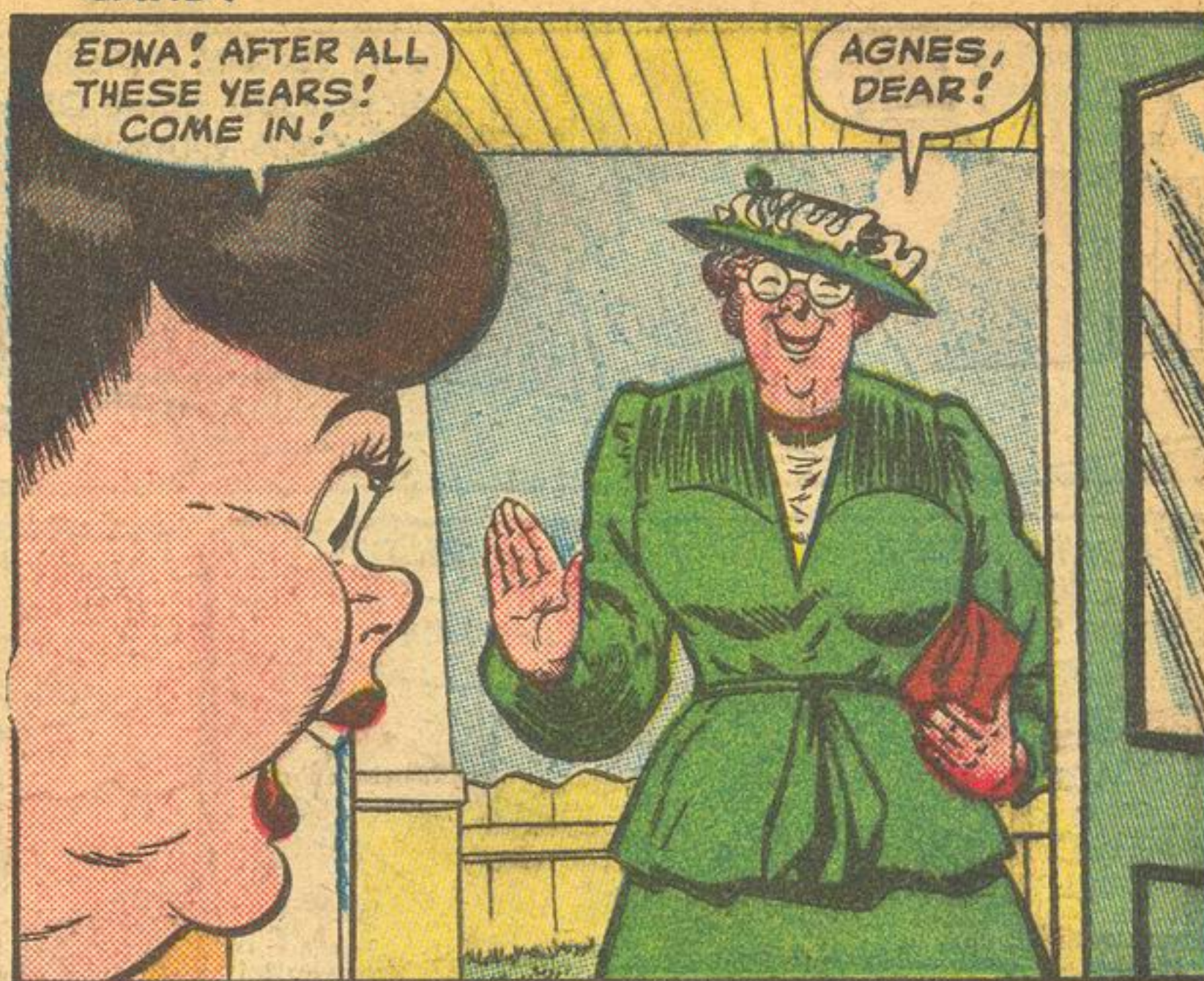
QUICK! WE'VE
GOTTA GET SOME
OTHER FURNITURE
RIGHT AWAY!

YEAH! THE
BENNETTS
WILL BE
COMIN' HOME
SOON!

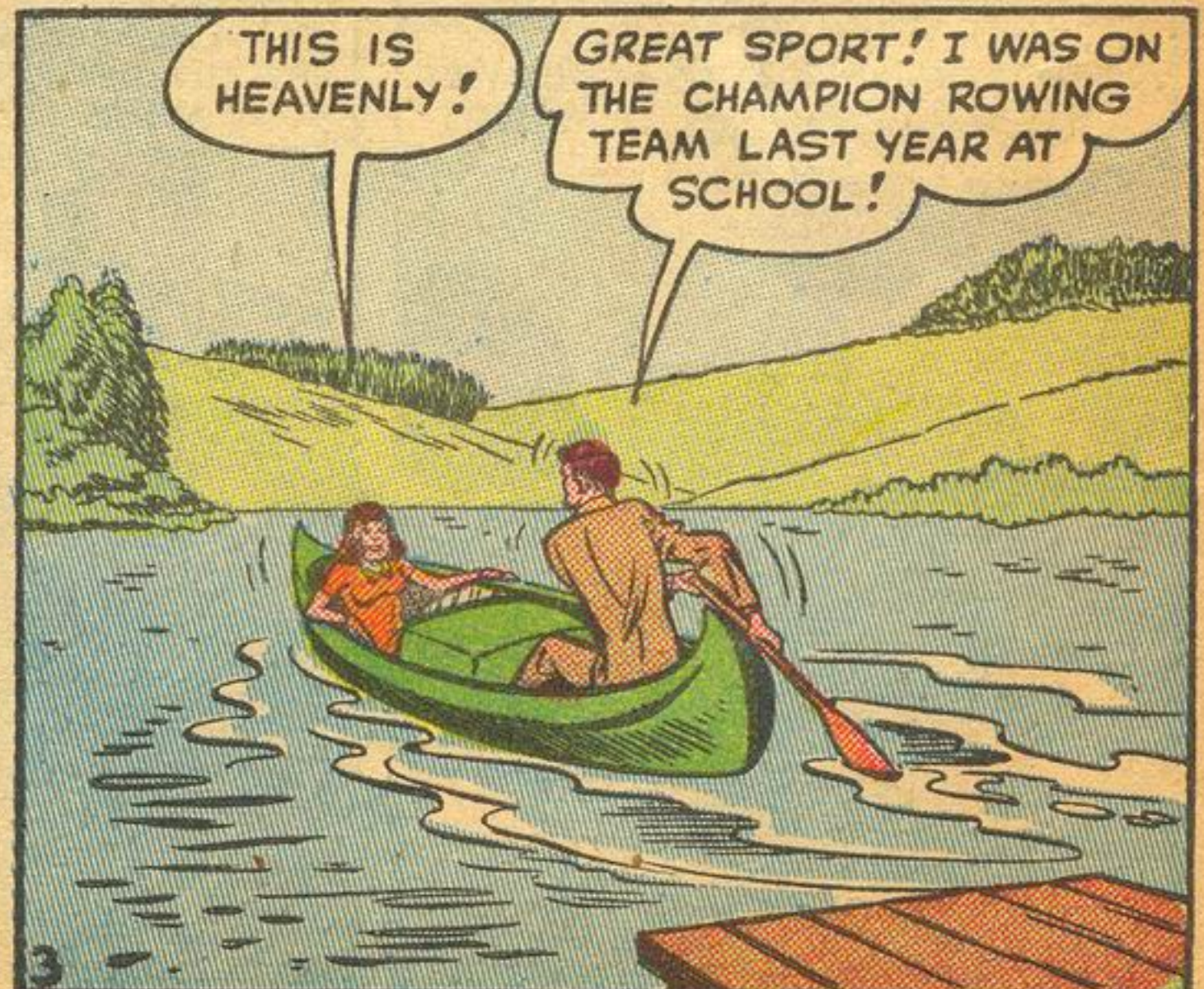
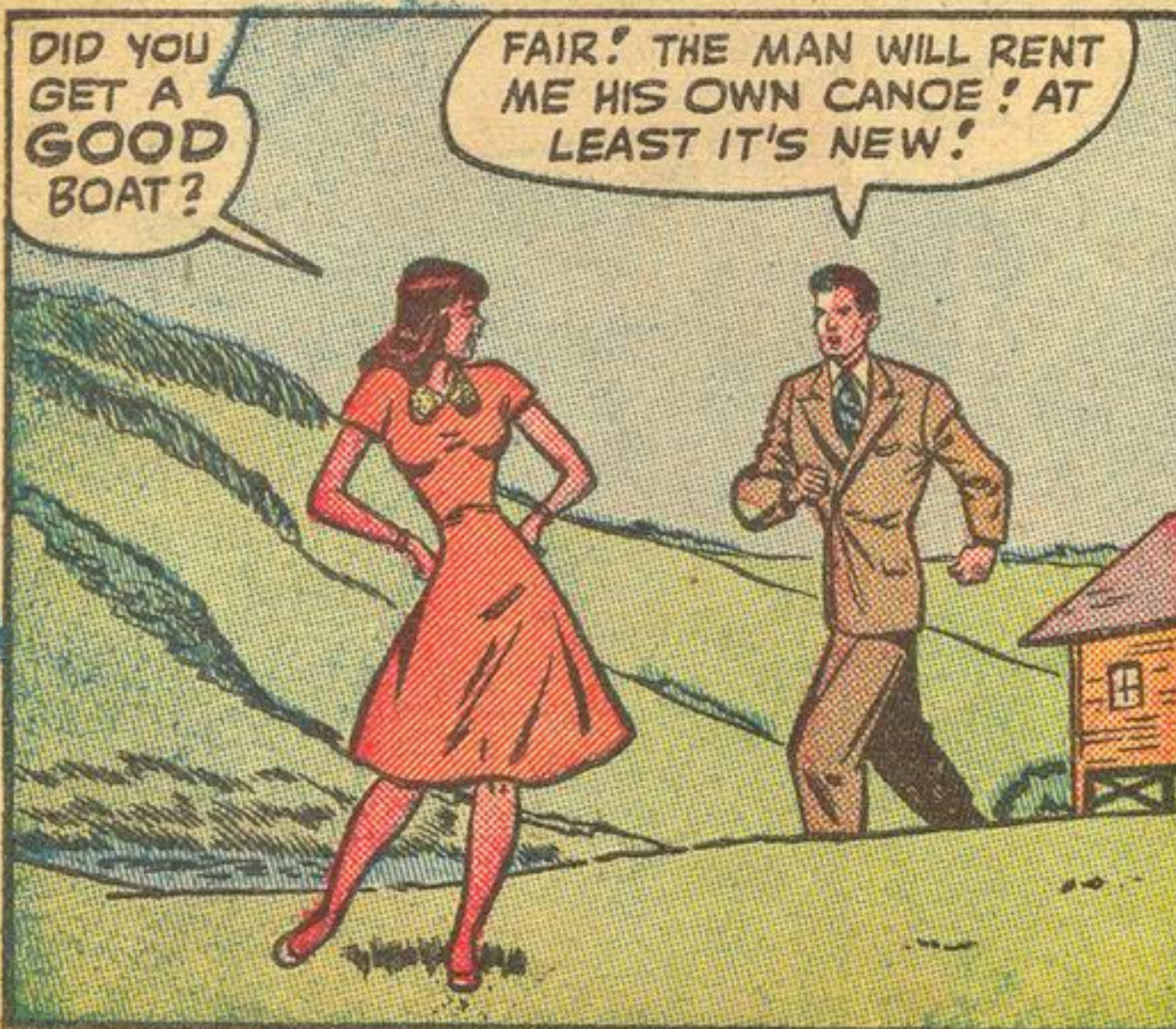
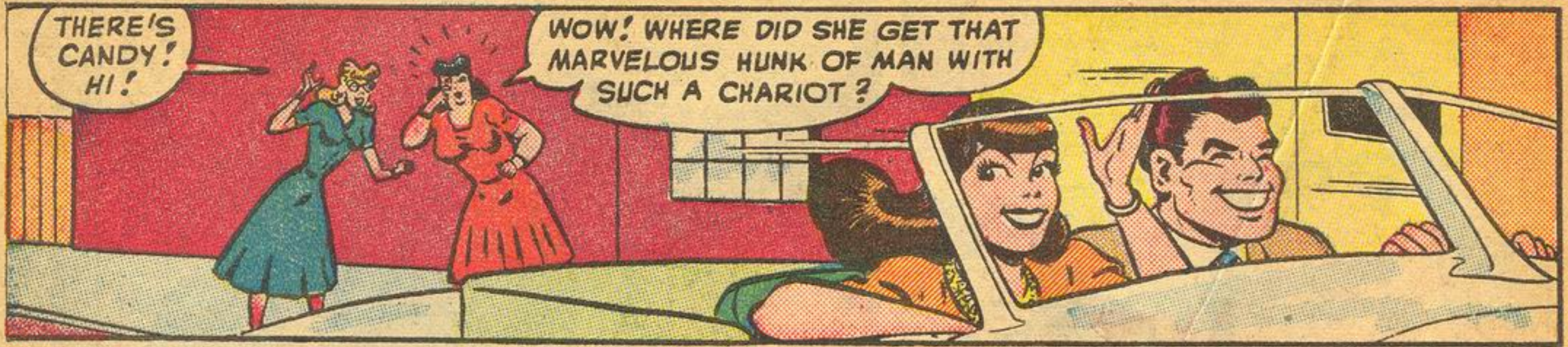




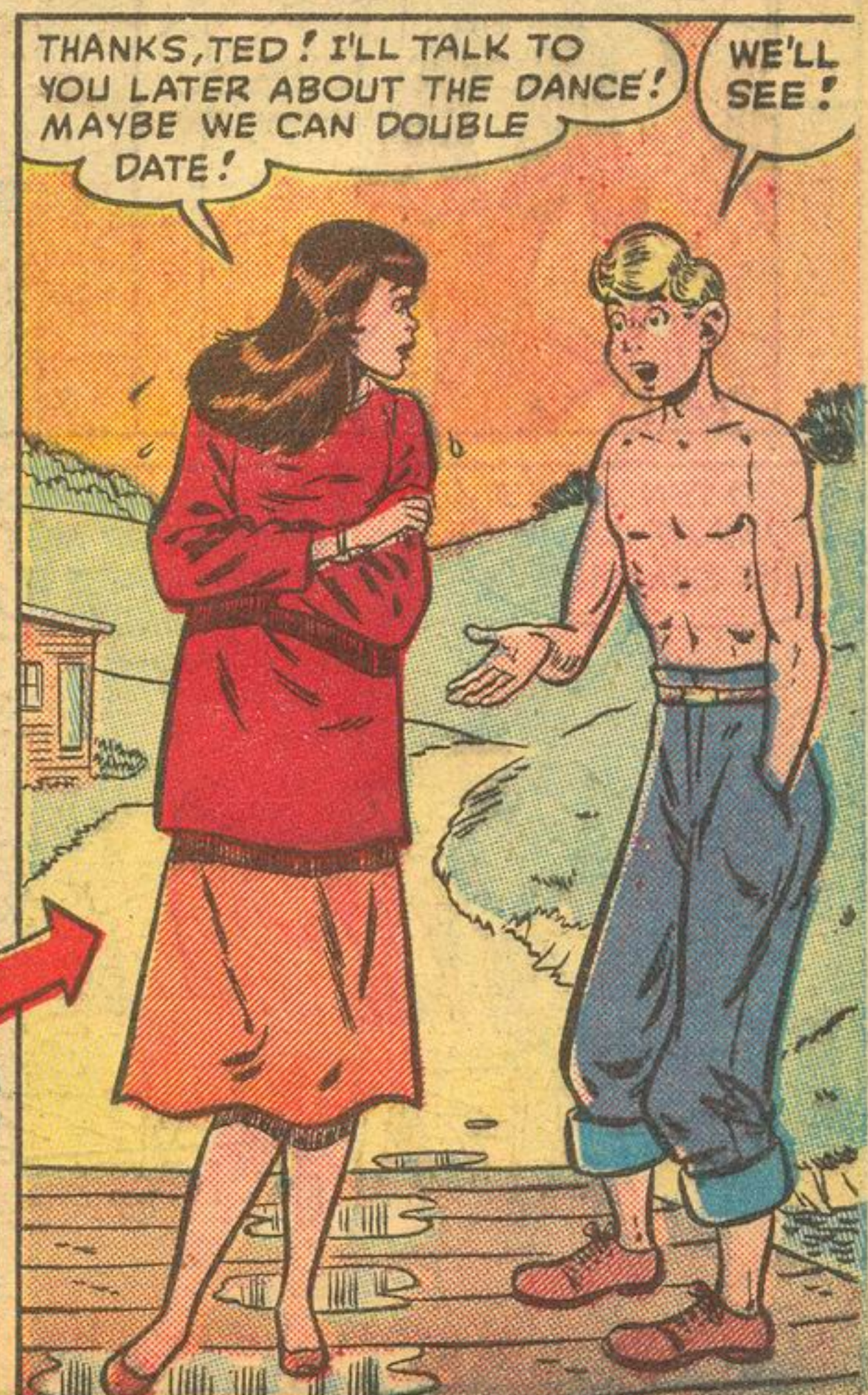
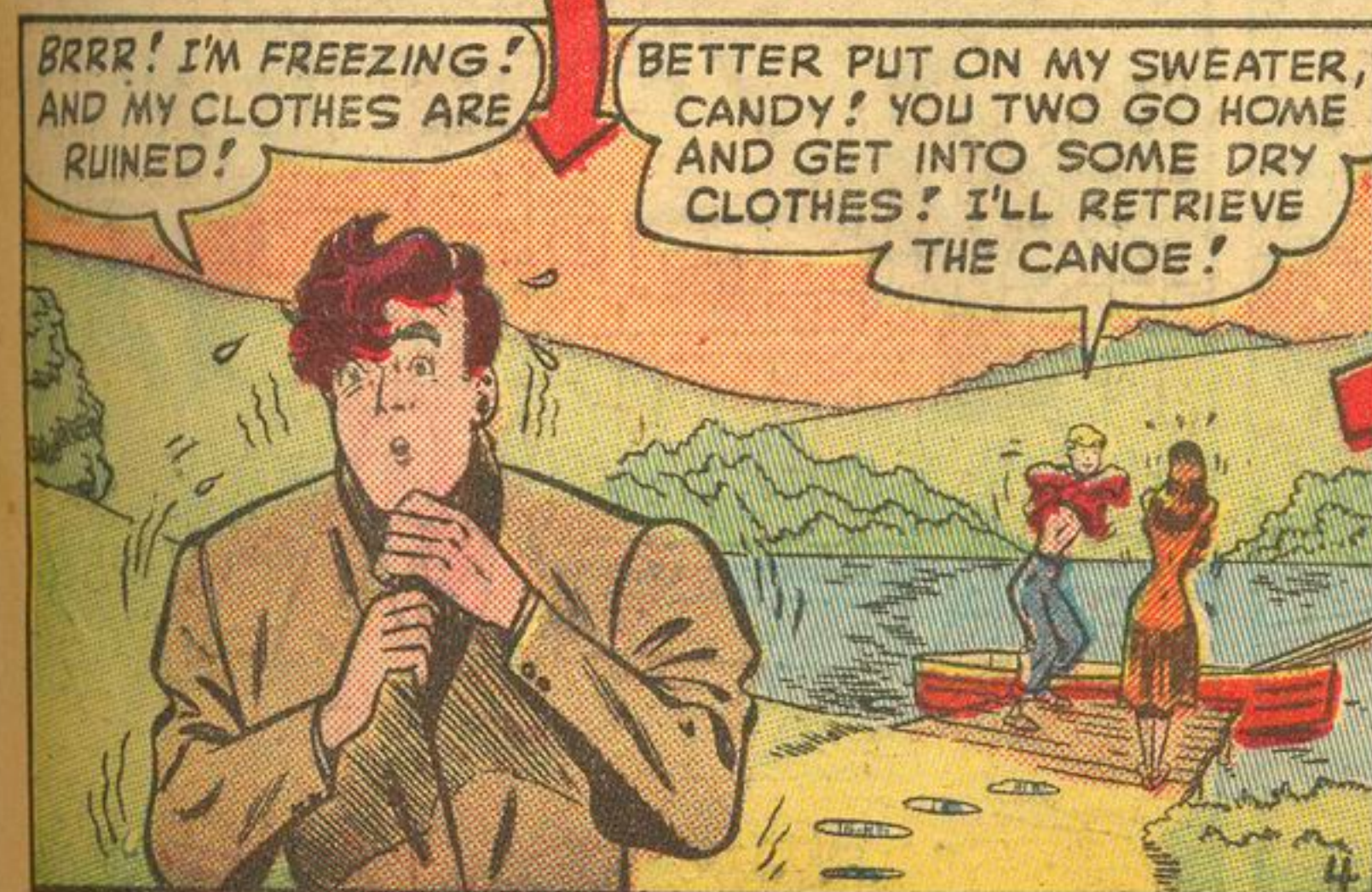
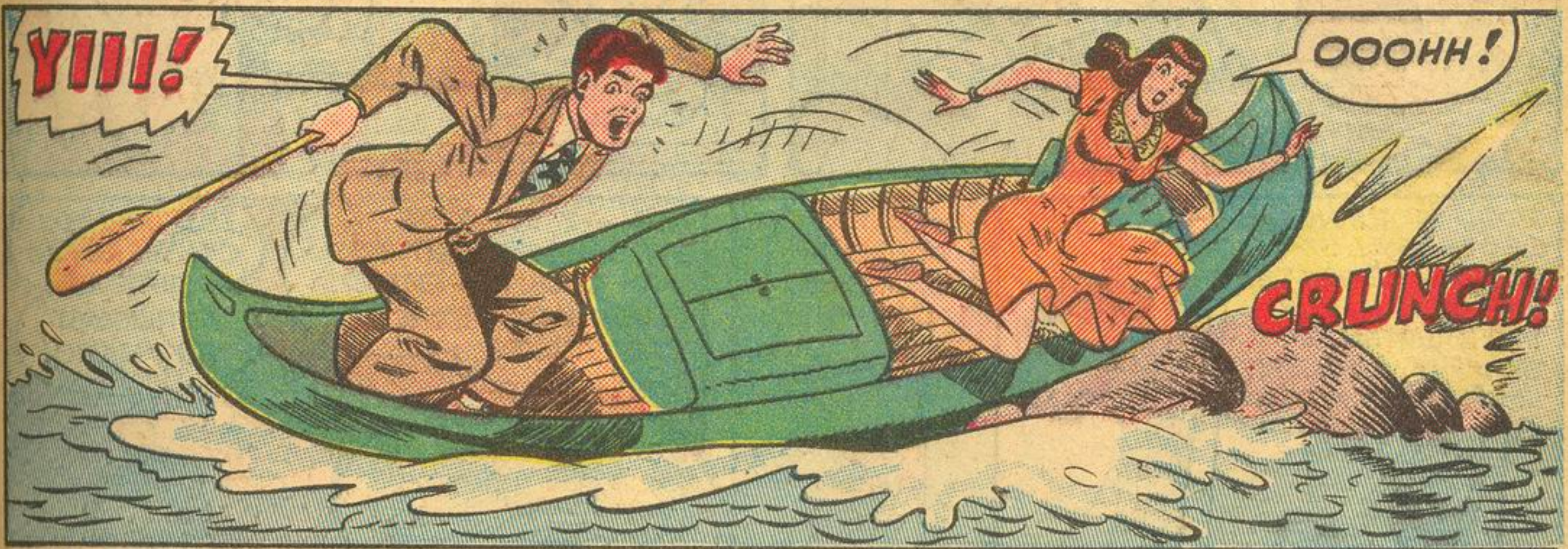
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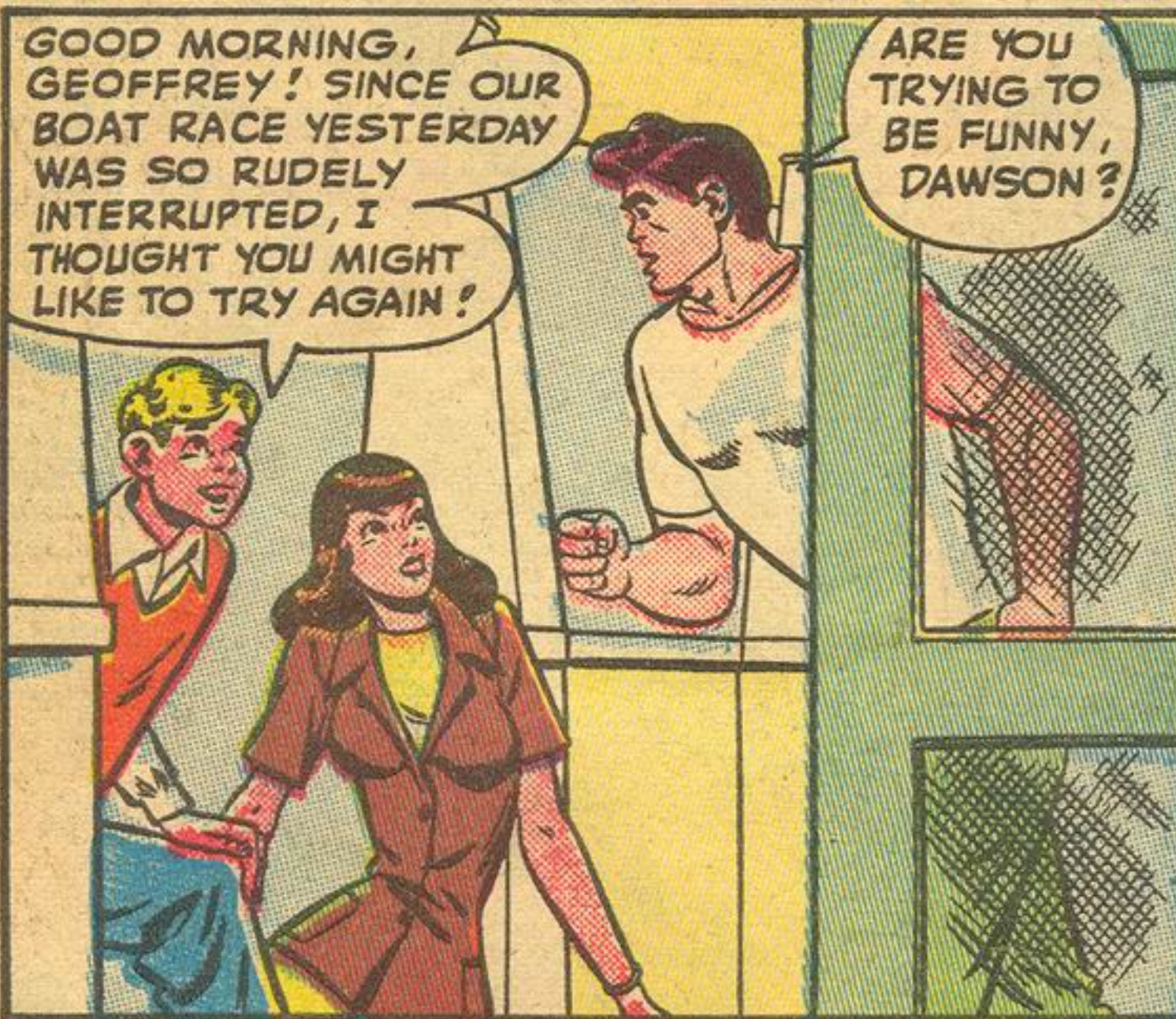
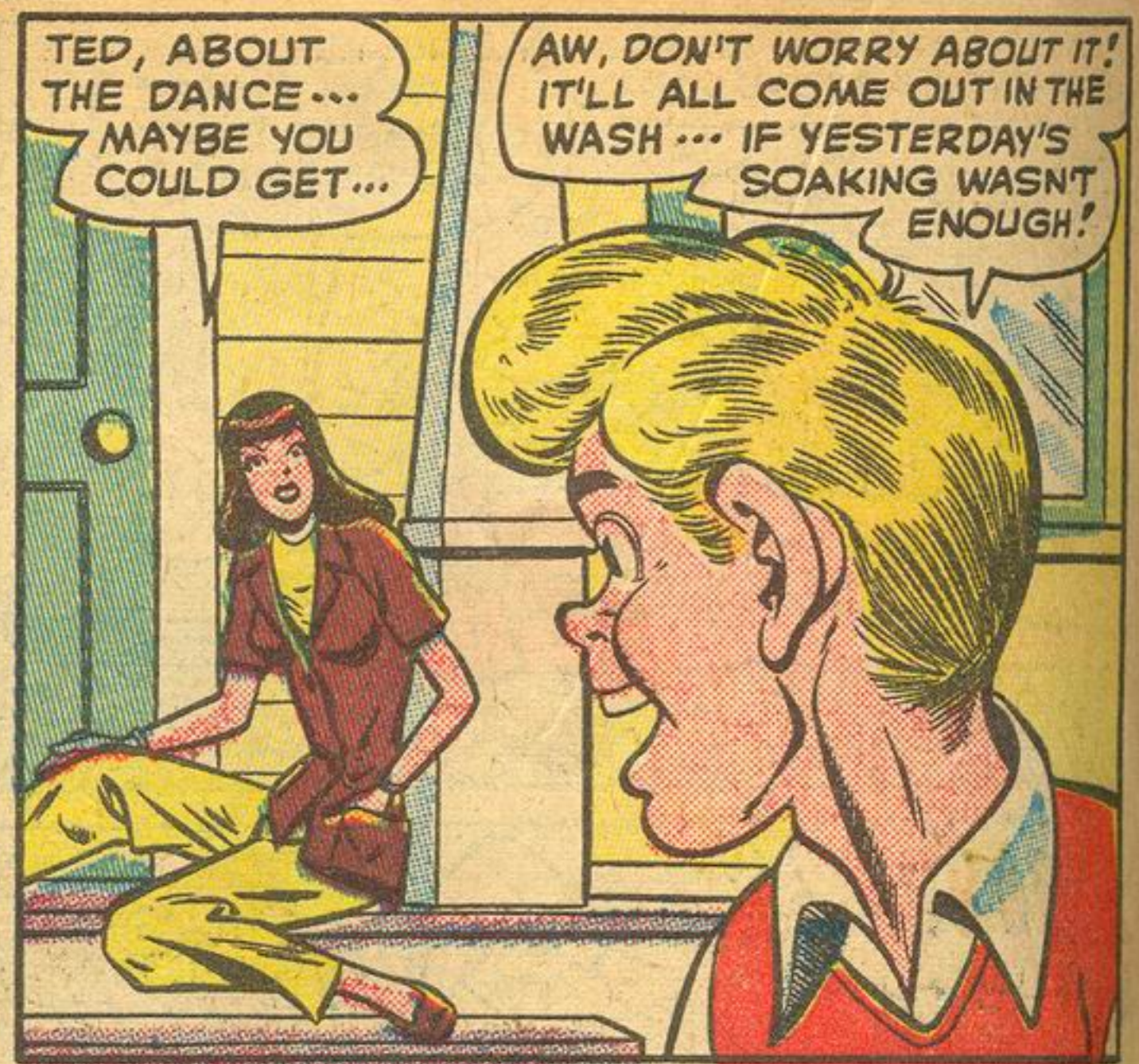
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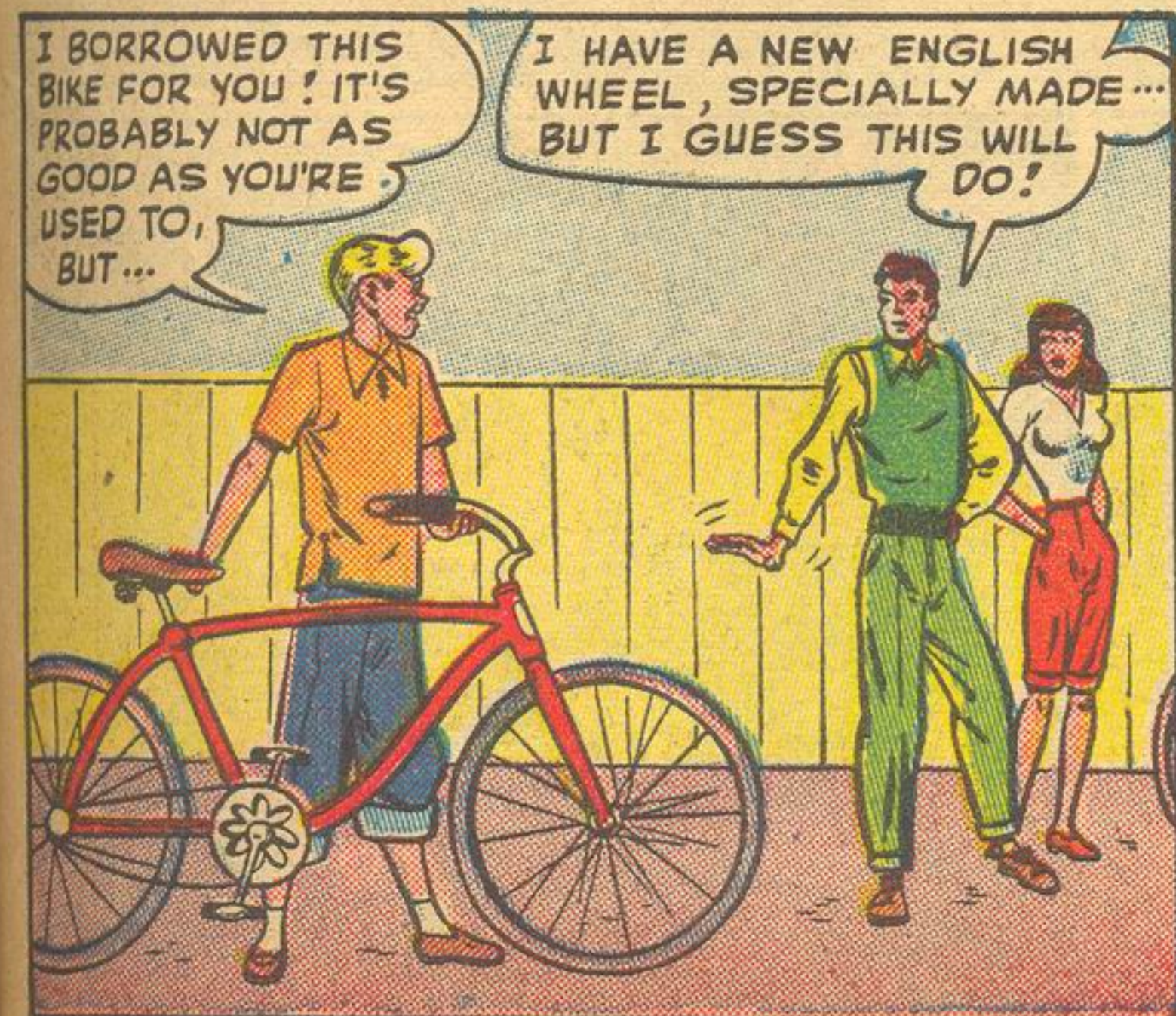
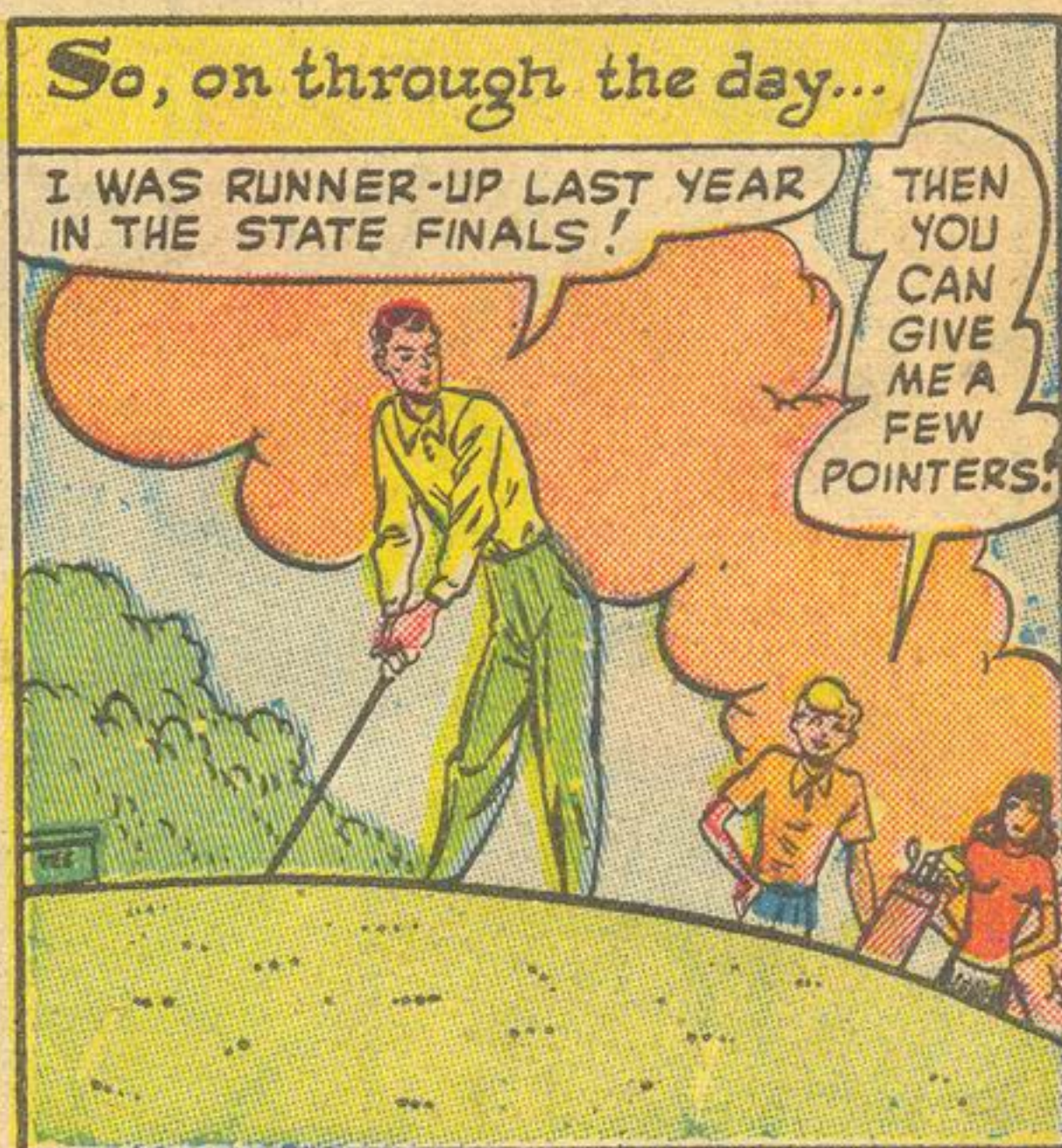
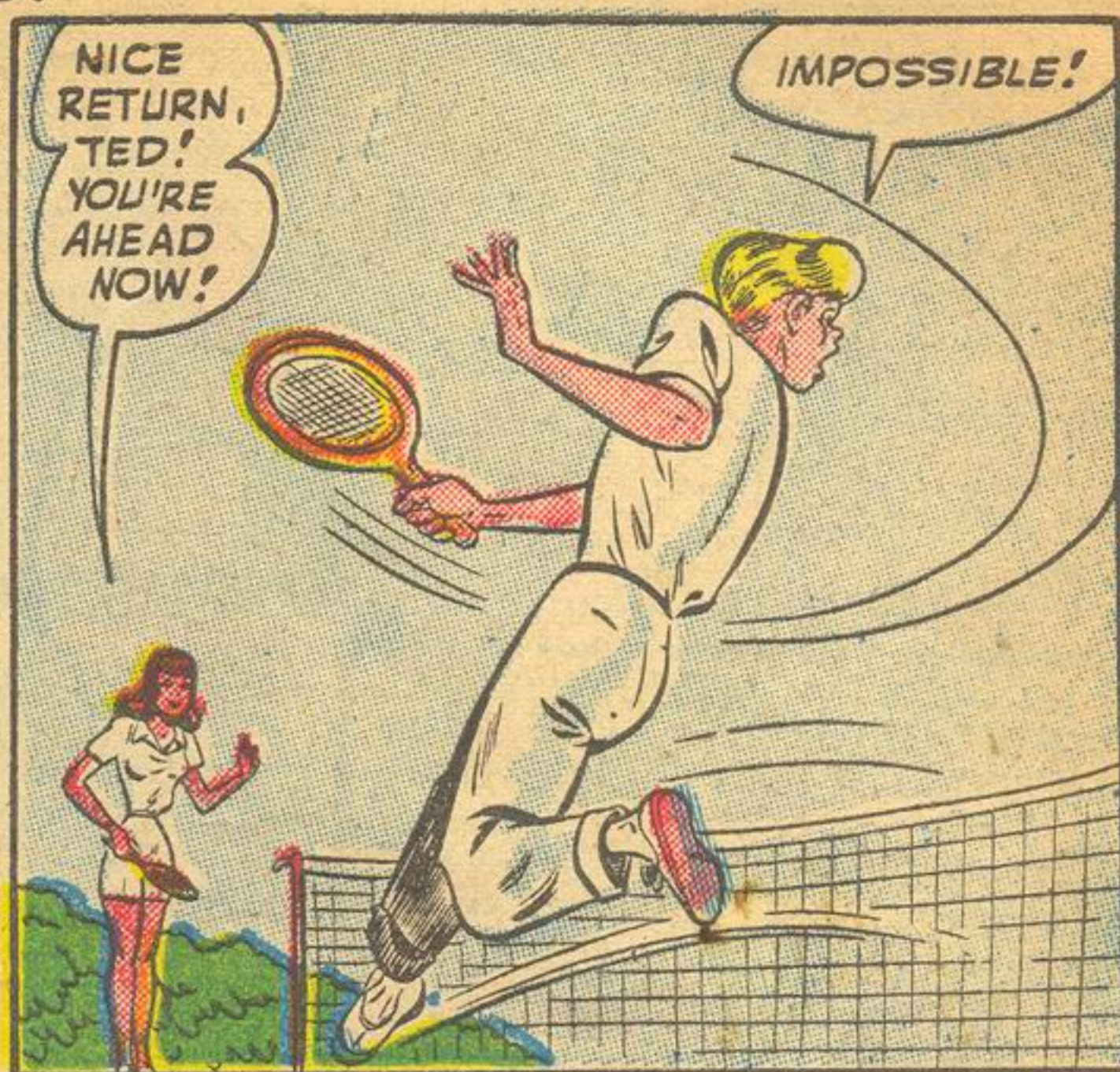
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Jitters

I CAN'T PUT MY FINGER ON IT, BUT THERE SEEMS TO BE A NOTE OF UNFRIENDLINESS IN THIS PLACE!

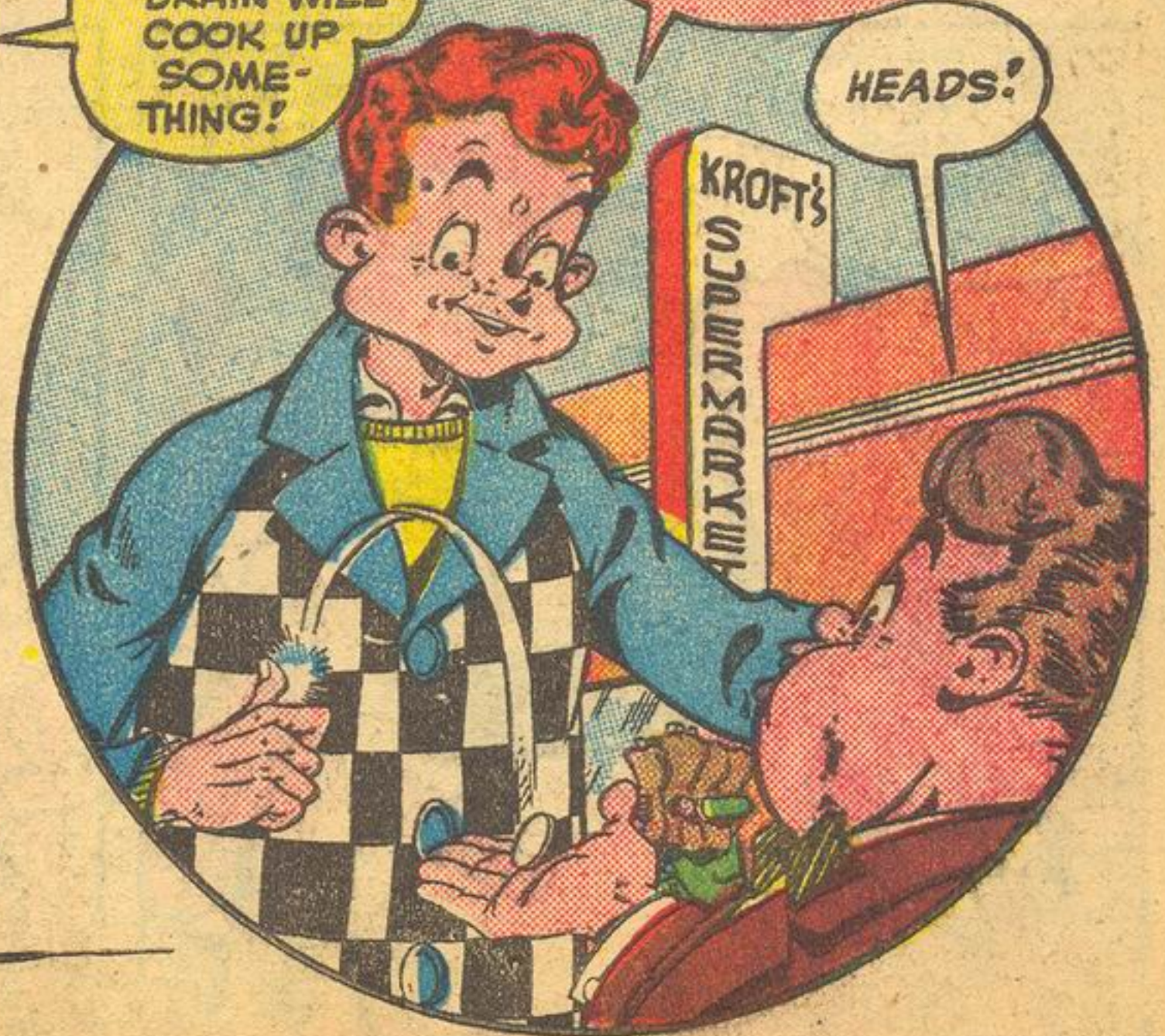


HOW'RE WE GONNA GET THE JILLS OVER TO MY HOUSE FOR THE PARTY, JITTERS? WE PROMISED THEM TRANSPORTATION!

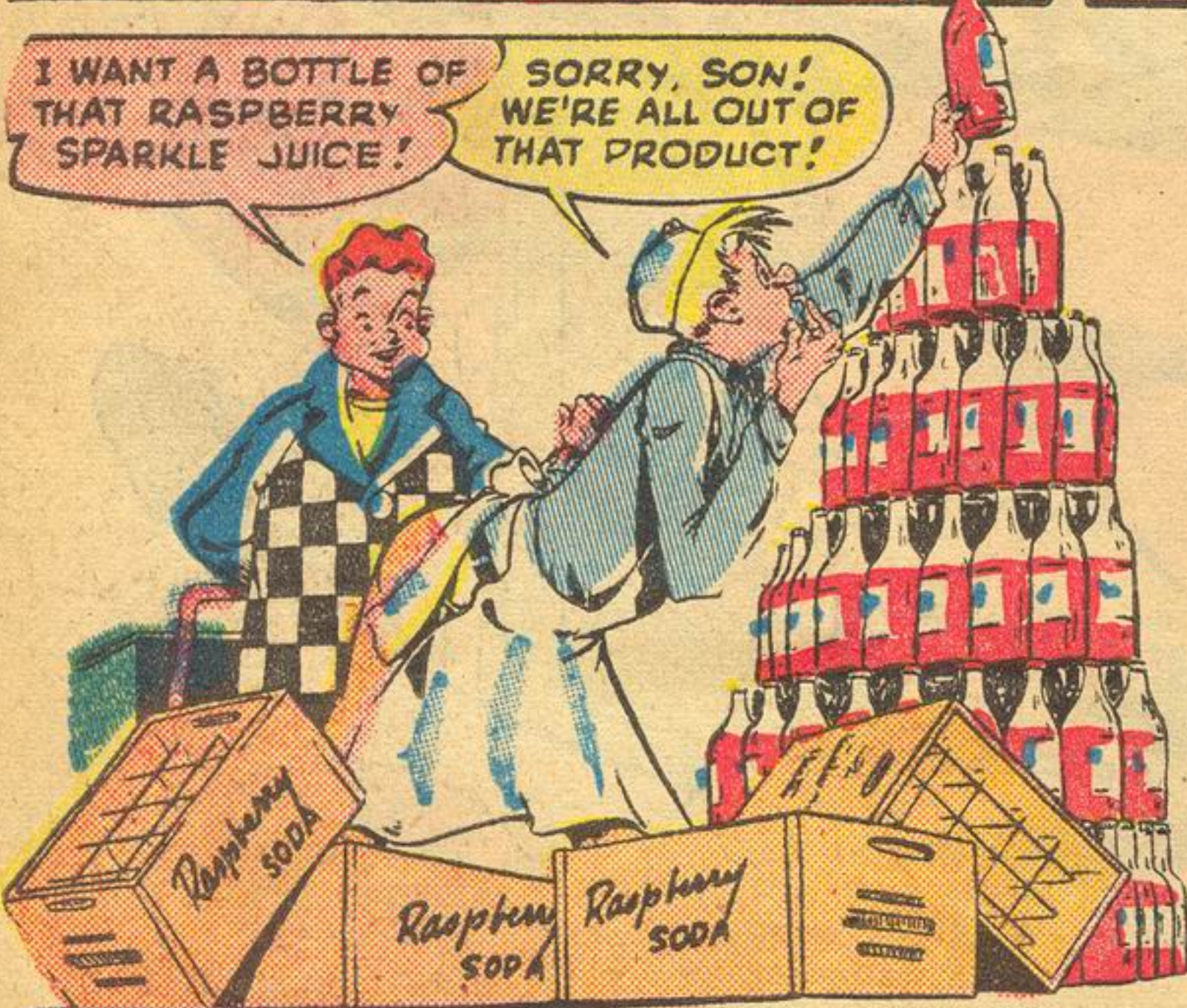
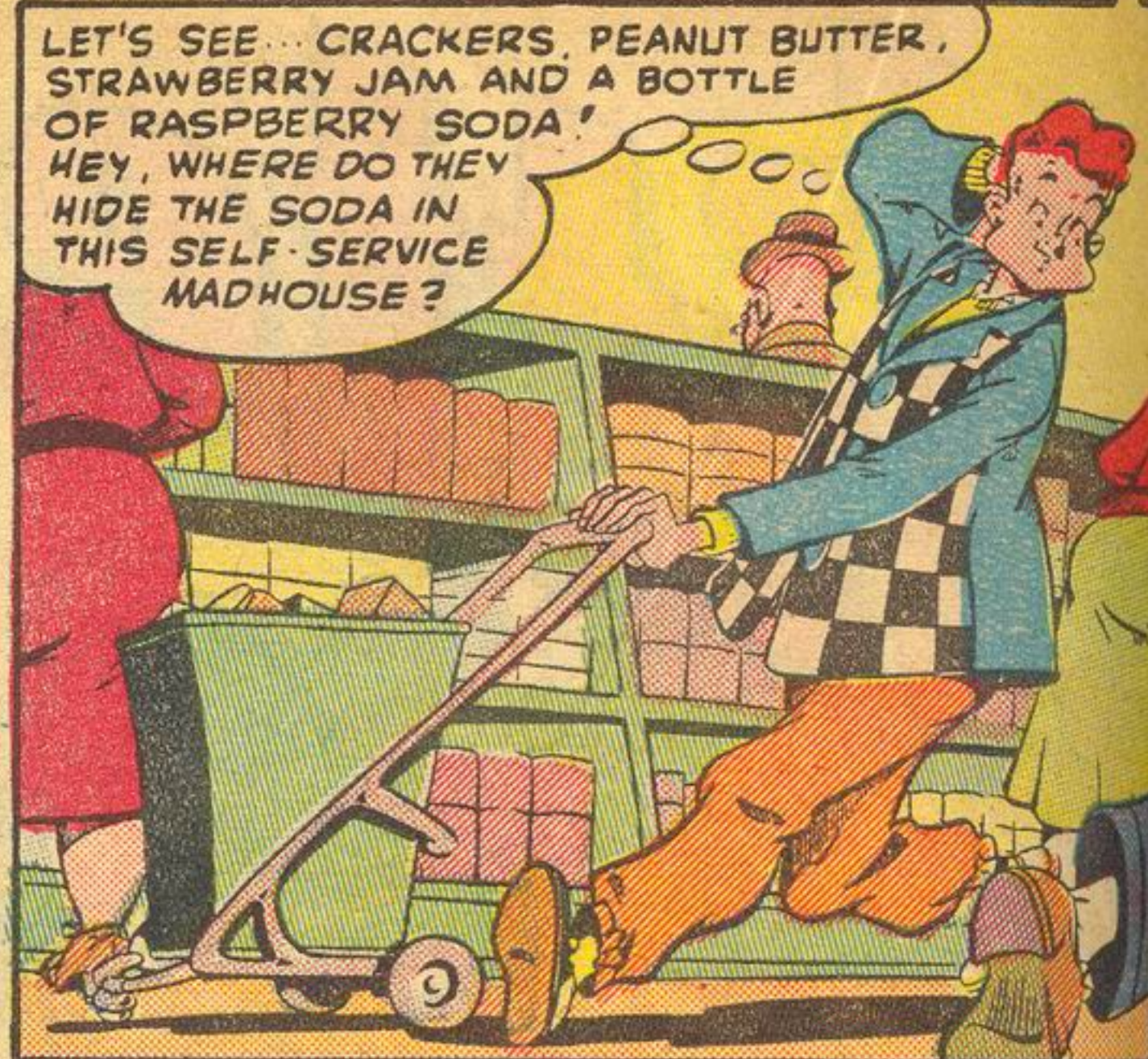
THINK NOTHING OF IT! MY LITTLE OLD SUPER-CHARGED BRAIN WILL COOK UP SOMETHING!

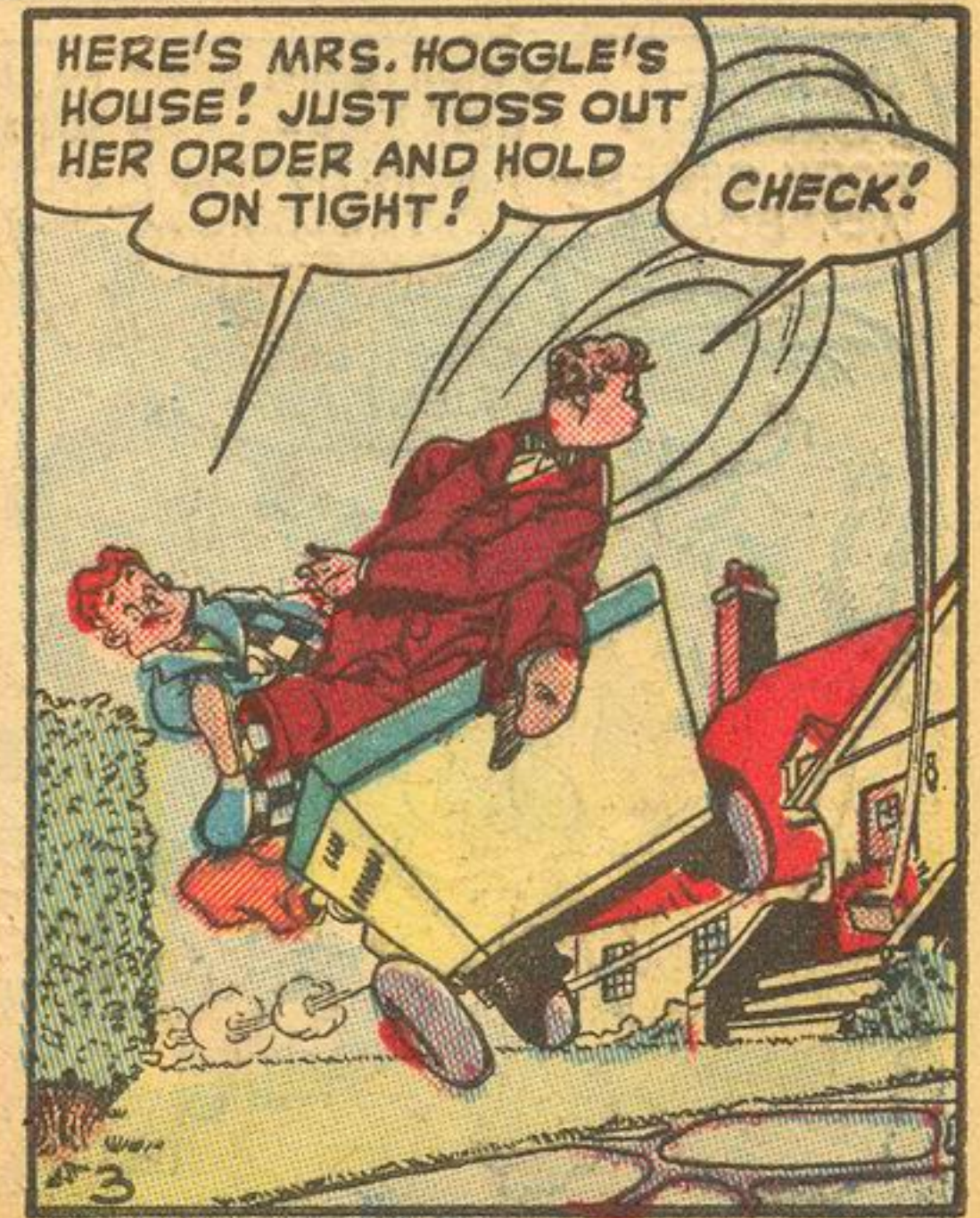
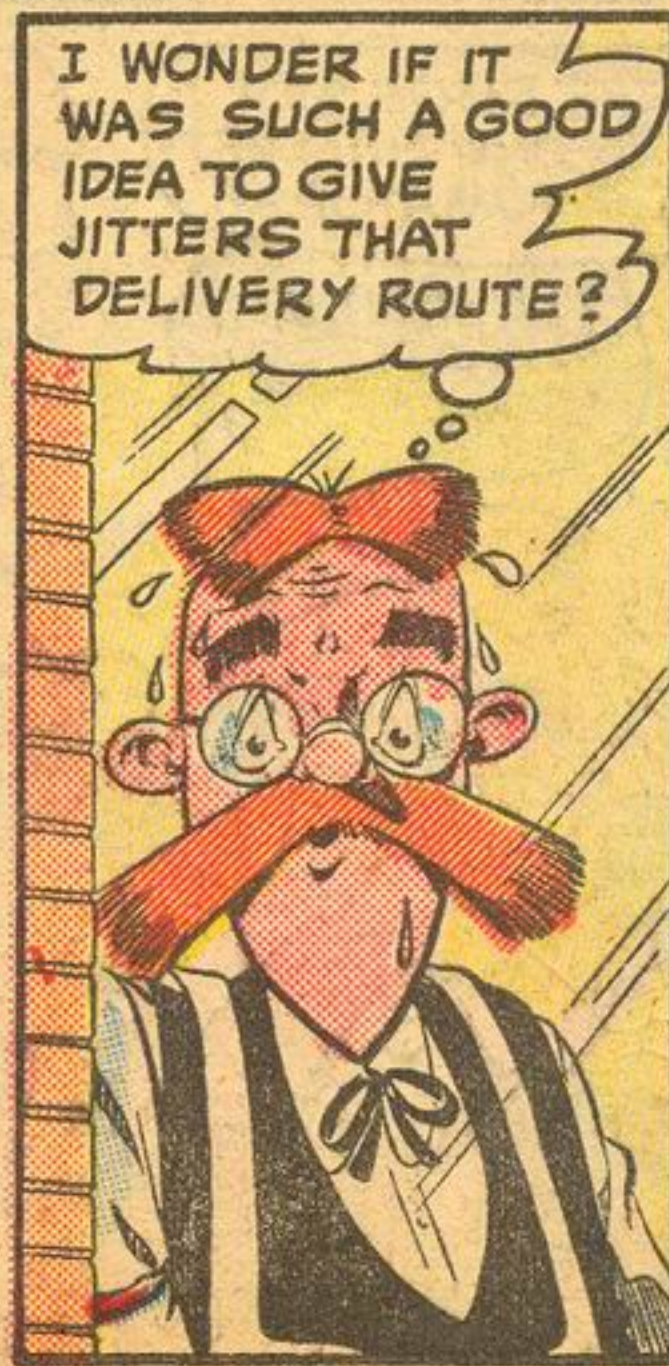
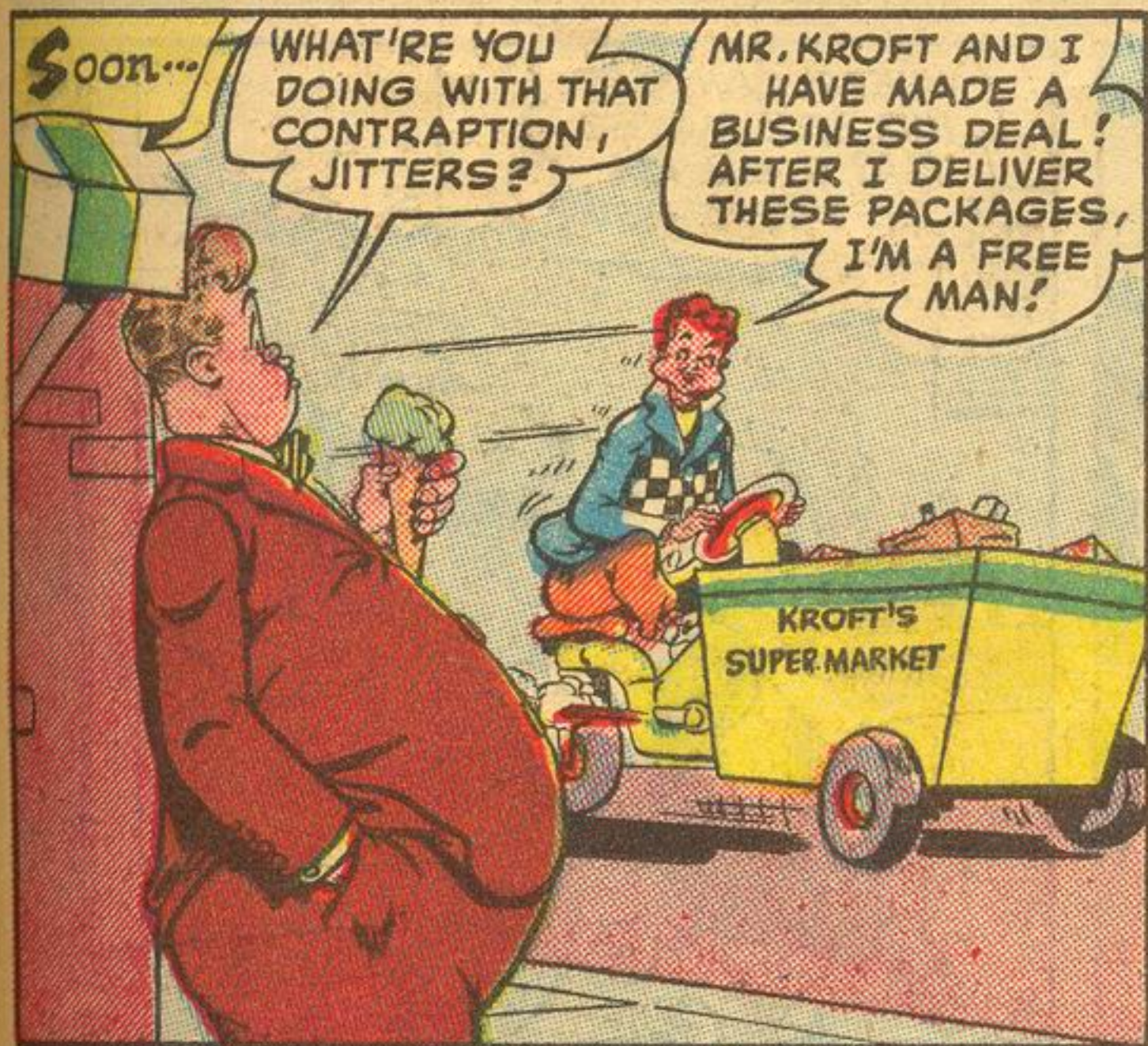
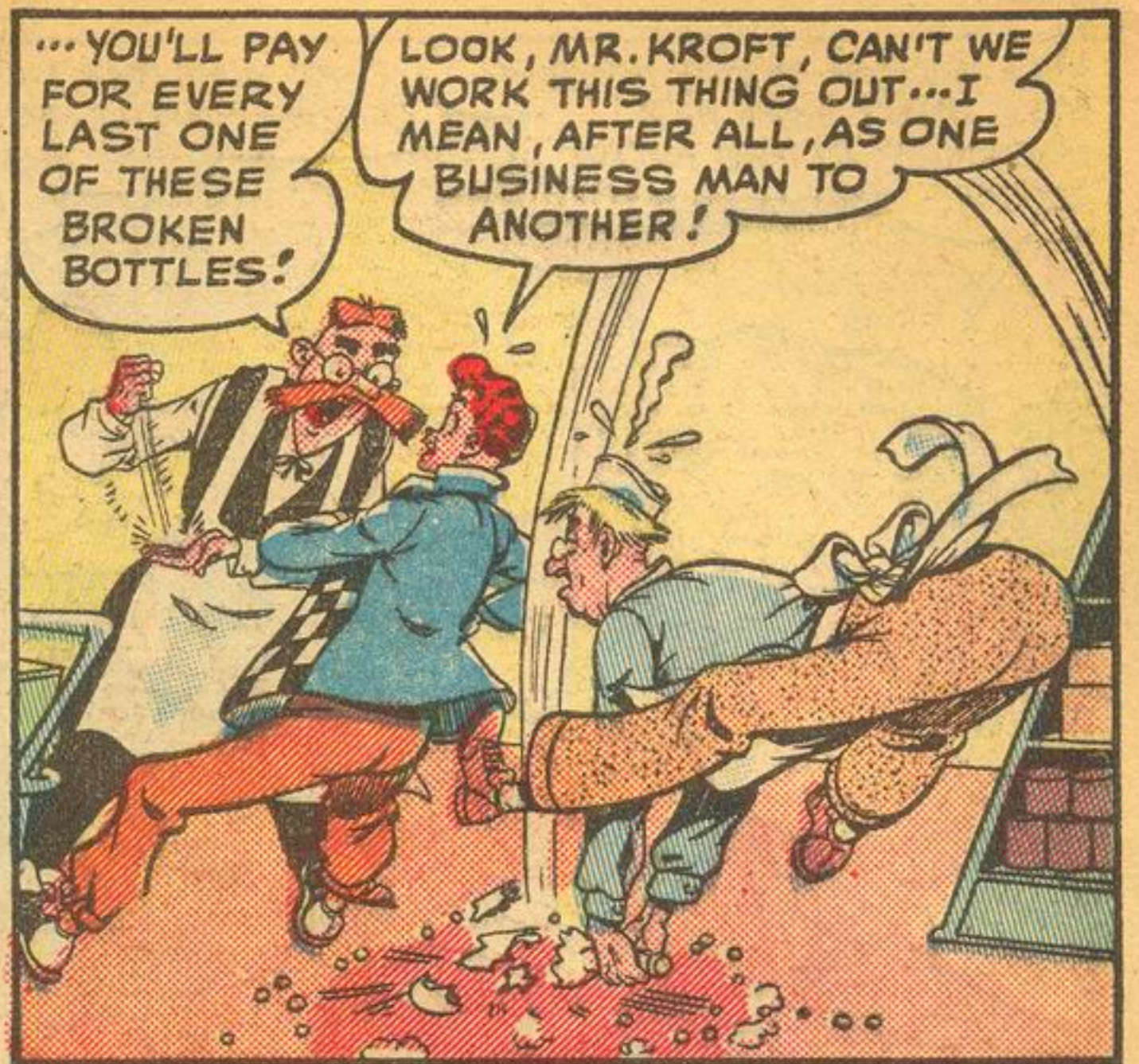
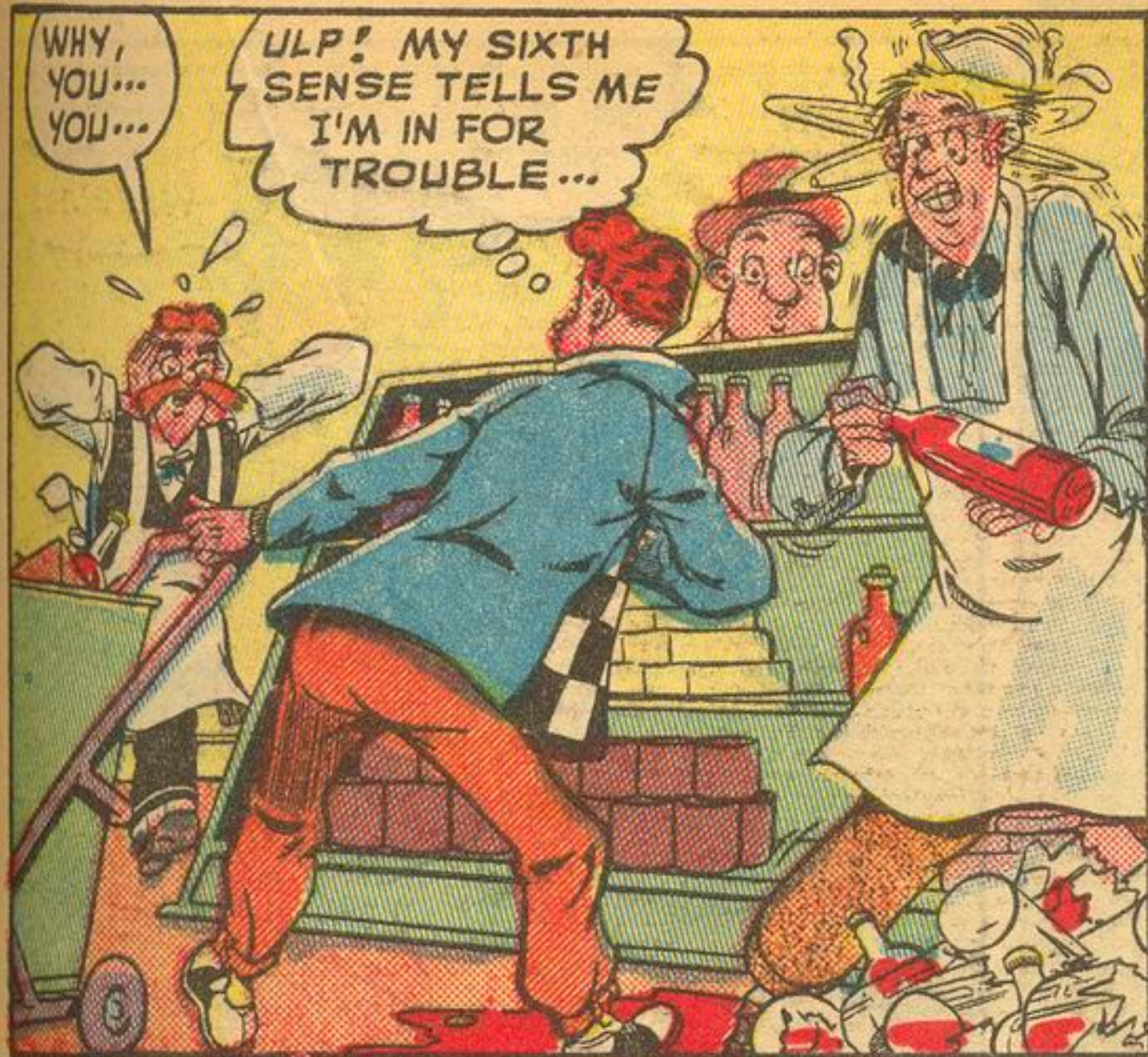
I'LL TOSS YOU! LOSER GOES IN FOR THE GROCERIES!

HEADS!

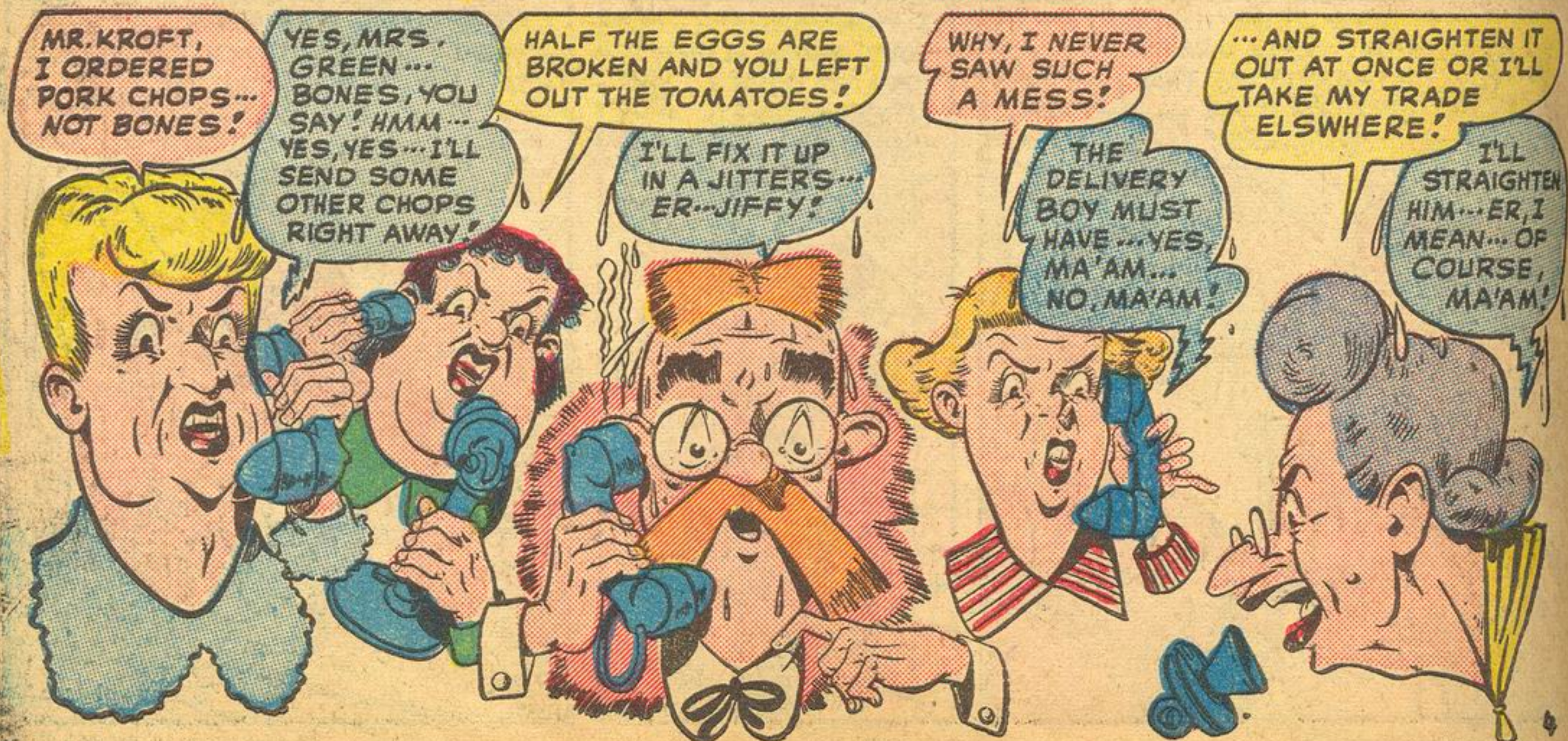
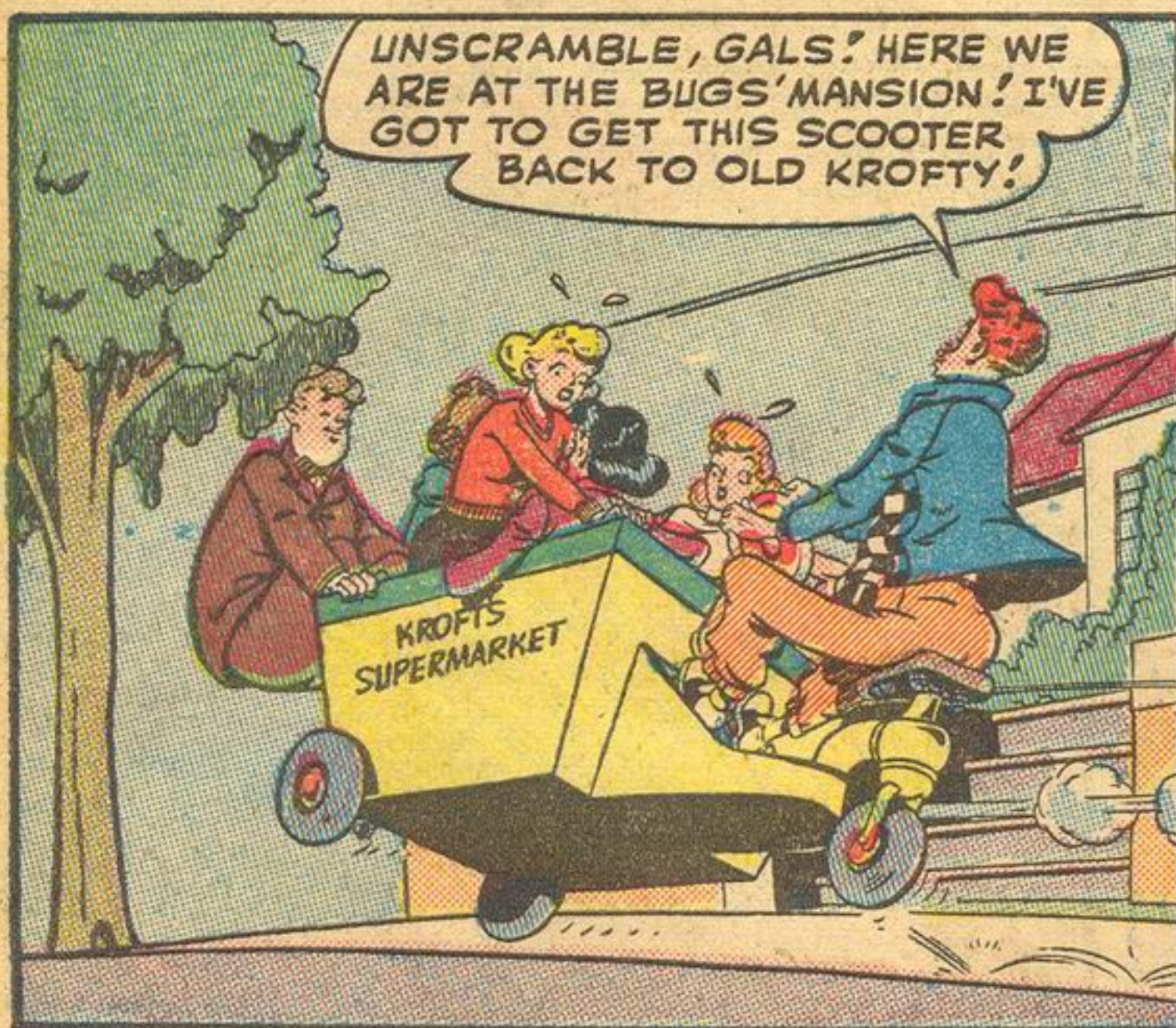
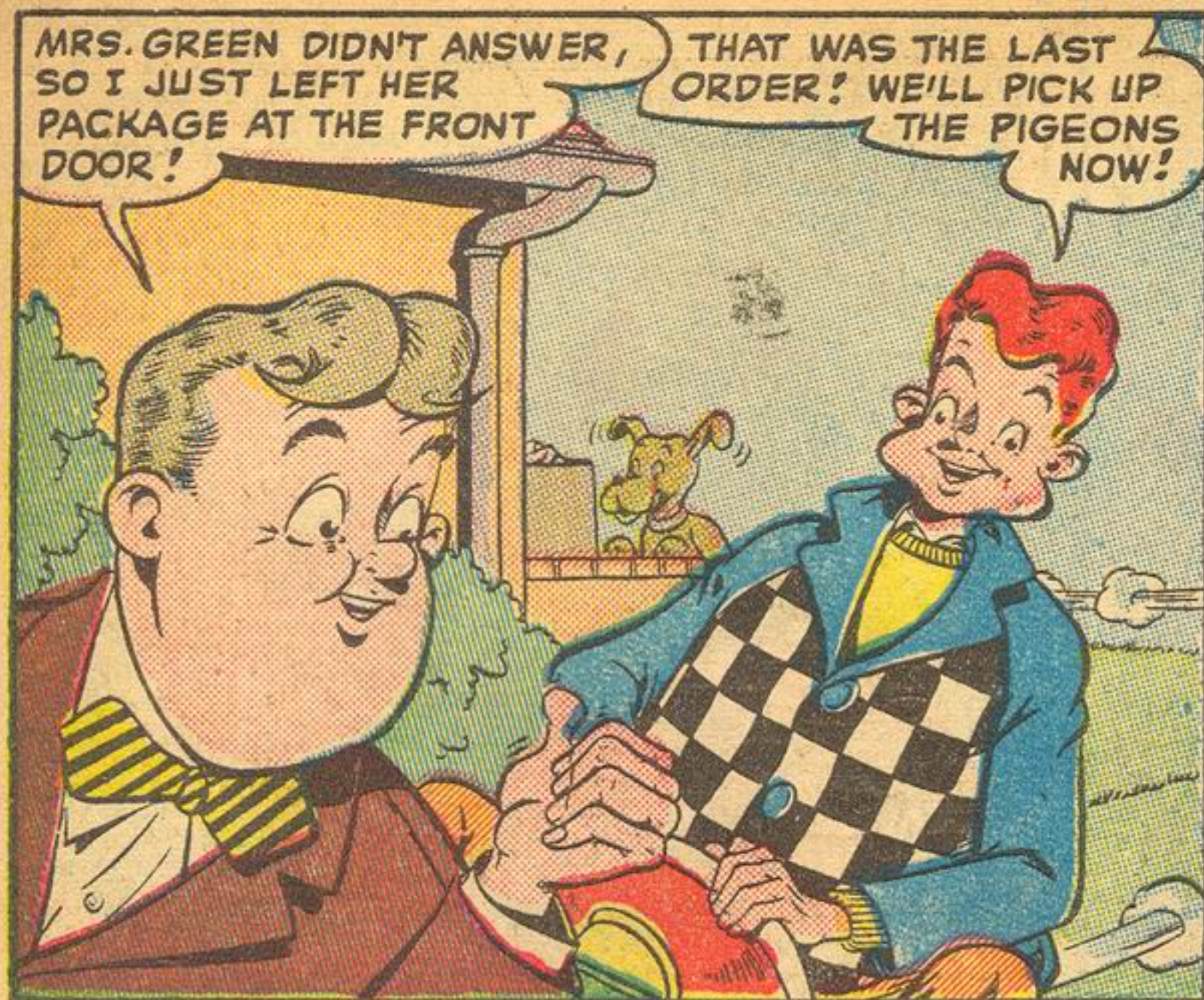


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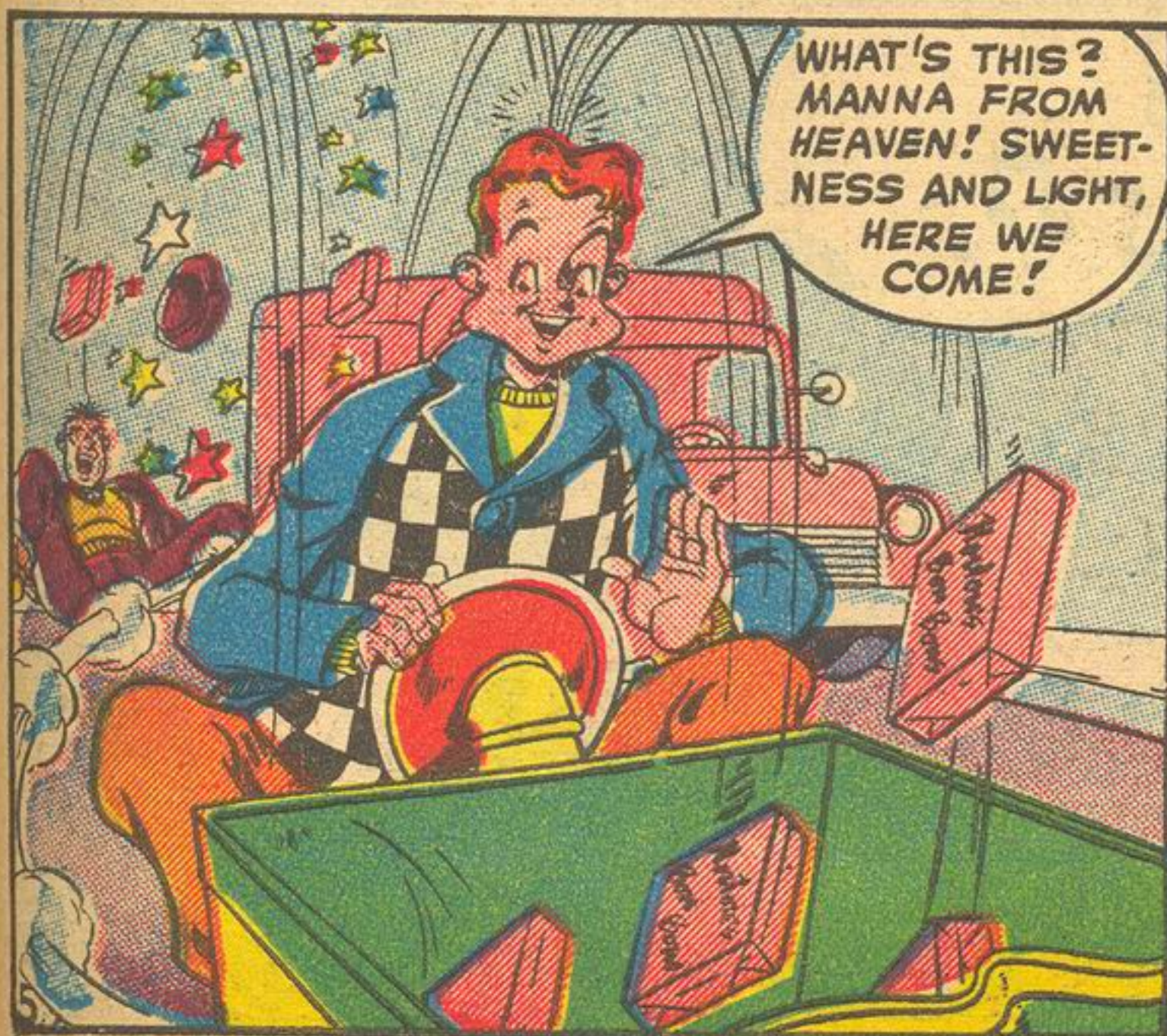
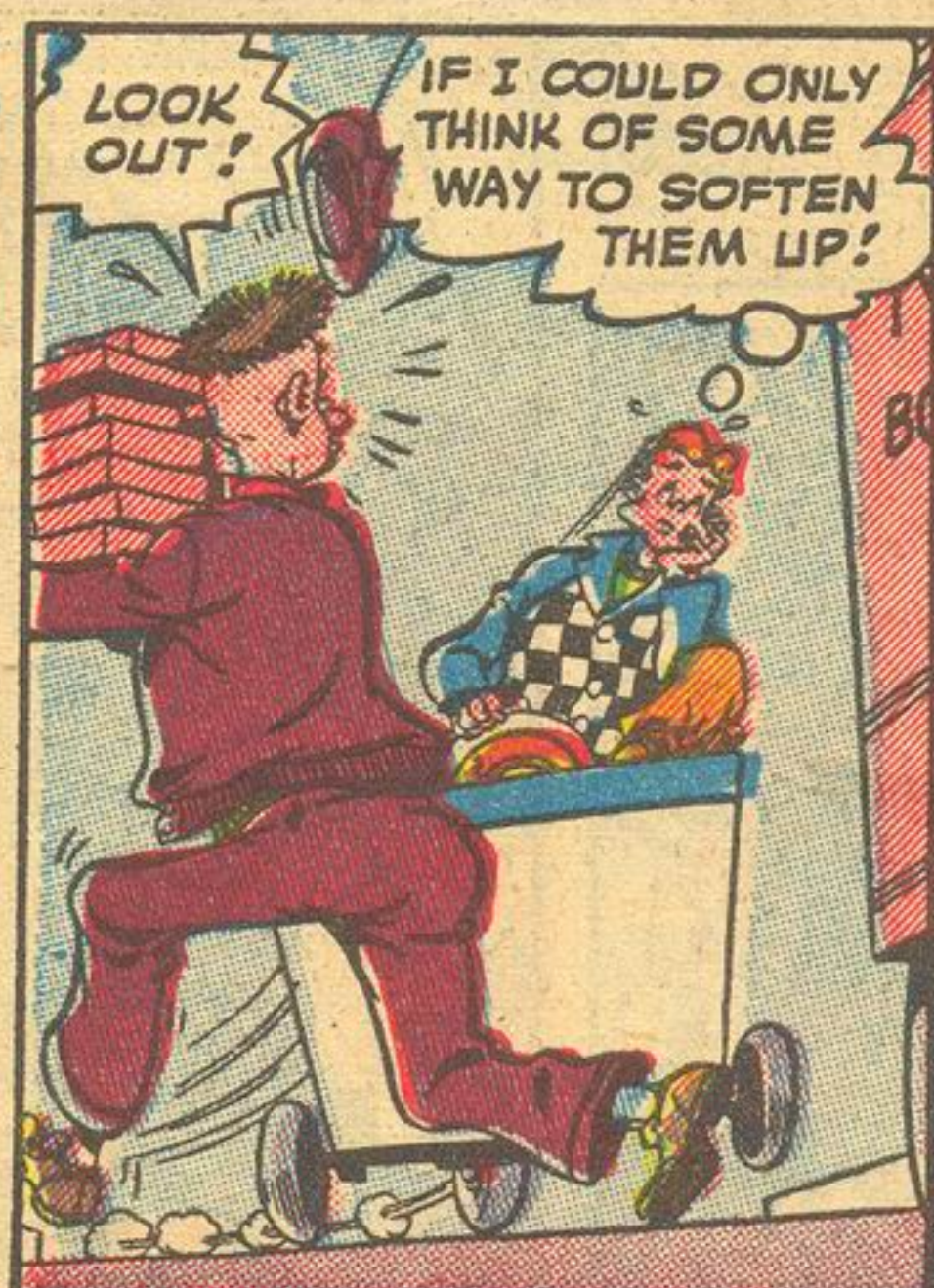
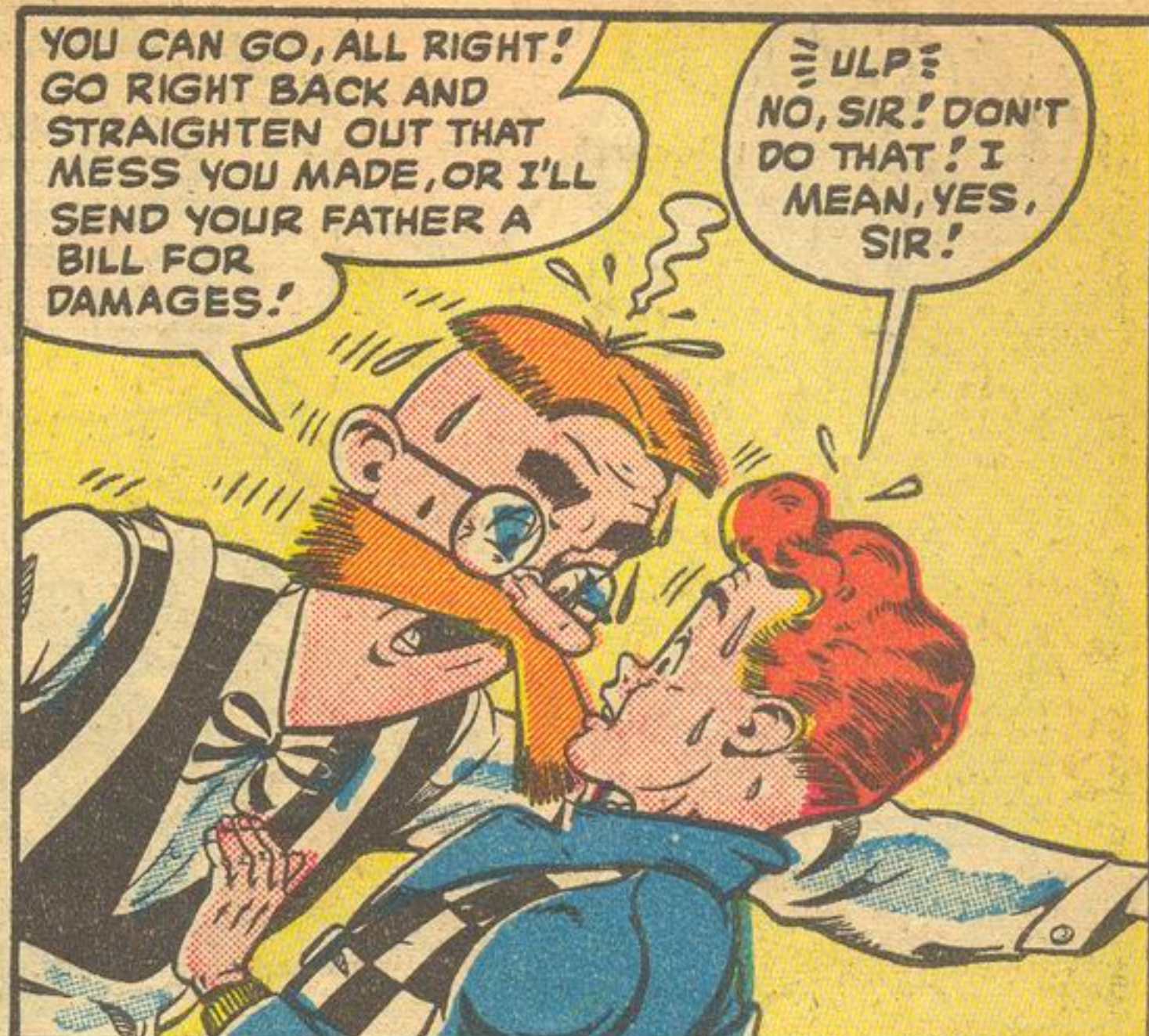
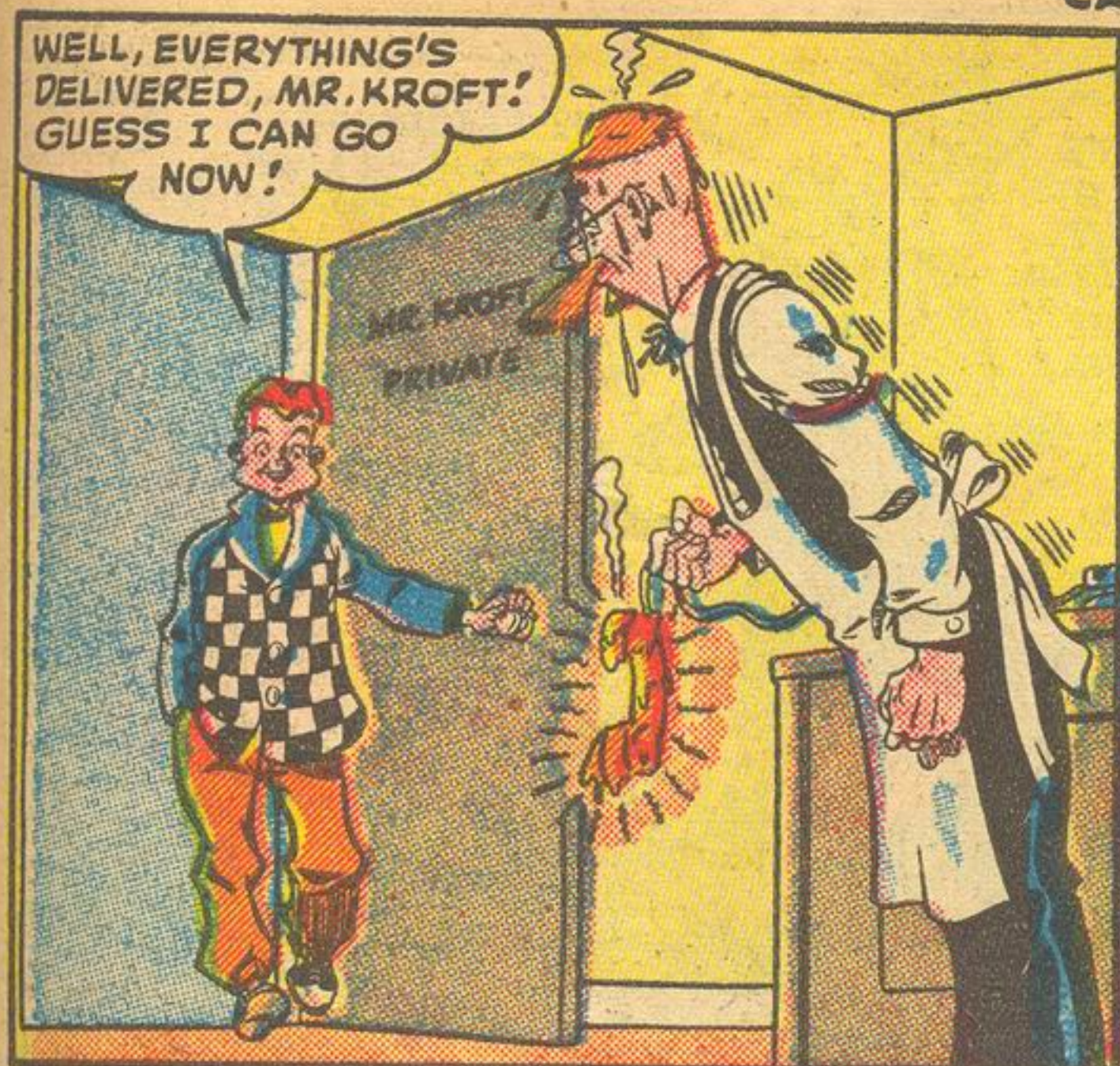


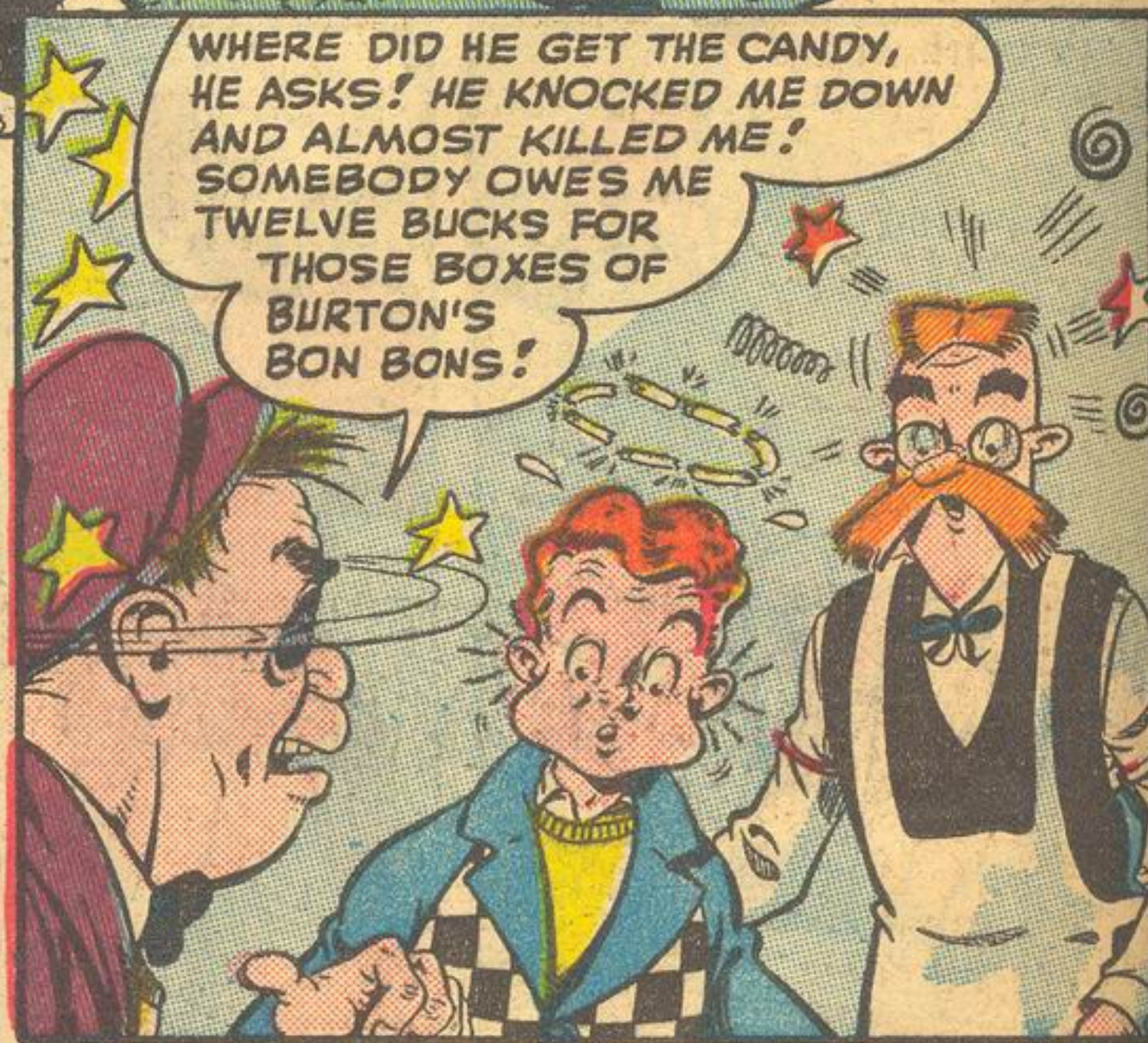
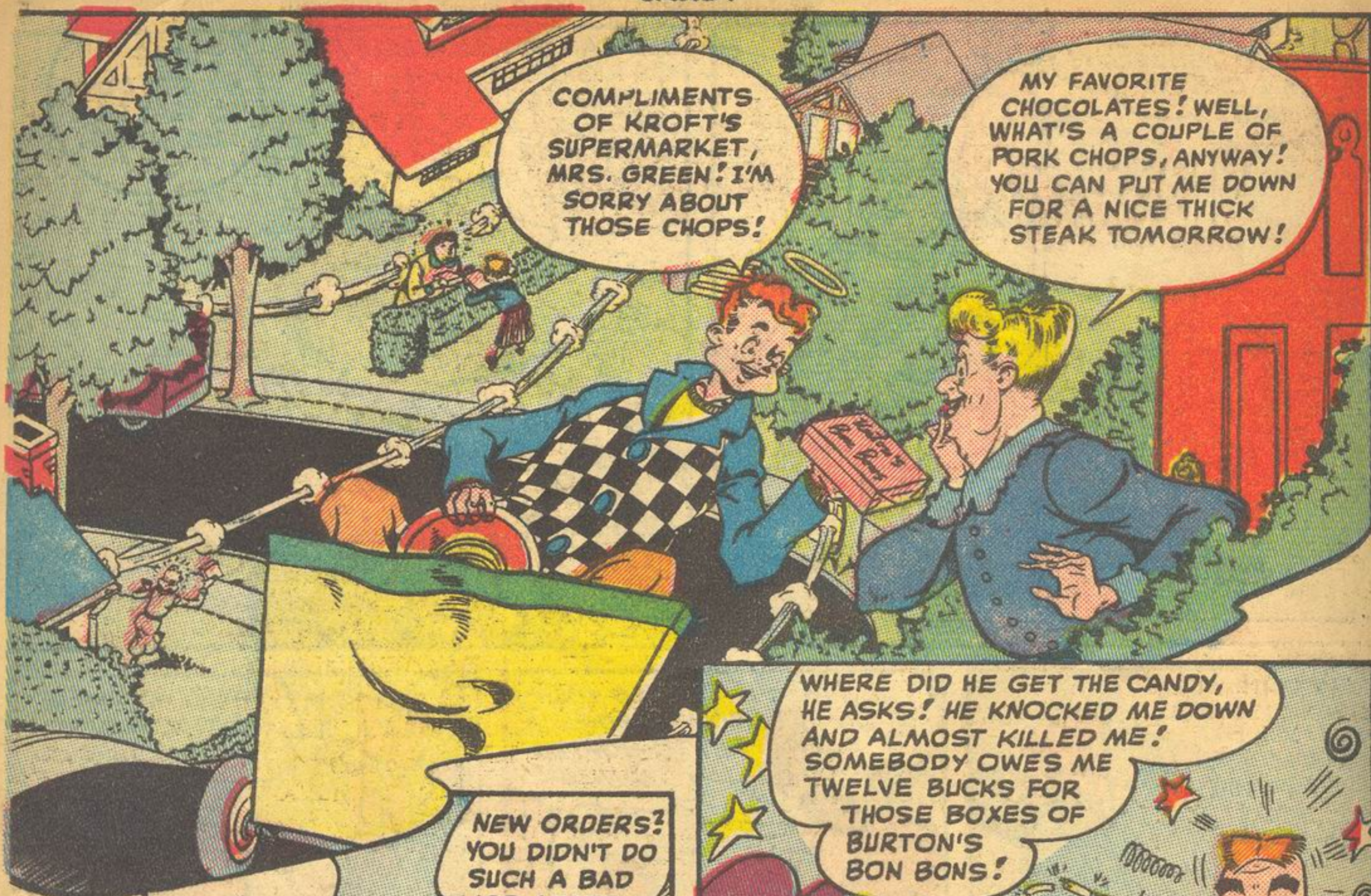


CANDY



CANDY





A little later



The Witch of Sark



"GOSH," beamed Candy O'Connor to her girl friend, Trish, "isn't it wonderful that the faculty chose us for this exciting trip!"

Trish yawned and looked up from her book. "Why?" she said laconically. "We're the smartest girls in school, aren't we?"

"You are!" exclaimed Candy. "But I—pooh, I've never really taken my school work seriously."

Trish grinned. "They're sending you along as a sort of comedy relief," she said impishly. Then seeing the hurt look on Candy's face, she hastened to add, "I didn't mean that the way it sounds, honey. But you know, two heads are better than one on an archeological trek like this."

Candy was instantly mollified. "To think," she said, "that we'll soon be on the mysterious little Isle of Sark! Where is Sark, anyway?"

"Why, child," Trish replied, "you *are* dumb, aren't you? Sark is one of the Channel Islands, off the coast of Brittany."

The big liner they were on rolled to the easy Atlantic swells. It was the first time either of the girls had ever been on an ocean voyage.

A few days later the girls approached the tiny island of Sark in a power cutter. They found lodging at a little inn that had been built sometime in the sixteenth century. Their room overlooked the small harbor.

"We must find Madame Poel," said Trish when they were comfortably situated. "We'll go and have tea with her in the morning."

"Just who is she?" Candy asked.

"Oh," said Trish breezily, "I guess she is some kind of a novelist. But that's to count up a lot of other queer things she's supposed to be."

Candy looked puzzled.

"I mean," said Trish, "Madame Poel is reputed to be a witch. They say she had one of her ears cut off years ago for practicing witchcraft."

A little shudder passed over Candy. "I don't think I'm going to like her," she said.

Trish chuckled. "Wait till Friday night. That's when I hope she invites us to her home."

"Why? What goes on then?"

"Sabat," replied Trish. "It's the night when witches really do their stuff—sort of devil worship. Here's a little book you should glance through." She handed Candy a small volume entitled *Black Friday*.

Candy riffled the musty pages. "Why, it's in

French," she exclaimed. "You know my French is bad, Trish. How—"

Trish laughed. "Even if it were good you'd have a hard time reading that," she said. "It's written in an ancient dialect of Brittany."

Tea at Madame Poel's next morning was a rather dull experience. Madame did most of the talking. She told the girls she was glad somebody was taking the trouble to dig deeper into the mysteries of the Druids who had inhabited the isle in long-gone times; that she was in the middle of a new novel, and would call on the young visitors soon.

"So that's that," said Candy, when they were walking back toward their inn along the shingly beach. "Guess there'll be no Friday date, Trish."

"Who cares?" said her friend. "We'll take a peek at the doings anyway."

One thing, Trish told Candy, if there was no moon Friday, then Madame Poel would have no spook party. There must be a moon for the demons to be called out.

There was a moon when the girls set out about ten that Friday night to walk the half mile to Madame Poel's cottage. The island had gone to bed. There were no lights. A thin mist drifted in from the sea. It sent a chill over Candy and she clung close to Trish.

Soon they were climbing the low escarpment upon which stood Madame's house. There was only one light, a dim one, burning in the living room. The upper half of the double door stood open. The girls crept up close and peered inside.

They jumped when they heard soft piano music drifting from the room. It was a sweet melody that caught the ear—haunting, plaintive.

They edged around the corner of the house to a window where they could get a better look. Now they could see the ancient piano, the bench in front of it, and a diaphanous shadow figure of a young and beautiful girl seated there. She had a waxen face and blonde hair. Her clinging robe was soft white. She ran her hands over the keys.

"Gosh," whispered Trish. "She looks like an angel! Who can she be?"

The music stopped abruptly on a jangling note. Then, almost as though she had appeared out of thin air, the girl stood before them. She was smiling slightly. She waved them toward the door.

CANDY

"Do come in," she invited. "My aunt is indisposed tonight, but she told me you were coming. Please make yourselves comfortable."

Old Madame's niece! It was hard to believe. And old Madame hadn't expected them at all!

Seen under the dim light of the room, the girl was indeed beautiful, in an ethereal way. But *shadowy*—the impression remained with them both.

"I am Louise Latour," the girl told them. "Auntie has retired, but she asked me to carry on."

"You mean—" began Trish.

"The *sabat*?" smiled Louise. "But certainly!"

"Strange," said Trish, "that Madame never spoke about you. Do you live here, too?"

"Oh, yes," said Louise. "But then I'm always busy in Auntie's study, except when I go out to bathe at night. Few of the villagers have ever seen me, so a sort of mystery hangs over me." She laughed a tinkling laugh. "But I hope that won't keep you girls from visiting us. . . . Shall I play for you?"

She was more ghostly than ever, Candy thought, as she sat at the piano and ran her hands lightly over the keys. A moment later a cold wind swept through the room, banging the upper part of the door shut with a loud noise. The girls jumped. Louise bounded up and ran to look out at the sky. Then she came across the room, shaking her head. She looked at her guests.

"Storm coming," she said ruefully. "It will obscure the moon. We'll have to postpone *sabat*."

"Then," said Trish, who felt anxious to inhale some of that cold air, "we'd better be running along. How about us coming over next Friday night?"

"Surely," said the lovely girl. "My aunt will see you meantime. Good night!"

Outside, Candy shivered. So did Trish.

"Say," said Trish, "did you ever see anything like her? Beautiful, but something very strange and puzzling about her. Like—like—"

"A ghost?" said Candy in a stage whisper.

"Yes—like a ghost."

"Did you notice something else that was odd about Louise?" asked Candy, as they strolled along. "I mean, about her head?"

"There was something," said Trish. "But—"

"Her right ear had been cut off close to her head," said Candy. "I distinctly saw it; you could tell by the way her hair lay against her head, flat. Ugh!"

"Yes!" cried Trish. "Of course, that's it. I wonder how all this adds up."

A soft padding behind them brought the girls around quickly. They were still only half way to the inn. A great black dog, the largest dog either had ever seen, padded along behind them, sniffing the air. It halted when they did.

"Heavens!" shrieked Candy.

Trish clapped her hands imperiously. "Go away, you!" she ordered. The dog growled savagely and bared his great teeth. "Scat!" shouted Trish. She bent to pick up a stone. The dog gave a great bound into the air and with a ferocious growl fled back the way he had come.

When the breathless girls reached the inn, the old concierge was up waiting for them.

"Ah, my young Americans," he cried, "you have come back, eh? It is well. It is well not to be abroad on Friday nights."

Trish said, "Why?"

The old man rubbed his hands and shook his grizzled head. "It is not for me to speak. But on Friday nights things not of this earth take place, they say."

Trish told him what had befallen them.

"But *ma'mselle*," he cried, in amazement, "Madame has no niece! And there is no dog such as that on the whole isle of Sark. You must be mistaken."

"No sir!" exclaimed Candy. "He followed us part way. He was a huge beast. And I saw Louise with my own eyes. She is beautiful!"

"No, no, good friends," sighed the old man. "There is no girl, no dog—"

A shot stabbed the quiet of the night. The three, Candy, Trish and the concierge, hurried outside into the courtyard. Two fishermen were dragging a heavy body toward the inn. In the light of the doorway the girls saw that it was a dog. *The dog*. One of its ears had been cut off close to its head. It was an old cut.

"We don't know where he came from," said one of the fishermen. "Must've fallen off a ship. He'd have killed all the sheep on the island, so we shot him. Ugly beast, isn't he?"

Other guests had crowded outside by now. Everybody agreed that it was indeed an ugly beast.

A queer feeling came over Candy. That dog's ear. . . .

The next day she and Trish went to Madame Poel's cottage. There was a small crowd of people in the yard. Madame was nowhere to be found.

"What can have happened to her?" someone asked. "Poor old Madame."

"How about her niece, Louise?" asked Trish.

Everybody turned and stared at the American girl.

"Madame has no niece," a sharp-eyed Breton told her. "Madame had no relatives."

So then the girls knew. But did they know? Did witchcraft actually exist? Had Madame Poel really been all three creatures—herself, Louise, and the great dog? Had she been able to take any of those forms at will? Madame had an ear missing, too!

"We'd better get busy," said Trish, "and confine the rest of our visit to Druid ruins on Sark. We don't want to lose an ear or our

CANDY

Candy



ROBER

SAHLE

I'M SURE GONNA MISS YOU WHILE YOU'RE ON YOUR VACATION, CANDY!

OH, TED, I'LL MISS YOU, TOO!

DO YOU THINK THERE'LL BE ANY... ER... OTHER MEN OR ANYTHING AT THE BEACH?

IF THERE ARE, I WON'T HAVE TIME FOR THEM! I'LL BE BUSY WRITING TO YOU!

STEP ASIDE, KIDS! THIS LUGGAGE IS HEAVY!

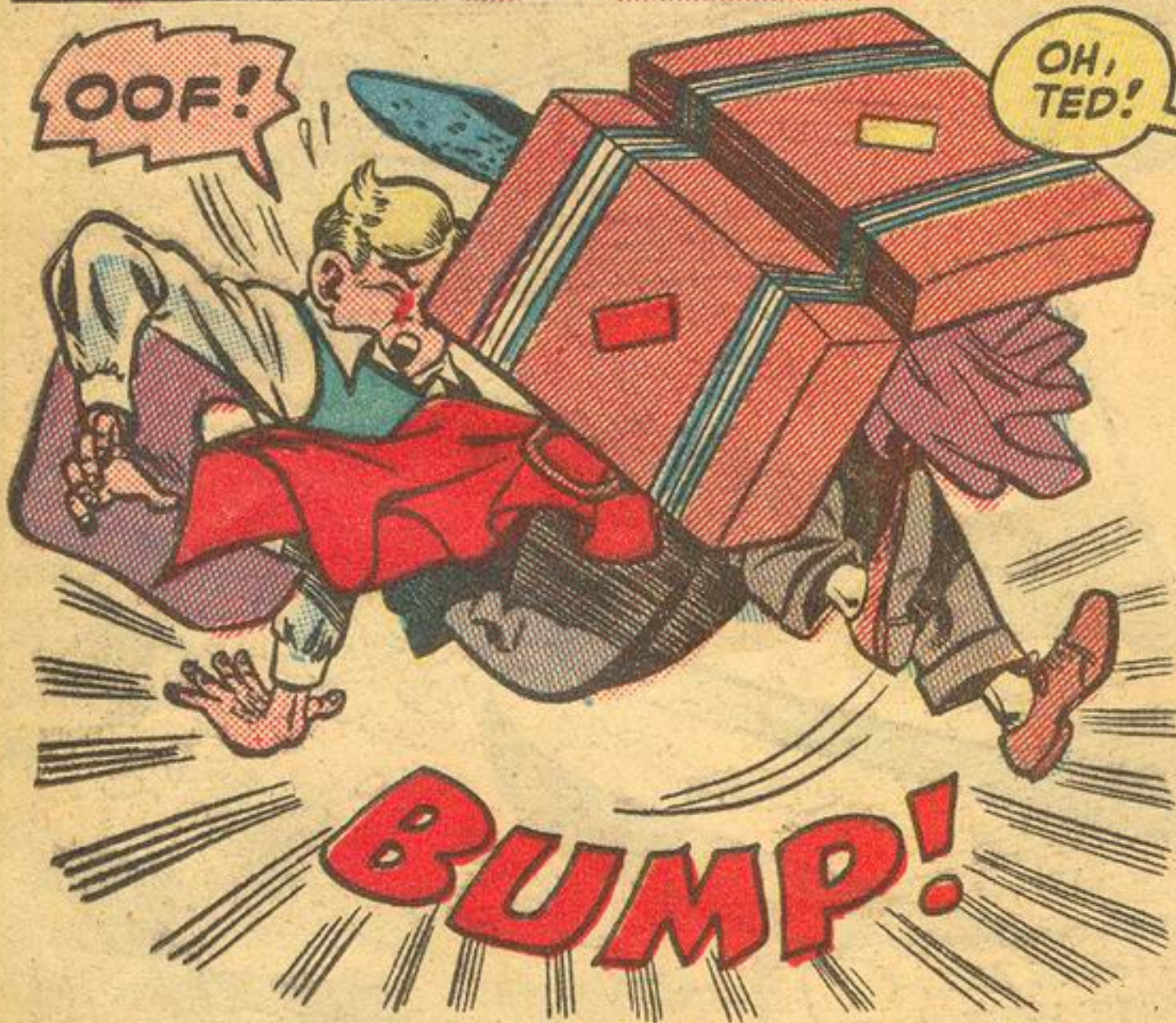
G-GOSH, CANDY! I WON'T EVEN LOOK AT ANOTHER GIRL WHILE YOU'RE AWAY!

WELL, WHILE YOU'RE NOT LOOKING, TED, WILL YOU TOTE ONE OF THESE BAGS TO THE CAR, PLEASE?

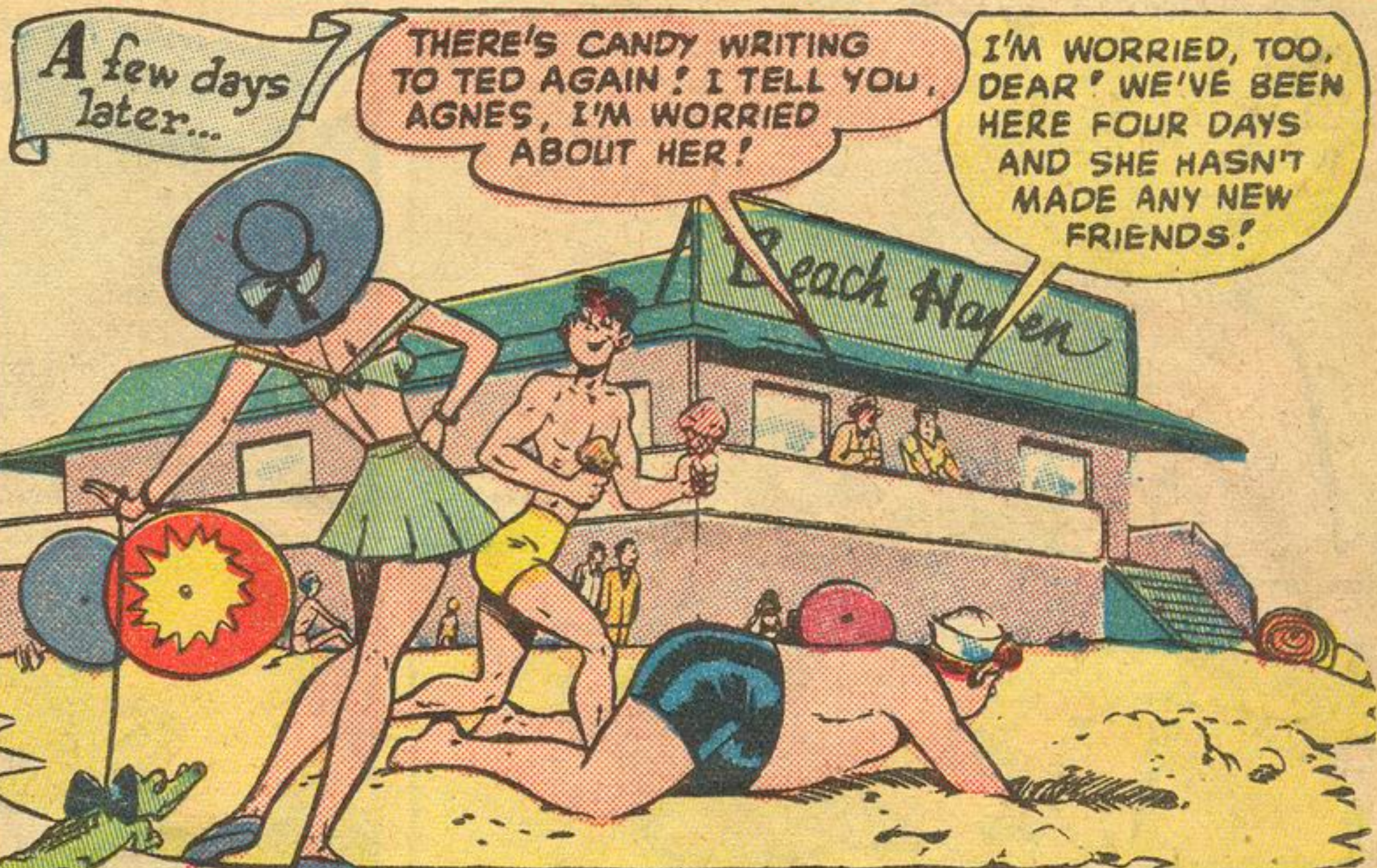
SIGH!



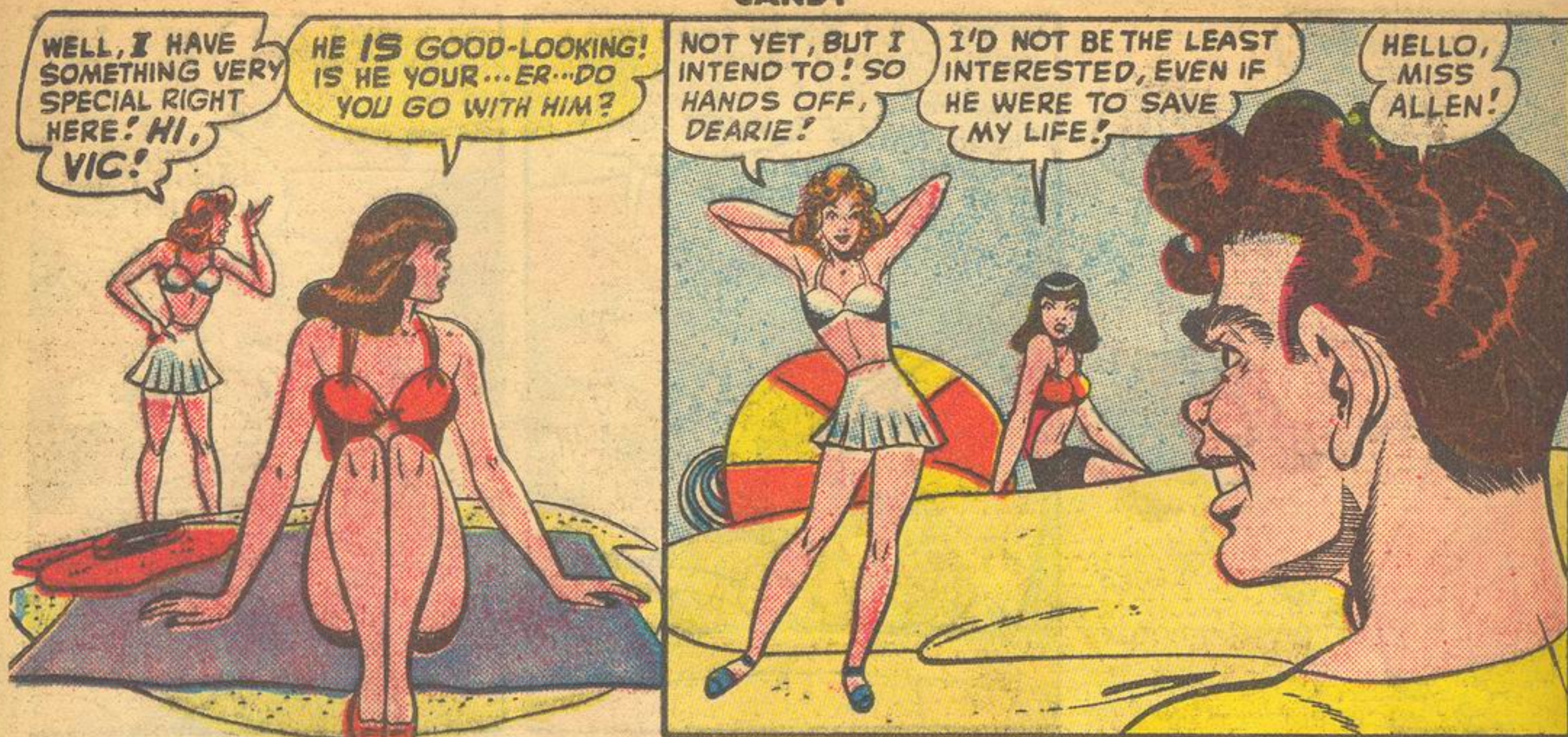
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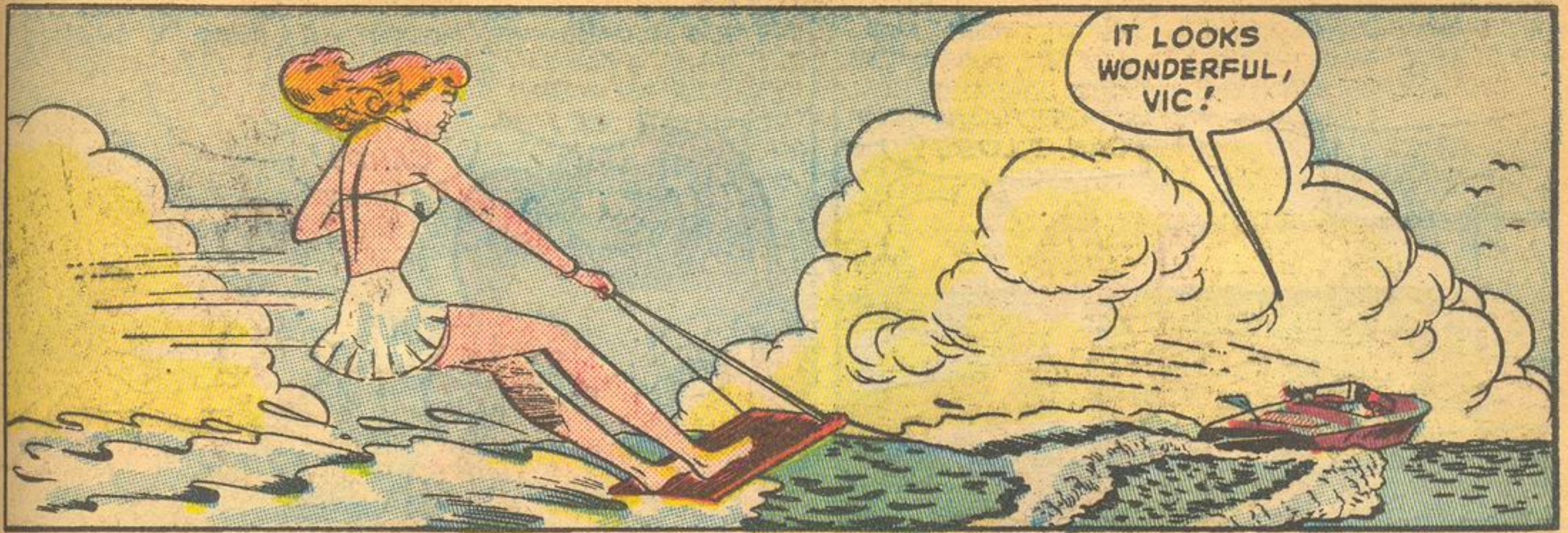


CANDY



CANDY

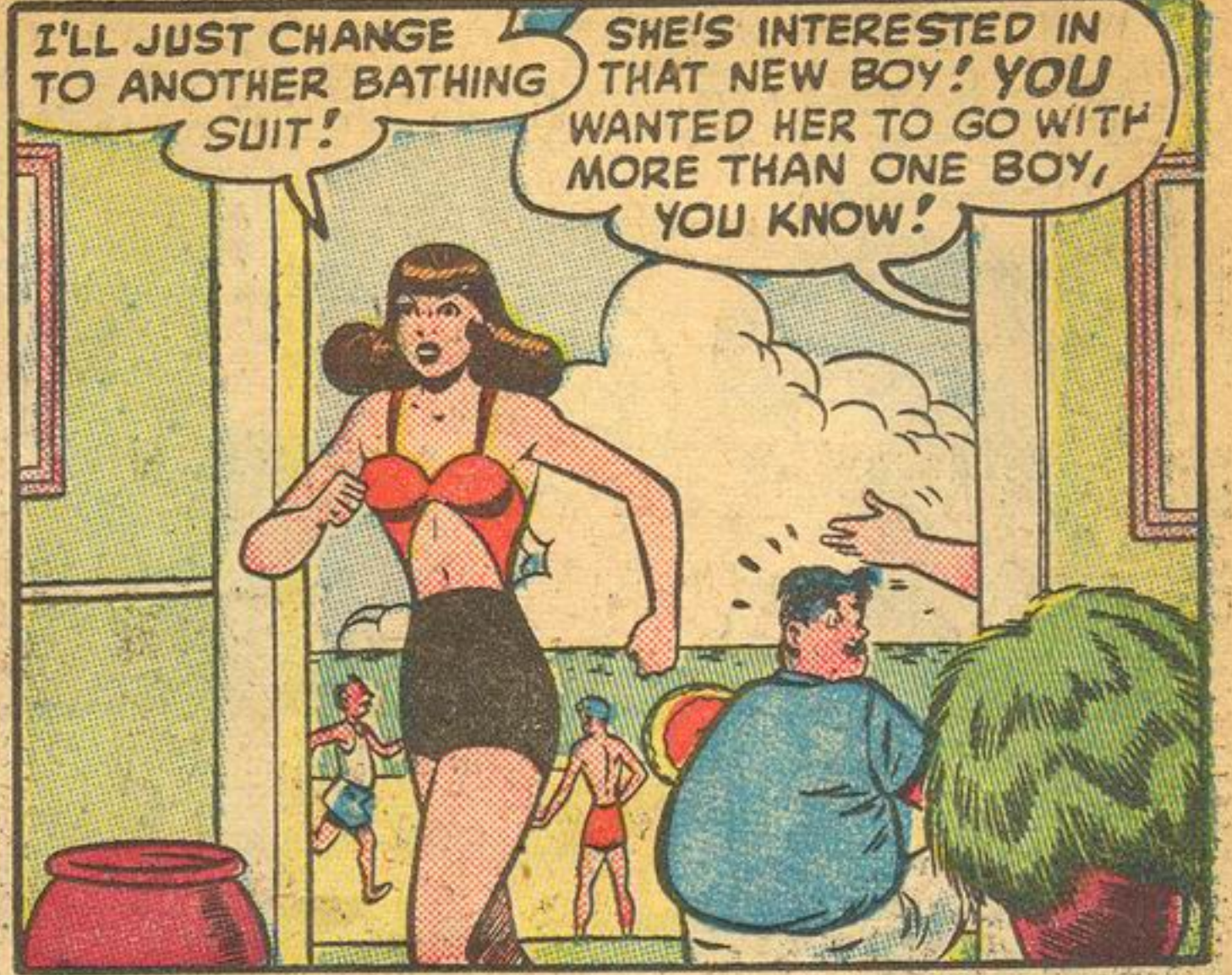


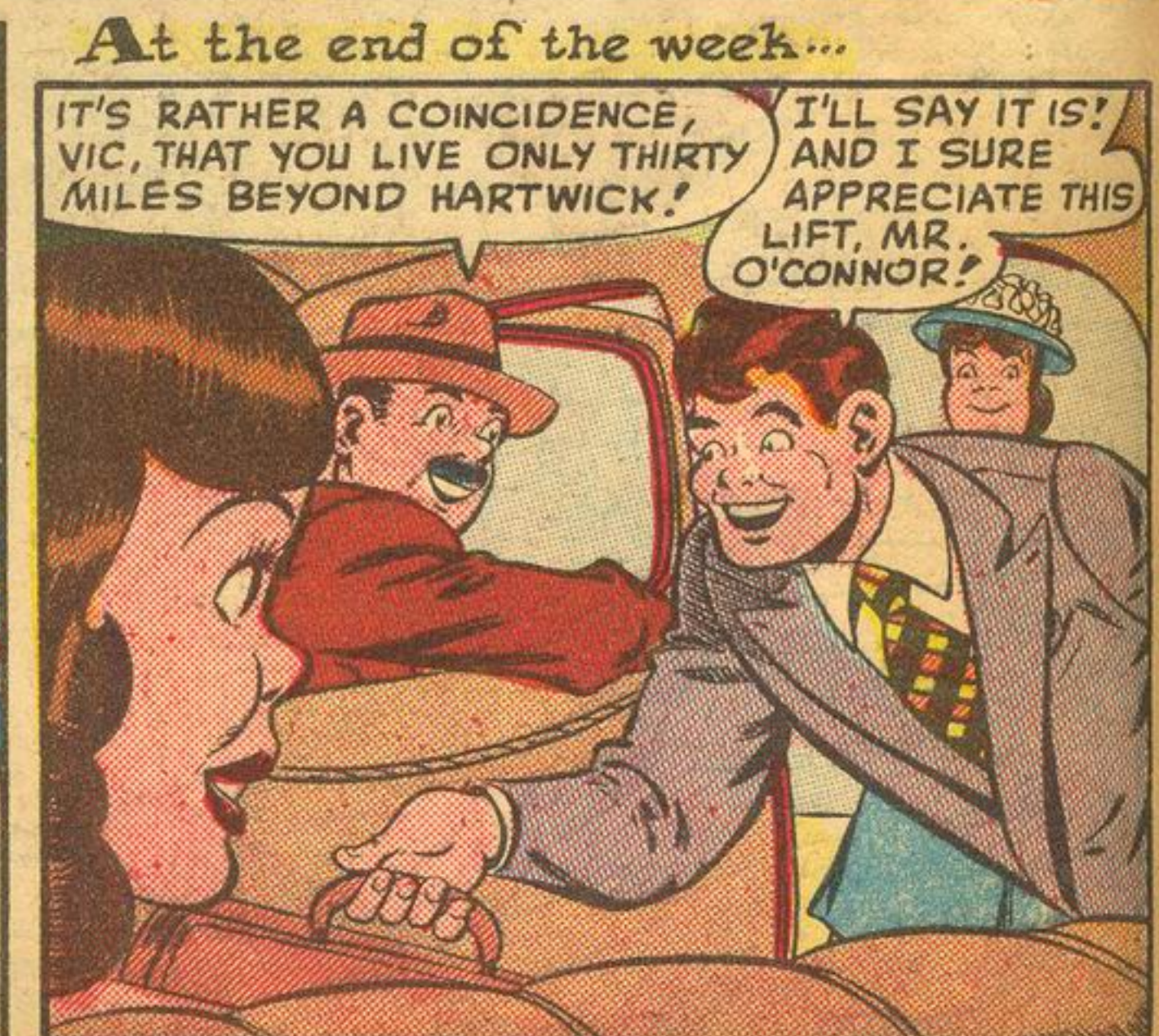
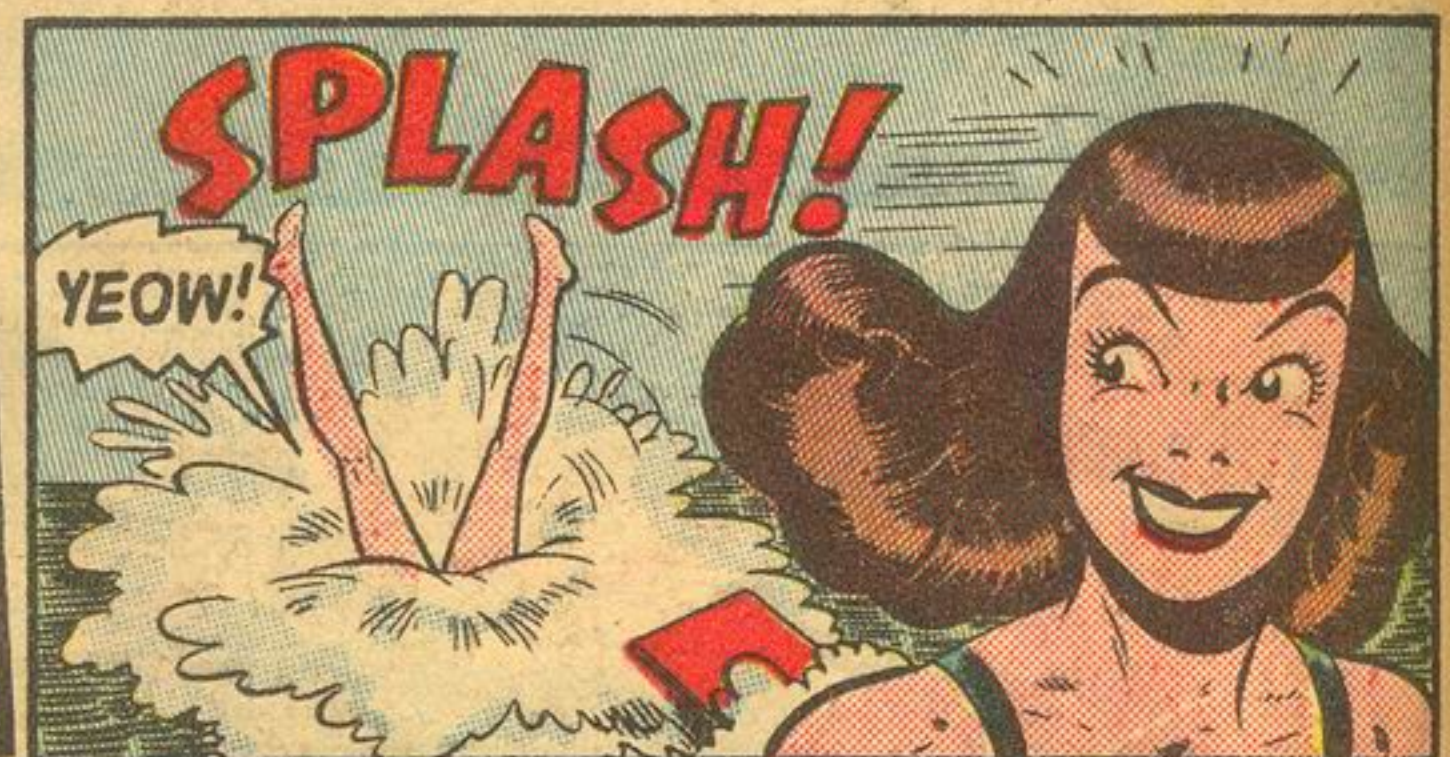


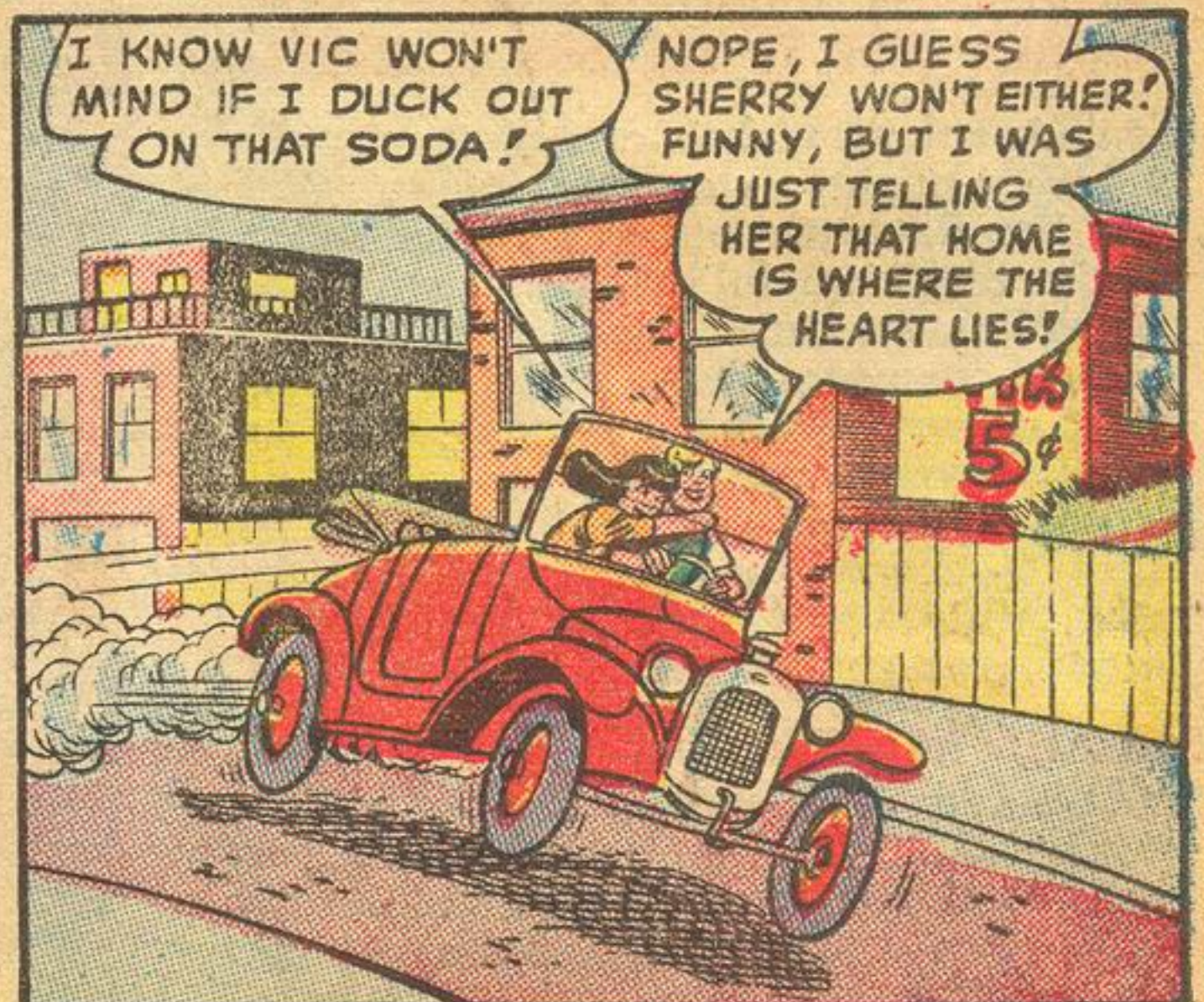
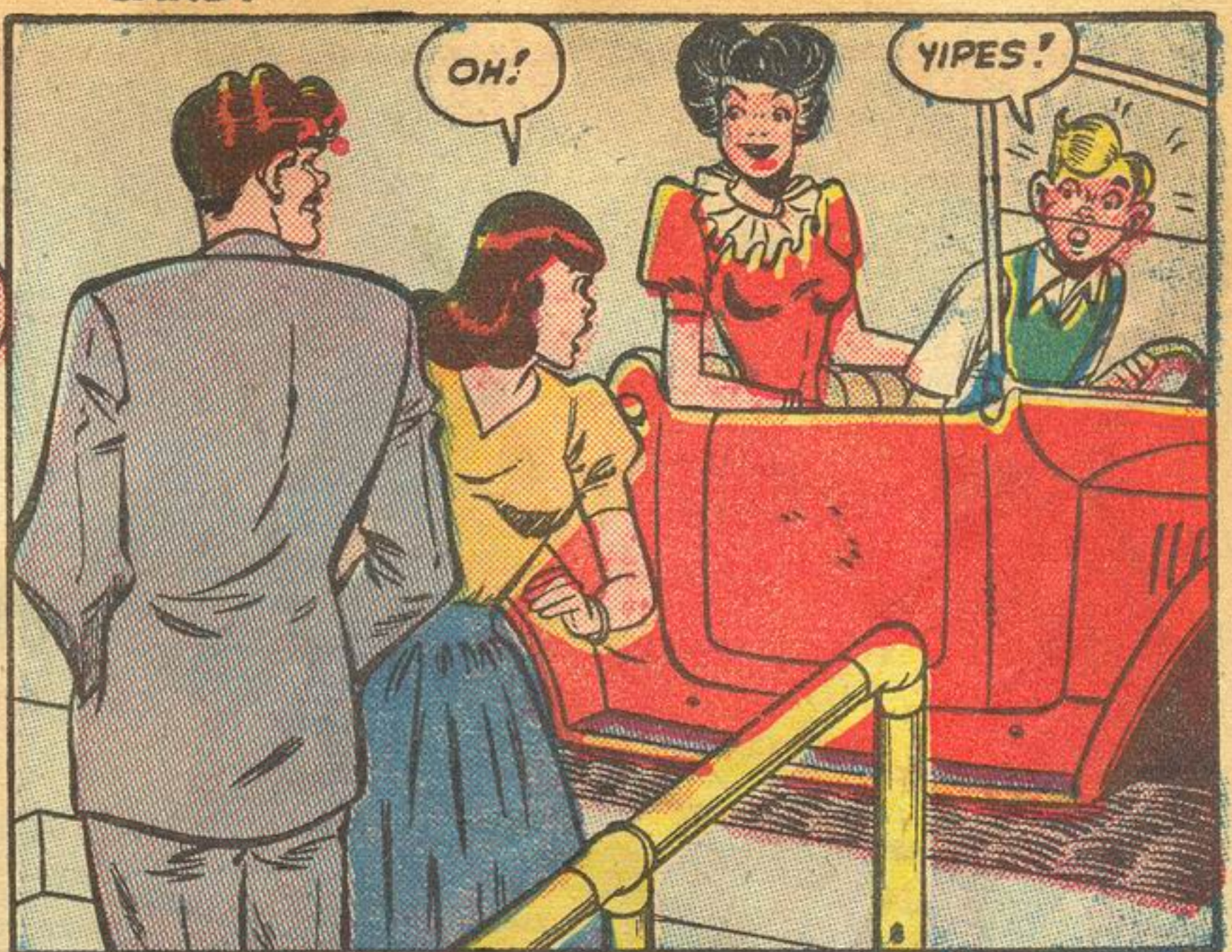
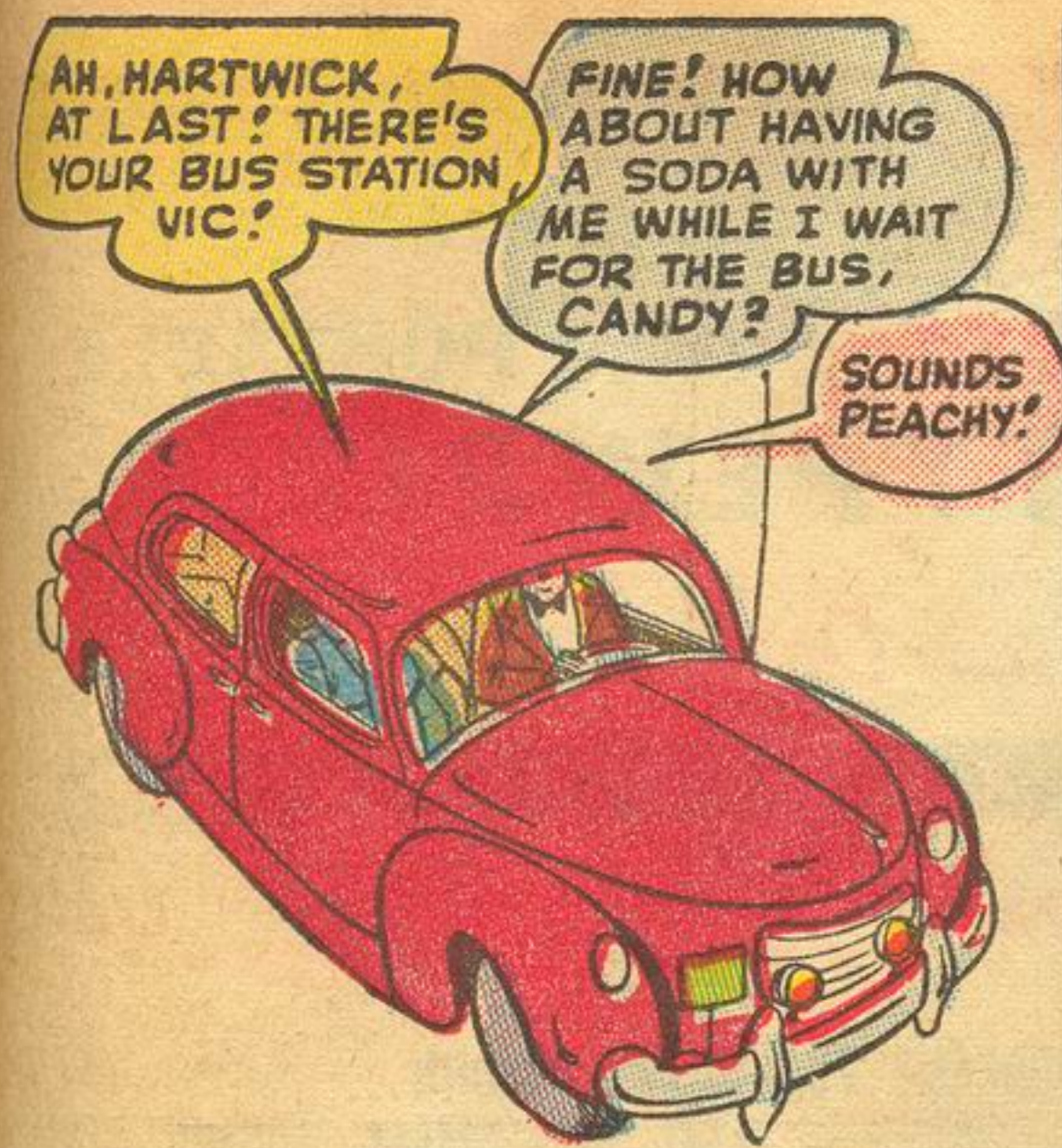
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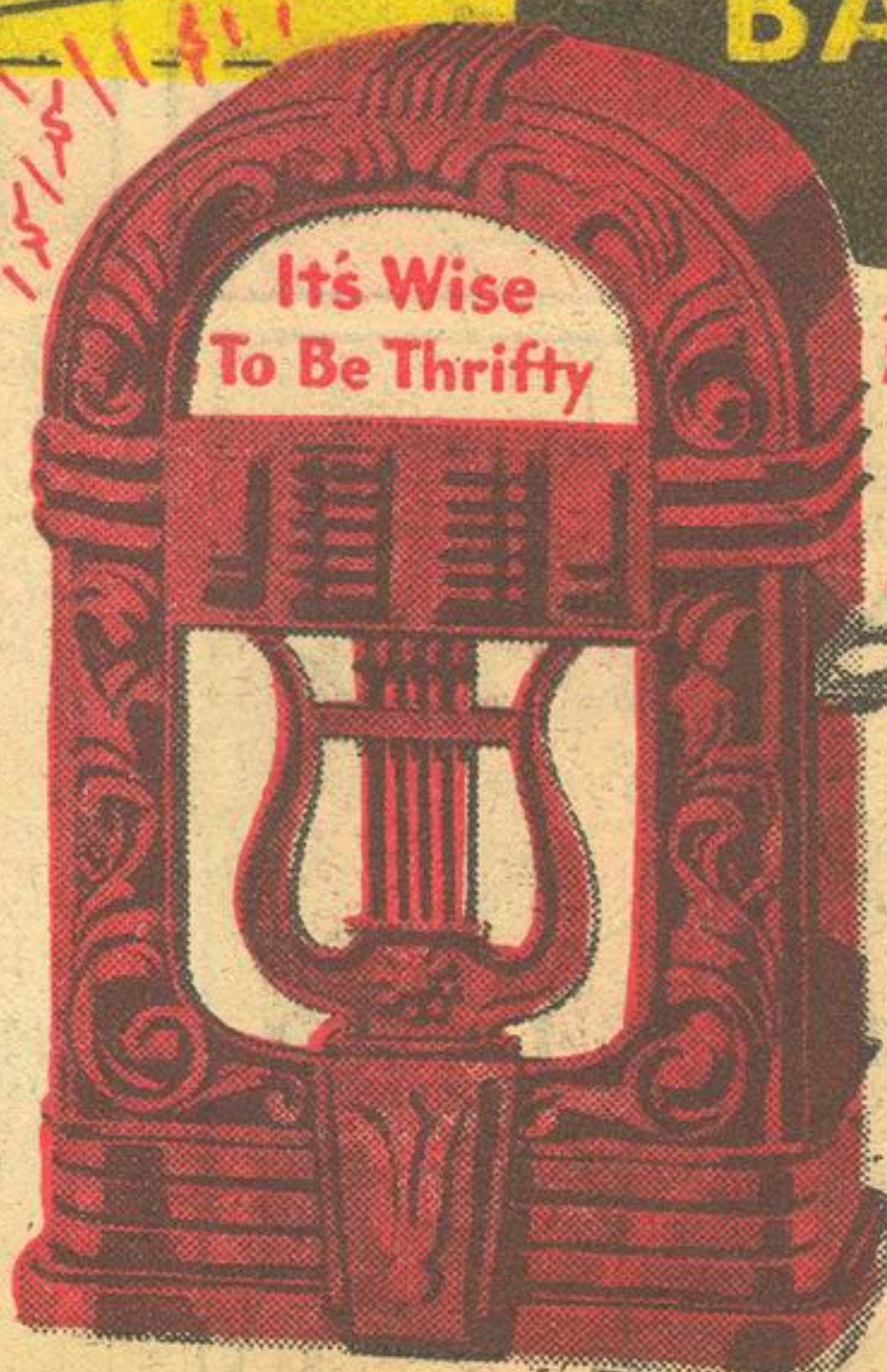
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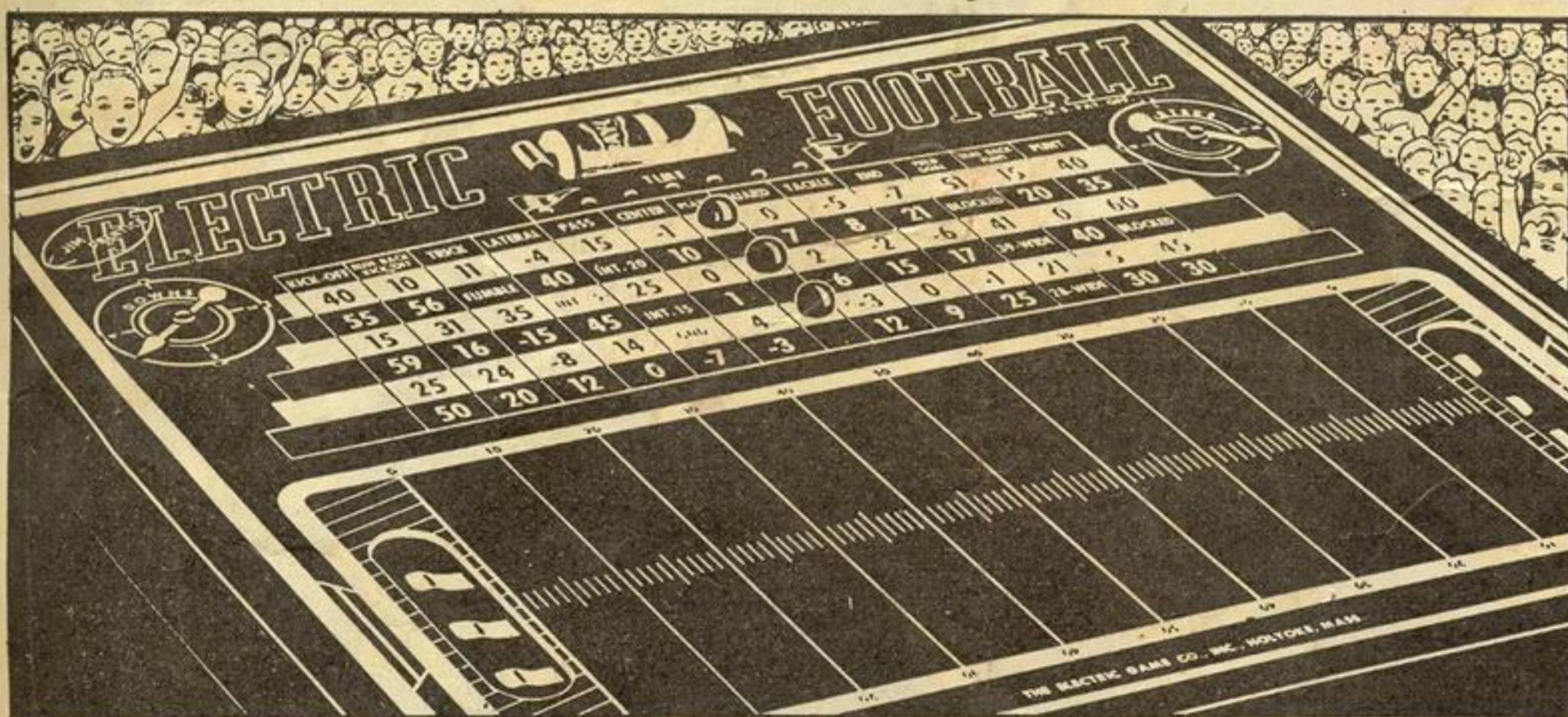
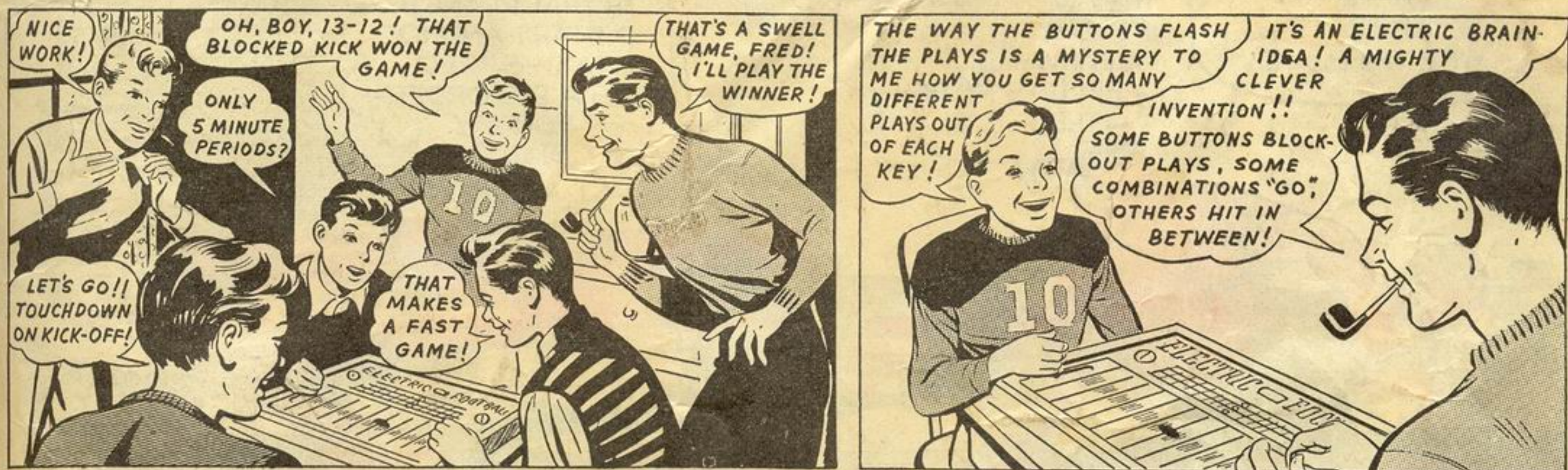
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GET SET for Breath-taking ACTION

This wonderful electric game is loaded with football, true-to-life action. It takes a keen knowledge of the game to win—to outsmart, outplay your man. Electric keys at each end of the playing field, send currents through a maze of wires. Lights flash the play! Yards gained or lost depend on the keys secretly pressed by you and your opponent. It's a thrill when you hit the right combination... go tearing through for a long run.

Originally this game sold for \$5. Today it is 100 per cent better in every way and sells for one-half the price. \$2.50 complete. It is an amazing value for the money.



Hi BOYS!

ELECTRIC FOOTBALL, besides being one hundering of a game to play, is a most attractive article. The frame is ponderosa pine, lacquered bright yellow. The game's handsome top is coated with a special non-discoloring film that always keeps clean and shiny.

The electric switch keys are nickel-plated. Each key, when pressed, closes three circuits. No. 22 tinned copper wire is used with brass socket shells, fibre insulated. Each of the 19 connections is securely soldered by experts. The lamps (1.25 volts flashlight bulbs) are beautifully colored.

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AT THE ARMY AIR FIELD, U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB USE THEIR SPECIAL PASSES TO SEE THE NEW SECRET SUPERSONIC PLANE. SUDDENLY...



LOOK! FIRE IN THE HANGAR!



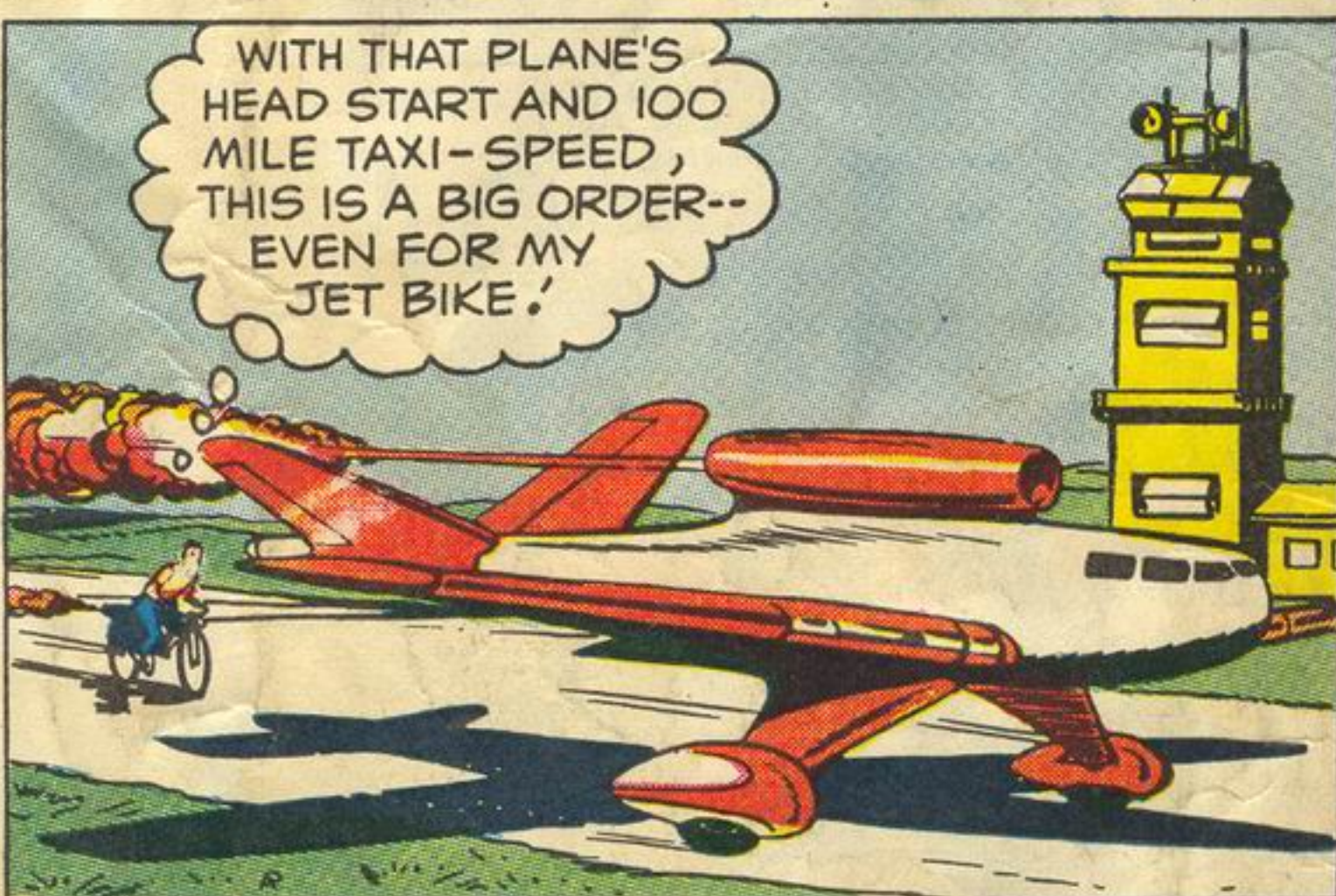
THOSE TWO FELLOWS RUNNING TOWARD THE PLANE--I DON'T LIKE THEIR LOOKS!

MAYBE THEY STARTED THE FIRE TO GET THE GUARD AWAY FROM THE PLANE!



LOOK, ROYAL, THEY'RE MAKING OFF WITH THE PLANE!

THEY WON'T GET FAR IF I CAN HELP IT... MEANWHILE, YOU FELLAS NOTIFY THE F. B. I.



WITH THAT PLANE'S HEAD START AND 100 MILE TAXI-SPEED, THIS IS A BIG ORDER--EVEN FOR MY JET BIKE!



JUST AS THE POWERFUL PLANE IS ABOUT TO LEAVE THE GROUND, U.S. JAMS THE PLANE'S ELEVATORS, PREVENTS THE TAKE-OFF!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

WE HATE TO THINK WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED IF THESE FELLOWS HAD GOTTEN AWAY WITH THE ARMY'S SECRET PLANE... THE F. B. I. CAN THANK YOU BOYS FOR SEEING THAT THEY DIDN'T.

AND WE CAN THANK OUR U. S. ROYALS FOR REAL BIKE SPEED WITH SAFETY!



FELLAS, WHEN YOU GO FOR ALL-OUT SPEED, YOU WANT TO BE SURE EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL. INSIST ON U. S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THEIR SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN, FOR REAL CONTROL AT TOP SPEED.



"FOR SPEED PLUS SAFETY, IT'S THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN FOR ME"... SAYS U. S. ROYAL

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